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LETTERS OF LIFE.





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REIGN OF THE EMPEROR OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

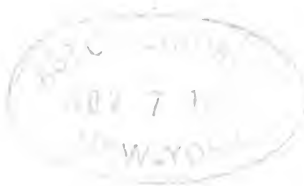
BY THE

LETTERS OF LIFE.

BY
Idea Howard Smith
MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NEW YORK:
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TO
MRS. CAROLINE WASHBURN,

THE CHERISHED FRIEND,

AT WHOSE EARNEST SUGGESTION THESE "LETTERS OF LIFE" WERE
COMMENCED,

THE FINISHED WORK
IS DEDICATED, BY A FILIAL HAND, IN MEMORY OF
THE DEPARTED.

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LETTERS OF LIFE.

LETTER I.

HOME AND ITS INHABITANTS.

YOUR request of me, my dear friend, a particular account of my own life. It is little varied by incident, and has no materials for romance. Yet your wish ought to be sacred to my much indebted heart; and I believe there is no earthly pilgrimage, if faithfully portrayed in its true lights and shadows, but might impart some instruction to the future traveller, and set forth His praise, whose mercies are "new every morning, and fresh every moment."

I was born in Norwich, Connecticut; beautiful Norwich, whose varied scenery reveals sometimes the Caledonian wildness, and at others the tender softness of the vale of Tempe. The earliest pictures of Memory, and they hang still unfaded in her gallery, are of rude ledges of towering rock, which were to me as the Alps,

and of the rushing and picturesque cascade of the Yantie, creating the same class of sensations that were, in after years, deepened to speechless awe at the thunder-hymn of solemn, sublime Niagara.

My still earlier recollections are of the mansion where, near the close of the last century, on the first day of September, 1791, I first saw the light. It was among the better class of New England houses at that time of day—spacious but not lofty, a broad hall intersecting it in the middle, with suits of rooms on each side. Its court-yard was of the richest velvet turf; two spruce trees, in their livery of dark green, stood as sentinels at the gate, and alternate columns of the fragrant eglantine and the luxuriant white rose were trained from the basement to the eaves. It was environed by three large gardens, each of which enchanted my childhood, and even now linger with me, as those of the Hesperides.

The southern one stretched out in view of the windows of the parlor, where we usually sat. There were the flowers, transposed in an old-fashioned parterre, or knot—a diamond-shaped bed in the centre—with its chief glory, a rich crimson peony, surrounded by others in angles and parallelograms, whose dark mould was sprinkled with every tint and perfume, in their season. There flourished the amaryllis family, white and orange-colored, the queenly damask-rose, the deep-red, the pale-cheeked, and the sweet briar; tulips in gorgeous

and varied robes, the protean sweet-william, the aspiring larkspur, the proud crown imperial, the snow-drop, the narcissus, and the hyacinth, so prompt to waken at Spring's first call, side by side with the cheerful marigold, braving the frost-kiss; pinks in profusion, and a host of personified flowers, peeped out of their tufted homes, like nested birds; the beauty by night, the ragged lady, the mourning widow, and the mottled guinea hen. The dahlias had not then appeared with their countless varieties, but the asters instituted a secondary order of nobility; coxcombs and soldiers in green rejoiced in their gay uniform; the borders were enriched with shrubbery, tastefully disposed, at whose feet ran the happy blue-bell and the bright-eyed hearts-ease, intent with a few other lowly friends on turning every crevice to account, and making the waste places beautiful.

A portion of ground was allotted to such herbs as were supposed to possess the latent power of repelling disease. There grew the tansy, and the peppermint, and the spearmint; the wormwood and the rue, a spoonful of whose expressed juice, given either as tonic or vermifuge, was never forgotten by the mouth that received it; the spikenard, and the lovage, and the elecampane, the pungent pennyroyal, the bitter boneset, famed for subduing colds; the aromatic thyme that fought fevers, and the sapient sage, which seemed complacently satisfied with its own excellences, or bearing

on its roughened lip the classic question, "*Cur moriatur homo, dum salis crescit in horto?*"*

A broad gravel walk intersecting the garden, divided the parterre from an expanse of fair, even-shorn turf, at whose termination was a pleasant arbor, with its lattice-work interwoven and overshadowed by an ancient, thickly clustering grape-vine. Grouped around it was a copse of peach trees, the rich golden fruited, the large crimson and white cling, the colorless autumnal varieties, and the more diminutive ones, whose pulp, blood-tinted throughout, were favorites for the preserving pan.

Yet the garden at the opposite extremity of the house was emphatically the fruit region. It was longitudinally divided by a grassy terrace, and with the exception of a few esculents, rows of graceful peas and beans, decking their rough props with blossoms, was directed to the varieties of fruit that a New England climate matures: currants reached forth their rich and pendulent strings, large gooseberries rejoiced amid their thorny armor, over a broad domain ran the red and white strawberry, hand in hand, like a buxom brother giving confidence to his pale, exquisite sister. Through the apple-boughs peered the small orb of the deep-colored pearmain, and the full cheek of the golden sweeting, while many lofty pear trees aristocratically

* Why need a man die, who has sage in his garden?"

bore their varied honor thick upon them. There were the minute harvest-pear, the coveted of childhood for its bland taste and early ripeness, the spreading bell, notching a century on its trunk, with unbowed strength, the delicious vergaloo, the high-flavored bennet with its deep blush, and multitudes of the rough-coated later pears, destined, with culinary preparation, to give variety to the wintry tea-table.

Another extensive and highly cultured spot, called the lower garden, as it was approached from the rear of the establishment, by descending a long flight of wooden stairs, exulted in all manner of vegetable wealth to enrich the domestic board. There towered the tasselled maize, with its humbler compeer the potato; the salads swelled, the green cucumber adorned its mound, fair squashes with their crooked spines, and immense pumpkins commended themselves to the pastry-cook by their leafy banners; the carrot and turnip, the fallow parsnip, and the blood-red beet, revealed their subterranean abodes; while a large turfy mound, rounded and entered like a tomb, the celery and the savoy cabbage claimed as their own exclusive winter palace.

Beyond stretched an extensive meadow, refreshed at its extremity by a crystal streamlet, flowing on with a pleasant murmur to the neighboring river. The domain comprised also a hill, where trees were sparsely scattered, and which, gently sloping toward the house,

had at its foot a large barn, where the domestic animals found ample accommodations and plentiful supplies. Its yard communicated by a large gate with an area in the rear of the mansion, which was surrounded by a little village of offices. Among them were the carriage-house, the wood-house, whose ranges of sawed hickory were disposed with geometrical precision; the gardener's tool-house, where every thing had a place, and was in it; the distillery, where the richer herbs from the dispensary, and the fragrant petals of the damask-rose yielded their essence for health or luxury; and the poultry-house, with its glass windows and varied compartments, where the brooding mothers and their hopeful offspring found systematic lodgment and a large prosperity.

I shall hope to be forgiven for this minute description, which may seem dry and prosaic, but in my heart touches chords that ring out like pleasant melodies. Every feature of our birthplace is wont to become beautified by time; and I am the more desirous to preserve a transcript of mine as it was, because the moods and tenses of modern days are prone to modify or obliterate the idioms that memory had consecrated.

This edifice and estate, comprehending a farm in a neighboring village, with other portions of land in the vicinity, appertained to the name of Lathrop, one of the most ancient and meritorious of the aristocratic families of Norwich. It was owned by the widow of

Dr. Daniel Lathrop, a lady of noble bearing, cultivated intellect, and eminent piety, the daughter of John Talcott, Governor of Connecticut, and born in Hartford, May 3, 1717. Though far advanced in years when I first beheld her, time had not impaired either her physical or mental system. Her tall, majestic form, was unbowed, her step elastic, and her heart in ardent, healthful action. My early life retains no more cherished or indelible picture than her beautiful age.

Left childless, and destitute of near male relatives, the care of my father over her affairs had become indispensable; and he, with his household, were tenants of a part of her mansion, which was admirably arranged for the accommodation of two families. His name was Ezekiel Huntley, and he was born in Franklin, in the neighborhood of Norwich, April 12th, 1752. His father, a native of Scotland, emigrated to this country in early life, and married Miss Mary Walbridge, a woman of consistent domestic loveliness and piety. From the comforts of his home he went forth as a colonial soldier in the war waged by our mother land with the French and Indians. Returning from the comparatively successful campaign of 1760, he became a victim of the small-pox on the way, and never more saw the home of his affections.

His widow, my grandmother, is among the gentle, yet strong images of my infancy, seated by the fireside of her son, in quietness and honor.

Ever industrious, peaceful, and an example of all saintly virtues was she. At the age of seventy, not a thread of silver had woven itself with her lustrous black hair. Then a mild chill of paralysis checked the vital current, and gave me the first picture of serene death.

My father resembled her in his calm spirit and habitual diligence, as he did also in a cloudless longevity. The blessing of the fifth commandment came upon him who had honored the lone parent, resting on him for protection. He became a member, in his boyhood, of the family of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, a man of distinguished talents and collegiate education, matured by foreign travel. Destined for the medical profession, but possessing acute sensibilities, he was rendered so unhappy by the sufferings of others, especially by the necessity of performing any surgical operation, that he commuted active practice for the business of an apothecary. This allowed him frequent opportunities of giving salutary advice, especially to the poor, which gratified his benevolence, and kept his scientific knowledge from oblivion. To a competent patrimony he added a very large fortune gathered in his mercantile department, which he expended with great liberality. He was held in high honor, and numbered among the benefactors of his native city, being the first to found a school where the common people might be instructed

gratuitously in Latin and Greek, as well as in the more essential branches of a solid education.

In the course of his extensive business he employed a variety of clerks, whom it was his choice to domesticate under his own roof. Their moral and intellectual habits were to him, and his estimable lady, objects of interest. Indeed, to their conscientious minds they were in some measure as children, for whose right principles and good conduct they felt responsible both to the world and to God. Perhaps they were in no instance so signally baffled in these philanthropic efforts, as by Benedict Arnold, known in his country's history as the traitor. Being the son of a widow, they received him at rather an early age, and cherished for him added sympathy. Strong capacities and strong faults were soon revealed. Among the latter was barbarity to every form of animal life. Dogs avoided him for good reasons; cats never flourished where he dwelt; it was thought that horses were none the better for his ministrations, unless it might be for habits of break-neck speed and marvellous kicking and prancing. Dismembered birds were found lying about the premises, of whose state no satisfactory solution could be obtained. The blue eggs of the robin were crushed and strewn upon the turf, and the voice of the mourning mother resounded among the branches.

"Methinks," said the kind lady in whose house he was fostered, "her cry is '*Cruel Benedict Arnold!*'

cruel Benedict Arnold!"" At which the boy secretly laughed.

It was customary, in those days of republican simplicity, for merchants' clerks, who were received into the household of the master, to take part in a variety of services for the comfort of the family. Conformably to this custom, Benedict was sometimes despatched to a mill at the distance of about two miles, carrying, on the horse that he rode, bags of Indian corn to be transmuted into meal. There, while waiting, he amazed the miller with sundry fantastic tricks. Sometimes his affrighted eyes would descry the urchin clinging to a spoke of the great mill-wheel in its revolutions, now submerged and anon flying through the air for his amusement, heeding no remonstrance, and enjoying the terror of the honest man, who in his objurgations was wont to style him an "imp of the Evil One."

In this reckless daring and deficiency of moral sensibility, might be traced the elements of that character which afterwards, with equal hardihood, could lead his soldiers through perils in the wilderness, or aim a traitor's blow at the heart of his endangered country.

My father had several books of elementary science in his possession, among which I particularly recollect a Dilworth's Grammar and an Arithmetic, which bore in multifarious places the sobriquet of Benedict Arnold, scrawled heedlessly and often with blots through the middle of mathematical problems or examples of

syntax. Sometimes they were accompanied with unsymmetrical and hideous drawings. Possibly the boys might have used the books in common, or rather in succession, during their school culture. Yet it must have required some courage thus to deface books which the New England mind was trained to revere, both from scarcity and a sense of their value; and to persevere wilfully in such courses, in days when scholastic discipline was wont to make itself both felt and remembered. I can well recollect with what veneration and clean hands I was instructed to approach our few, half-sainted volumes, and with what horror I regarded any child whose book disclosed the guilt of a dog's ear or a missing leaf.

My father, like his compeer, or, more properly, his predecessor, was also called to take part in the battles of his native land. He joined the first regiment that was raised in that portion of Connecticut, and marched with them to Boston, ere the Declaration of Independence had been promulgated. They passed their first night in the neighborhood of the lion-hearted Putnam, at Brooklyn, Conn., who had then but newly left his plough in the unfinished furrow, and rushed onward to stand by his country, till her struggle for existence should end in liberty and glory.

I may not here command space to particularize the events that connected my blessed father with the perils and victories of the Revolution. They took place long

before my birth ; but I have heard their recital, seated on his knee, and my heart now kindles at their memory as a trumpet-cry.

One recital of those warlike gatherings made a strong impression on my infantine imagination, probably because it was coupled with home scenery. In the autumn of 1781, the inhabitants of Norwich beheld their whole southern horizon wrapped in the strange, flickering redness of a distant flame. Thundering sounds were on the air, like the cannon's death-peal. There was a quick mustering of the men of war. Boys who had never seen service, besought their troubled mothers for leave to gird on the harness, and go where danger called. In hot haste, and with as much of military order as the occasion would admit, horse and foot sped on to the point of danger.

No rail-train in those days rapidly conveyed tidings, no telegraph bore them on the lightning's wing ; but the fleetest leader of the cavalry, gaining a commanding ascent, announced that New London, our neighbor city, was in flames. From van to rear passed the mournful sound, "New London is in flames !" Indignation sat on every face. Their beautiful seaport ! The favorite and finest harbor of Connecticut ! Every individual thought of some acquaintance or friend left houseless, if, indeed, among the living. They hurried to meet the foe. The fourteen miles that divided Norwich from New London was achieved as on eagle's

wings. But they came too late. Too late for defence ! Too late for vengeance !

Smoking ruins and homeless people were on every side. The helpless sick had been removed to fields and gardens, and sobbing children clung to their bewildered mothers. Those who had been nurtured in wealth knew not where to turn for bread. Their holy and beautiful temple, where they had worshipped God, was in ashes. And Benedict Arnold had done it. Returning from a predatory excursion on the shores of Virginia, he had made this visit to his native State. Here were old friends with whom he had held early intercourse. By them he was recognized, seated on his horse, and giving orders. He even ventured to take some refreshment in the house of a former acquaintance, but bade the flames enwrap the roof as he rose from the table. He expressed a wish that it were possible to reach Norwich, that he might there burn at least the abode in which he was born. Instinct, however, protected him from this exposure, doubtless assuring him that the beautiful region which gave him birth would feel it its duty to provide him a grave.

But it was on the opposite side of the river that the most fearful carnage marked his career. There, Fort Griswold, which had been taken by sudden siege, after such brave resistance that the traitor general was blamed by his adopted realm for the large loss of officers and soldiers, became the scene of reckless de

vastation. Amid piles of slain, destroyed by barbarous butchery after they had surrendered, sought distracted women and children, cleansing many dead and distorted faces from the corrugated blood ere they could discern a feature of the husband or the father, the brother or the son, over whom they should mourn while life lasted. And Benedict Arnold had done it. He was seen to point with his glittering sword, and say, "Soldiers, to your duty!"

Ah, stern duty of pitiless war! executed, as we trust, sometimes with compunction, otherwise man would be a fiend. Came there not, in future years, some lingering cry of these widows and orphans into the heart of that bold, bad man, when, bowed with age, he felt in a foreign land the loneliness, neglect, and loathing which are wont to overtake the traitor? We cannot say. Fain would we hope that such remorse was there as led to penitence and God's forgiveness.

Details like these were softened by my father, and not dwelt upon with the stern delight of a soldier. He was not a man of war in his heart, though duty led him to defend his home and hearthstone, and the altars of his native land. He was of a singularly mild nature and unassuming manners. Perseverance in well-doing, regardless of applause or ambition, and a disciplined, trustful, most affectionate spirit, were among the elements of his character. I never remember seeing him,

throughout his long life, excited with anger, or hearing him utter a hasty or unkind word. Patience, that true courage of virtue, was eminently his own; and at the close of his pilgrimage he was styled, by one well qualified to judge, "the man without an enemy."

After peace and liberty had been vouchsafed to his beloved country, and she had taken her seat among the nations, he married a lovely creature, to whom he had been long affianced. Lydia Howard was his earliest love, but the unsettled state of the land had been unfavorable to "marrying and giving in marriage." Her health, also, was delicate, and they waited, with the hope that it might be more confirmed ere she assumed the responsibilities of a housekeeper. But pulmonary disease in our Northern climate exacts, like the Minotaur, its terrible tribute from the fair and young, defying both the sword of Theseus and the clue of Ariadne. Not a year of life, after her nuptials, was meted out to this gentle being. Just before the thick fall of the rustling leaves, and while the forests were rich with the later tints of autumn, she went to the land that hath no decay, leaning calmly on the Redeemer whom she loved.

The desolated husband passed several years of lonely mourning, and then garnered up his heart in a new trust. Sophia Wentworth was beautiful and attractive, fourteen years younger than himself, and of a family which, though limited in pecuniary resources,

stretched its pedigree back through the royal and tory governors of New Hampshire, to the gifted Earl of Strafford, the hapless friend of Charles I. She possessed intellect of no common order, rapid perceptions, strong retentive powers, facility of seizing knowledge almost by intuition, and a command of language comprising somewhat of histrionic force. Her mind, but little disciplined by education, sprang to its results without intermediate toil, and in its flights of fancy and originality of thought revealed the true impulses of genius.

By this fair young mother I was received with a joy that remembered not the anguish which for three days and nights had threatened to terminate her life; and by my father, usually grave beyond his years, with an amazement of delight and gratitude. Their first gift to me was the name of the early-smitten consort, consecrated by the baptismal water from the hand of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Strong, in the church of the old town, under the gray cliffs, ere the second week of my infant pilgrimage was completed. Such was the custom of those days. Before the moon had filled her horn, which, perchance, hung its faintest crescent over the cradle, the new babe must be presented to the priest, in the great congregation. During the early periods of colonial existence it was thought proper that the day of its birth should be also that of its baptism. A venerable friend, whose advent was during the coldest

part of a very severe winter, and who has recently died at the age of almost ninety, assured me that she was not spared by her parents, but borne out to the house of public worship a few hours after her first appearance, which chanced to be on Sunday. Her father being the minister, it was deemed that any abatement of the strictest requisition would be singularly improper; but tempering the zeal of piety with the solicitude of love, she was enveloped in a white satin bag, elaborately tied around the tiny neck, and preserved as an heirloom in the family.

This extreme primitive usage did not permit the mother the privilege of dedicating, in person, her offspring at the hallowed font. My father presented his own little waif to the good pastor for the blessed rite, accompanied by the nurse and a faithful servant woman. The latter, after the frost of fourscore had settled upon her, was fond of relating the scene, with its minutest circumstances, as one of some note in her annals. I, too, must speak of her; for in her line of life she was an example worthy of comment and imitation.

Faithful Lucy Calkins! Methinks I see her now, in the costume of early days, a neat calico short wrapper, and in winter one of green baize, with shining black skirt and blue checked apron. There would she be, churning butter of golden hue, or drawing from a large brick oven the most delicate bread, or feeding her flock of poultry, or, perchance, lecturing the waiter-boy, who

might have neglected his duty, she having, especially on the latter occasion, not a melodious voice or a fascinating physiognomy. Most truthful was she. I doubt whether she ever concealed a fact, and she was seldom guilty of mollifying it. She had a strong temper but a kind heart. One of my earliest recollections at entering her kitchen, was earnestly looking in her face to see if she was pleasant. If she was, nothing could exceed my joy. If she was not—and children are great casuists in such matters—I usually made good my retreat, laying hands upon nothing.

A remarkable person was she for persevering diligence and consistency of conduct. Only at two service-places had she lived during a life which extended to more than fourscore, save the one where her childhood was nurtured until she reached the age of eighteen. For more than forty years after the breaking up of the family at Norwich, she resided in the household of Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., at Hartford, first as an active housekeeper, then as a superintendent of other servants; and lastly, seated quietly in the corner, and appealed to for the benefits of her experience, she rested from her labors in peace and goodwill. Excellent gowns she now wore, and nice caps; nor would the delicate hand of the mistress neglect to arrange her apparel when she walked slowly to the house of God, wherein was her delight, or aid her into the family carriage when she occasionally went to pass the day with

an early friend. Respect to her virtues was paid by those whom she had so long and so faithfully served. Great kindness of heart had she for sickness and sorrow; and to claims of charity, and especially those from her own poor relatives, her liberality was free and untiring. By prudence in preserving the surplus of her wages, she had secured an independence, and, after the death of the beloved benefactors under whose roof for almost half a century she had dwelt, returned to beautiful Norwich, to be solaced by the nursing care of her kindred.

There she was provided and attended like any lady of the land; for she lived upon the income of her own money, and was a deviser by will and testament of legacy and donation. There I sometimes saw her, in great comfort, sleeping in a large apartment hung with pictures, and the small bed of a nursing relative near her own, lest she might want aid in the night.

When I saw her for the last time, shortly before her death, she was on the verge of her eighty-fifth year. I had heard that she mourned after me, and wondered why I so neglected to call, thinking, in her brokenness of mind, that I was still a neighbor. When I told her that I had come by the railroad forty miles since dinner, and ere tea-time should return home, making eighty miles in all on purpose to see her, she seemed bewildered. Intellectual memory slumbered, but the memory of the heart was wakeful.

“It is *her* voice,” she said; “yes, *her* voice—the baby that I held when she was christened.”

Then I touched some of the chords of early days, and they vibrated truly and lovingly. Sunlight came again over that wintry face. The Book of God was dear to her, and the Saviour who had led her with his flock many years beside the still waters.

I knew that I should see her no more in this life, for the mark of the Better Land was upon her. That I remember her still with tenderness, is but a fitting tribute to one who, in honesty of purpose and consistent goodness, was a model for that class of persons on whose aid the comfort of domestic life so essentially depends. Often, when, like my sister housekeepers of this section of our Union, I have been annoyed by the habits of those whom we call *helps*, and who are sometimes *hindrances*—annoyed by their want of principle, their pretending to understand what they never knew, their leaving suddenly after having been laboriously instructed, or staying when confidence had ceased, my thoughts have recurred to the efficiency, the integrity of this relic of the olden time, in whom the hearts of those whom she served safely trusted.

Humble, venerable friend, farewell. “Faithful over a few things,” we believe that thou hast entered “into the joy of thy Lord.”

LETTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

As I look back to the opening vista of life, a sense of quiet happiness steals over me. It is like the reflection of that softest beam which a vernal morning wins from the sun while he yet lingers in his bed, when the mists catch a rose-tint as they steal away, and the dews and unopened buds praise the Lord.

I have been told that my infancy was healthful, though apparently delicate, and that I was in haste to take hold of the faculty of speech. Words of my uttering when nine and ten months old were oft repeated to me; and though I suppose them to have been simply imitated articulations, the friends who recorded them in memory were tenacious of them as proofs of rapidly-unfolding perception and precocious intellect. I was favorably situated to be accounted marvellous, having no little competitor, and falling principally into the company of those somewhat advanced in life, who welcomed me as a curiosity, and had full leisure to note all my doings. My father was

approaching the grave age of forty when he welcomed his only child. One of my first recollections is of hiding my face in his bosom, and of how bright were the knitting-needles of his aged mother, who sat near with a loving smile.

I was very happy in the gardens, when old enough to wander there. No nurse at my heels watched and restrained me, or wondered what I was about when I talked long with the flowers. My fair mother tied on my little sun-bonnet and mittens, and welcomed and lulled me to rest when I came wearied into the house.

I remember with what wondering reverence I gazed at the tall purple lilacs and white snowballs; my own most familiar acquaintance among the flower-people being the violets and blue-bells and lupines in my allotted plat of ground. Great delight had I also in watching the growth of the ripening fruits, and admiring His goodness who deepened the color in the orb of the berry and the downy cheek of the peach, and changed hard, green pin-heads into the full, fragrant grape cluster. Frequent visits I made to the arbor, covered by the mantling vine, and, spreading on its benches large leaves of the lilac which I was permitted to gather, drew on them, with a pin, the forms of such objects as met my view or floated in my fancy. Those green surfaces, deeply indented by my simple graver with birds, or nests, or winged creatures having neither name nor symmetry, or exhibiting patterns for wrought

ruffles such as I had seen ladies embroider, are as vivid in memory as if laid on the table where I now write. Sibylline leaves, on which the little happy heart depicted the semblance of its own imaginings, they unfold their scrolls to me, bringing back the perfume of the abundant fruits and rich blossoms that breathed around.

I had but few playthings, and those of the simplest kind. More were not coveted, having no companion with whom to enjoy or divide them. In those early days of the republic our merchant vessels did not swell their freight with the toys of Germany and France. Dolls that opened their eyes, moved their joints, and moaned, were unknown, and might have been deemed the work of necromancy. I never possessed any save those of household manufacture, and they were not eminently distinguished by fine proportions or elegant costume. My best one had a face of cambric, black pin-heads for eyes, half-circles drawn with a pen for eyebrows, lips of a slip of vermilion silk, curled flax for tresses, and handless arms pinned submissively over her stomach. The doll-genus were not at all essential to my happiness. They were of the most consequence when, marshalled in the character of pupils, I installed myself as their teacher. Then I talked much and long to them, reproving their faults, stimulating them to excellence, and enforcing a variety of moral obligations.

The playhouse, to which I resorted when satiated with rural rambles, or when bad weather forbade it, was a spacious garret covering the whole upper story of the mansion. In one corner was a heavy, old-fashioned carved beaufet, upon whose curving shelves I displayed my toys so as to make the best appearance, and arranged my dolls according to their degrees of aristocracy. A spirit of order, and love of having every thing in its place, grew with this exercise.

Immense trunks were in that garret. Untold treasures I supposed them to contain; but rummaging was in those days forbidden to children. One of them was open and empty, and lined with sheets of printed hymns. I stretched myself within its walls, and perused those hymns, being able to read at three years old. Afterwards, I grieve to say that I made use of that hiding-place for a more questionable purpose. Finding a borrowed copy of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" in the house, and perceiving that it was sequestered from childish hands, I watched for intervals when it might be abstracted unobserved, and, taking refuge in my trunk, like the cynic in his tub, revelled among the tragic scenes of Mrs. Ratcliffe; finding, however, no terror so formidable as an approaching footstep, when, hiding the volume, I leaped lightly from my cavernous study. It was the first surreptitious satisfaction and not partaken without remorse. Yet the fas-

cinations of that fearful fiction-book seemed to me too strong to be resisted.

Two immense stacks of chimneys passed through this garret to their outlet in the roof, where was also a scuttle-door attained by a flight of stairs, whither I mounted and peered out when ambition so moved. In one of those chimneys was a closet, where the ropes and pulleys of the great roasting-jack hissed and sputtered when put in motion by the fires below. I remember, on one occasion, opening the door of that dark enclosure, and saying to a little girl who had come up stairs with me that "Jack lived there." At the sound of the clamor within, her eyes enlarged, and, fleet as a deer, she fled from the house. My shouts of explanation were unheeded. The joke lost me a playmate for that day. On reflection, it seemed a wicked invention, at which my conscience was troubled.

This capacious apartment also contained remnants and vestiges of my father's military life. Much time did I spend among these. The stories that I had heard of battles while seated on the paternal knee, gave life and voice to every relic. Pouches of shot, and bullets, and flints, and the large twisted powder-horns, were intensely interesting to me.

I did not feel inclined, like Desdemona, to "weep at what a soldier suffers," but forthwith girded myself with the bright brass-hilted sword, and put my tiny hands upon the cumbrous pistols, and toiled in vain

to lift the long-barrelled and exceedingly heavy gun, talking with each about Bunker Hill, and Yorktown, and Washington, till I half fancied that I had listened to the war-thunder of battle, and looked upon the god-like form of the Pater Patriæ.

The domestic animals I considered friends. With their different lineaments of character I acquainted myself, and, being early accustomed to see them well fed and kindly cared for, have never been able through life to lay aside an earnest desire for quadruped welfare, and an almost morbid distress at their discomfort or oppression.

A large black horse, of mild temperament, two noble cows, in dark red coats, with graceful horns, a flock of poultry, crowing, brooding, or peeping, all in different degrees awakened interest and regard. But my chief intimacy was with the feline race. Pussy was always so pliant, so companionable, so pleased with attentions, and prompt in her way to reciprocate them. I studied cat-nature like a philosopher. I believed that the world had never done justice to its capacities, and that a fostering tenderness would elicit new powers; whereupon I made a cat my favorite and prime minister.

It sat in my lap, and gambolled by my side, and stretched itself upon my bed, and was to me as a sister. I took charge of its diet, that it might be fed at stated times, and with fitting aliment. When the maid had

done milking, I was permitted to fill a cup for my protégée with my own hand, from the creamy udder. Large and fat grew my cat-people, with a lustrous velvet fur, and I exulted in their superiority. They gave heed to my words, for I talked much to them, and at my bidding rose upon their hind legs, taking my beneficent hand gently in their paws, and rubbing their heads lovingly upon it. I took pride in this and a few other accomplishments, arguing fervently in favor of the race, if any denounced it as selfish, fawning, or hypocritical.

One of my great pleasures, at the close of a summer's day, was to amass two piles of fresh green cabbage leaves, which I was myself permitted to break in the garden, and lay at the milking places for the two cows when they should come home from the pasture. I rejoiced to see them hastening toward their expected *bonne-bouche*, and munching it with a perfect content, while their fragrant revenue rapidly filled the pails.

On one or two occasions I was permitted to walk to their pasture, at the distance of half a mile or more, with our very respectable servant-boy, who went to invite them home for the night. Then and there I first beheld the magnificent *lobelia cardinalis*. Wandering to a secluded, moist spot of earth, I found it in the full blossom of its queenly beauty. I had never heard mention of such a flower. The thrill of rapture with which I gazed upon it is felt to this day. I had no rest till I

possessed myself of the treasure. That it was the wrong season for transplanting, was nothing to me. I had no botanical knowledge, but the glorious flower was to me as a living soul. The next year there came up in its place a sorry tuft of grass.

Not disjoined from utility were the pleasures of waking life. Sports and reveries were much confined to my great, paradisaical garret, and the sound of rain upon its ample roof imparted a perfect sense of security and bliss. Every falling drop seemed to strike a sweet wind-harp, moving the whole soul to melody. But when in the parlor with older people, I was fain to imitate their employments, and encouraged to do so. I early plied the needle, and at the age of six was ambitious to execute the plainer parts upon my father's shirts, which were made by my gentle-hearted grandmother. More than this, the fabric itself was in part the work of her industrious hands, for she loved to draw forth and twist the fine silken threads of flax; and the quiet sound of her wheel was to my young ear a lulling melody. In those days the cheap manufactures from the southern cotton-plant by the aid of machinery, were unknown, and almost every thrifty family in the smaller towns of New England spun within its own bounds the more durable linens that were essential to its comfort. I think it was the same serene and kind relative who taught me to ply the knitting-needles. Of this I am not absolutely certain, scarcely being able to remem-

ber the time when I did not know their use; and as a friend of mine, who very early entered the state of matrimony, replied to some chronological question, "*She came into the world married,*" so I cannot affirm, from any positive recollection, that I did not come into it knitting. The employment has always been pleasant to me, as more friendly to meditation than the needle, and requiring less abstract attention. Through life I have found it economical and agreeable to knit stockings for myself, my family, and friends. To produce twenty pair annually, after I became a housekeeper, and had more feet to cover, was no uncommon circumstance, for it agreeably employed those fragments of time which might otherwise have been lost, and was likewise a form of charity peculiarly acceptable to the poor, in our cold and variable climate.

Asking to be forgiven for this episode in favor of an almost obsolete occupation among ladies, I return to my happy childhood. Nothing was so entirely fascinating as to be permitted to aid my father in the horticultural pursuits which he so practically understood. Believing it for my health to be much in the open air and loving ever to have me by his side, I was encouraged to drop the peas in their long-drawn furrows, and deposit the golden maize in its hillock-bed. So, the fair blossoms of one, and the tasselled sheath of the other, were watched by me through all their stages, as developments in which I had a right to be interested. I was

called to hold the young sapling steadily, while he transplanted it, and when it became a tree it was my friend. I understood not why such sweet sensations flowed from these simple employments. I had never learned why horticulture seemed to cause fresh blossoms to spring up in the heart's new soil. I knew not that health and cheerfulness walked with it, hand in hand. *He* knew, who made it the occupation of unfallen man in his Eden innocence. *He* knew, who so mysteriously conjoined the welfare of flesh and spirit, and placed the being that bore His own image in a "garden, to dress and to keep it."

The bounds of our own home domain to my childish mind seemed spacious, and sufficient for every satisfaction. I cannot recollect ever passing its outer gates without liberty, or having a wish to do so. To roam at will from garden to garden, to run at full speed through the alleys, to recline when wearied in some shaded recess, or to seat myself with a book, on a mow of hay in the large, lofty barn, where the quiet cows ruminated over their fragrant food, gave variety and fulness of delight to the liberal periods allotted for out-of-door rambling. I shall probably earn the contempt of bolder spirits, when I say that ambition never moved me to transcend these limits, or to thirst after other joys.

Not unfrequently I shared pleasant drives in our domestic equipage, a spacious, low English chaise,

drawn by a clumsy black horse, whose mild temper and obesity were never disturbed by sound of whip, or ambition of precedence. No desire of prancing, and no want of worldly comfort, ruffled his declining days. To me his proportions seemed elephantine, and being once elevated to his back, in the arms of a woman servant, think I still remember impressions of terror at the dizzy height and the length of his head, which, to my infantine eyes, seemed enormous. By aid of this majestic personage I became in some measure familiar with the sweetly varied scenery in the vicinity; and though too young to appreciate the full force of its attractions, yet came there forth from its beauty a silent, secret influence, moulding the heart to happiness, and love of the beneficent Creator.

The diet allotted to children in those days was judicious, and remarkably simple. Well fermented and thoroughly baked bread of the mingled Indian and rye meal, and rich, creamy milk, were among its prominent elements. I never tasted any bread so sweet as those large loaves, made in capacious iron basins. Light wheaten biscuits, delicious gold-colored butter, always made in the family, custards, puddings, delicate pastry, succulent vegetables and fruits, gave sufficient variety of condiment to the repasts allotted us. The extreme regularity and early hours for meals—twelve being always the time for dinner—obviated in a great measure the necessity of intermediates, and saved that perpetual

eating into which some little ones fall, until the digestive powers are impaired in their incipient action. If sport, or exercise in the garden, led me to desire refreshment between the regular meals, a piece of brown bread was given me without butter, and I was content. Candies and confectionery were strangers to us primitive people. The stomach, that keystone of this mysterious frame, not being unduly stimulated, no morbid tastes were formed, and no undue admixture of saccharine or oleaginous matter caused effervescence and disease. The name of dyspepsia, with its offspring, stretching out like the line of Banquo, I never heard in early years. Spices were untasted, unless it might be a little nutmeg in the sauce of our nice puddings, which I still counted as a foe, because it "bit my tongue." When seated at the table I was never asked whether I liked or disliked aught that appeared there. It never occurred to me whether I did or not. I never doubted but what I should be fed "with food convenient for me." I was helped to what was deemed proper, and there was never any necessity, like poor Oliver Twist, to ask for more. It did not appear to me, from aught that I saw or heard, that the pleasure of eating was one of the main ends of existence. The advantages arising from early unpampered appetites, have remained with me; for in various sicknesses to which I have been subjected, the stomach, and the nervous tissues dependent upon it, have seldom sympathized, and the integrity of

the digestive organs usually given a substratum on which to build the recovered action of the system. Would that parents, in modern times, would more frequently consent to confer similar gifts upon their children.

My costume was simple, and unconstrained by any ligature to impede free circulation. Stays, corsets, or frames of whalebone, I never wore. Frocks low in the neck, and with short sleeves, were used both winter and summer. Houses had neither furnaces nor grates for coal, and churches had no means of being warmed, yet I cannot recollect suffering inconvenience from cold. Thick shoes and stockings were deemed essential, and great care was taken that I should never go with wet feet. Clear, abundant wood fires, sparkled in every chimney, and I was always directed, in cold seasons, to sit with my feet near them until thoroughly warmed, before retiring for the night.

A dress of white muslin, with a broad sash of pink or blue, was my highest style of decoration. There was no added ornament, save thickly clustering curls, not the gift of nature, but the production of my mother's untiring care and skill. This adornment, with scrupulous neatness, was all that she desired for her darling. The care of my teeth she reserved to herself, and made it no sinecure. Their pearly whiteness seemed sometimes to excite her vanity, and it was a proportionably keen disappointment to her that the second set should make their appearance of rather too

large a size, and palpably uneven. My daily ablutions, as well as the stated and more thorough weekly bathings, she personally superintended. With equal gratitude I may respond to the filial ascription of Cowper :

“ The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow’d
With her own hand, till fresh they shone, and glow’d.”

From the age of three I was put to sleep in a chamber by myself. There was no person in the family to whom it was convenient or fitting to be either my guard or companion. I was always attended to my pillow by maternal love, and then left alone, sometimes ere the last rays of the summer sun had entirely forsaken the landscape. I felt no fear ; false stories had never been told to frighten me ; there was nothing to be afraid of. “ Our Father in Heaven,” to whom the last words of closing day were said, seemed near, and I fell asleep as on His protecting arm. It might have been in some measure owing to this nightly solitude, that Thought so early became my friend. In the intervals not given to sleep, it talked with me. So delightful were its visits, that I waited for and wooed it, and was displeased if slumber invaded or superseded the communion. For it sometimes brought me harmonies, and thrilled me to strange delight with rhythmical words. I believe the following was among its first gifts. Memory has from the earliest childhood kept it in her casket :

“ Oh king of kings! who dwell'st among
Angelic heralds, hear my song.
Inexplicable are Thy ways,
Eternal ought to be Thy praise.”

A new nightly visitant came with Thought, and sat in judgment on my couplets. It was Criticism. She measured the lines, and put them to her ear, like a pitch-pipe; and with regard to this specimen, suggested that in the second line “tongue” would make a more accurate rhyme to “among,” than the word I had chosen. I examined her decision, but adhered to my original selection. Whereupon Criticism arose and departed, and I went to sleep.

The echo of consenting and euphonious words allured me to these little exercises in composition more than any poetic impulse or original idea. Attention to style, and the import of classical words, were advanced habitudes of mind for such infantine years. They principally arose from the character of the authors with whom I became familiar. There were literally no children's books attainable by me; and as reading became, almost in babyhood, a necessity of existence, I was thrown upon a rather severe selection of standard authors. Young, with his sententious “Night Thoughts,” initiated me into the poetry of my native language; Addison's “Spectator,” and Goldsmith's “Vicar of Wakefield,” were the most amusing volumes in the library. Yet so much had I been inured to the measured

dignity, and even solemnity of literature, that not comprehending concealed wit, or delicate irony, I thought Sir Roger de Coverly and the Rev. Mr. Primrose rather silly and simple personages. That acute political satire, "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," I perused with some interest, but little edification, from ignorance of the local history of England at the period of which it treats. Harvey's "Reflections among the Tombs," and Gesner's "Death of Abel," supplied the imagination with pleasant food. Whatever was plaintive I considered eloquent, and graduated my admiration of literature by its power to draw tears. Bishop Sherlock's "Six Sermons on Death," were my models for theological writing, though "South and Seed" were diligently perused. The largest volume in my father's possession was a heavy folio of more than eight hundred pages, containing the works of the Rev. Matthew Henry, Discourses, Essays, Tracts, and Biographies. I believe it was the size of the book alone, that inspired my ambition to master its contents. Yet in patiently bending over those pages, instinct with piety and baptized by prayer, methought a secret influence sometimes stole over me, moving to lowliness and the love of God.

The sanctity of the Sabbath, as I saw it observed by those whom I most loved and respected, had an efficient and salutary power upon the forming character. There was under our roof no young or light-minded person to tempt me to "think my own thoughts, or speak my

own words," on that consecrated day. "Remember, and keep it holy," was the sound in my heart, at its earliest dawn. How quiet was every thing around in that rural home, and what serene sobriety sat on every face ! I often rode to our temple of worship, overshadowed by steep, dark cliffs, which to my solemnized eyes were as Sinai, whence the law was given.

Within these hallowed walls every thing seemed most sacred. Words could not express the reverence with which I listened to the deep, and rather monotonously intoned voice of the pastor. Of those who occasionally exchanged with him I took great note, by way of comparison and contrast. Some of them, methought, exhibited the mild graces of the sage who drank the hemlock, and in others I traced the lineaments of the lamenting and reproving prophet, when he exclaimed, "The crown is fallen from our head—woe unto us ! for we have sinned."

The closing home-exercise of Sunday was the repetition of the whole of the "Assembly of Divines' Catechism." It was my father's province to ask me the questions, to which I replied scrupulously in the words of the book, adding the scriptural proofs. From such an elaborate body of divinity it could scarcely be expected that much gain would accrue to the understanding, at so immature a period. Some advantage might be derived by memory, which being strong did not particularly need it, or some weight added to the habit

of implicit obedience, which was the soul of our nurture in those primitive times. As I recited standing, a sensation of weariness occasionally stole over my limbs, so that I always felt relief at the interrogation, "What is effectual calling?" which I fancied was somewhere near the middle, or at least a kind of vantage-ground, from whence, as from Pisgah, the close of the pilgrimage might be contemplated, as "those fields of lign-aloes which the Lord had planted." I have heard some excellent old people say, that the foundation of their religion was the same long catechism, and that when disease induced wakefulness, a silent repetition of it to themselves was a decided comfort. I confess my inability to lay claim to either of these results; and having never been so fortunate as to derive from it either improvement in piety or consolation in pain, have abstained from requiring it of any who have come under my care for education.

Truly happy was my childhood, fed on dews of love, yet guarded from the evils of indulgence by habits of industry, order, and obedience, which my parents wisely inculcated. Their wishes I never gainsaid; indeed, the idea of having any will opposed to theirs, or separate from it, never entered my imagination. Perfect content, and acquiescence with my lot, were the earliest gifts of life. Yet the cream of all my happiness was a loving intercourse with venerable age.

I have already mentioned that under the pleasant

roof of Madam Lathrop we existed as a separate household, yet more closely entwined by the intercourse of every passing year. Having lost in one week, and ere the age of thirty, her three beautiful and promising boys, whose places were never supplied, the yearning tenderness of a heart which had continued to flow out toward the children of others, concentrated itself on the little one born in her house. No cast of character could be predicated that would more salubriously and permanently have influenced the unfolding mind and heart. Dignified in person, with the commanding yet courteous manner of the old school, her powerful intellect was strengthened by familiarity with the best authors, and association with the most distinguished men of the country. Fulness of benevolence, and a pervading piety, melted the pride of position and wealth, and made her the loving disciple of the Saviour, in whom she early believed.

To my eye she was the model of perfect beauty, for I beheld her through a heart that was all her own. It made no difference that almost fourscore years had passed over her ere I saw the light.

“For yet no boasted grace or symmetry
Of form or feature—not the bloom of youth
Or blaze of beauty, ever could awake
Within my soul such joy, as when I gaz’d
On that lov’d eye. Nor could the boasted pomp
Of eloquence that seizes on the brain

Of young enthusiasm, emulate the theme
So meekly flowing from those aged lips,
To point the way to heaven." *

In her spacious parlor, seated in her cushioned chair, by the side of a brightly blazing wood fire, she might often be seen, her knitting bag hanging near, and a book open before her, the spectacles, perchance, thrown back upon her noble brow, for a pause of thought. Her sole companion might be a slender child, with an unusually fair complexion, climbing by the aid of a high, straight-backed chair, to the upper alcove of an old-fashioned dark mahogany bookcase, to discover if haply some stray volume had eluded previous explorations.

"Lydia, come here."

Whereupon the tiny personage descends with uncommon velocity, and ensconces herself in a tiny green arm-chair, at her feet, ready for any wish that should be expressed.

"Read me these two pages of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' my dear, and be sure to pronounce every word slowly and distinctly."

Let no child think this was a hardship. To please one so respected and beloved, or to win her smile of approbation, was sufficient happiness. Sometimes the call would be, not to read aloud, but to sing. Her

* Moral Pieces in Verse and Prose.

voice, which was in conversation an echo of the soul's harmony, was powerful in music, which she had been taught scientifically when a child. Many were the pieces in which I was instructed to accompany her, sacred, patriotic, or pathetic. Sometimes she would honor me by enumerating quite a catalogue, and allowing me to choose.

"My child, shall it be 'Pompey's Ghost to his Wife Cornelia,' or 'While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night,' or 'The poor, distracted Lady,' or 'Indulgent Parents, dear,' or 'Solitude?'" The last-named one was often my selection; the sweet tune and the flowing words of the lyric are still fresh in memory, though never heard save from her sacred lips:

"What voice is this I hear
From yonder grove,
That charms my listening ear,
And wakes my love?
Sure 'tis some heavenly guest
Inviting me to rest
On my Redeemer's breast,
Sent from above."

Did space allow I would gladly copy the whole, which I have never seen in print. And as I inscribe these few words, there comes with them such a gush of happiness, such a thrill of melody, as though an angel hovered near May it not be so?

I feel her love within my heart,
It nerves me strong and high,
As cheers the wanderer on the deep,
The pole-star in the sky ;
And if my weary spirit quails,
Or friendship's warmth grows cold,
Her blessed arm is round me thrown,
As in the days of old.

That low-browed apartment, with all its appointments, is before me, an indelible picture. I see its highly polished wainscot, crimson moreen curtains, the large brass andirons, with their silvery brightness, the clean hearth, on which not even the white ashes of the consuming hickory were suffered to rest, the rich, dark shade of the furniture, unpolluted by dust, and the closet whose open door revealed its wealth of silver, cans, tankards, and flagons, the massy plate of an ancient family.

Once or twice my infant eyes had enjoyed brief glimpses of that parlor, lighted by two stately candlesticks, and an antique candelabra, and methought it was as the hall of Aladdin. But to be extant in the evening, was a condition of being not contemplated for childhood, and with one long gaze I was gathered to my darkened chamber, possibly with some inner echo of the moan of our first mother :

“ And must I leave thee, Paradise ? ”

Yet if there ever was any such repining, it was too transient to have marked the slightest trace on memory.

What particularly riveted my attention in that fair parlor was an ancient clock, whose tall, ebony case, was covered with gilded figures, of strikingly varied and fanciful character. These, like the storied tiles on the mantelpiece in the drawing-room, continually exercised my wonder and admiration. There I gazed with folded hands, to touch being forbidden, regarding the mystic movements of the pendulum seen through its orb of glass, and counting the "*tick, tick,*" until, perchance, the stroke of its exceedingly clear musical bell caused a startled delight.

But the lov'd friend who sate

Near in her elbow-chair,

Teaching with patient care

Life's young beginner, on that dial-plate

To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,

And mark each hour with deeds of love,

Lo! she hath broke her league with time, and found the rest above.

The rich benefits derived from friendship between infant inexperience and saintly wisdom, are incalculable. The tutelary influences of holy age upon the forming mind, can be fully computed only by those who stand with folded wings before the throne.

To her, who there worships among an innumerable company redeemed from the earth, I would humbly say in better words than my own :

“ If some faint love of goodness glow in me,
Pure spirit ! I first caught that flame from thee.”

LETTER III.

MY TEACHERS.

IN the *dramatis personæ* of every young life, dear friend, the teachers are wont to have prominence. My first one ! Methinks she is now entering the room. I start, for I was always afraid of her. Not that she was severe to me ; she could get no chance to be so. A timid little thing of four years, always obedient and diligent, offered no facilities for her ferule. Above the usual height was she, with sharp, black eyes, large hands, a manly voice, a capacious mouth, and a step that made the echoes of the quiet schoolroom tremble. She wore an immense black silk calash, and when I saw it bobbing up and down by our garden wall, as she passed, I hid myself, like the malcontents of Eden, among the trees. Especially was I affrighted at discovering that she was once coming, by invitation, to take tea at our table. I did not enter the parlor until I was called, and then curled down in a corner with a small book, which, whether it were Robinson Crusoe or Grumbdumbo, I could not readily have told. Gladly

would I have been excused from the repast, for I dared not eat before her. But, peering out from under my drooping eyelids, I ascertained that she made the same use of her large mouth that others did, appropriating good things in goodly quantities, and with correct appreciation of their different ratios of relish and rarity. What I learned of an intellectual nature under her sway, it might be difficult, through the long vista of years, to decipher. My chief enjoyment was in the spelling-class, where we "went above," according to our own skill and the mistakes of others. Having very early learned to read by myself, the forms of words, and their syllabic construction, dwelt in memory like the minutiae of a picture, so that the usual amount of study made me fearlessly perfect in the daily orthographical lesson. Hence, the mounting by detachments to the head of a regiment of some threescore and ten personages was no unfrequent occurrence. Some were four times my own age, and of formidable altitude and prowess; but the victory was more quietly accorded to a meek-looking lilliputian, than to one better qualified for a rival in other matters. The position being held but one night, the chieftain going to the bottom of the class and rising again, pacified the discomfited, while at the same time it nourished an unslumbering ambition in the bosom of the aspirant.

My next teacher was of the masculine genus. Why, at so tender an age, my parents should commit me thus

to the miscellaneous association of large district schools, it might be difficult to say, save that it was the custom of the times. The idea of being given in charge to a man, filled me with uncontrollable awe. On the first morning of my entrance, I could have taken the shoes from my feet, as if the place where he stood were a modern Sinai, where the law might be given amid thunderings, and lightnings, and tempest. Yet, on the contrary, I was far more at ease than under the dominion of his predecessor. To my amazement, I found myself rather a favorite with him, and kindly appreciated by the scholars. Some of these were large boys, on the borders of manhood, who attended school in winter, and at other seasons pursued various useful occupations. One of their prime accomplishments was covering large sheets of paper with fine chirography of different sizes, they having been previously ruled and ornamented with devices in bright red, blue, and green ink. I thought them intensely elegant, and, as I now remember them, they had somewhat the effect of the old illuminated missals. My aid in devising their decoration, and selecting the poetry that formed a great portion of their contents, was sought and valued, so that I suddenly became a personage of consequence. Instead of being made a scapegoat or a burnt-offering, as I had anticipated, I was vastly comforted at this terrific "man's school," and not a little built up in my own estimation. Though my highest pleasures were

still at home, in the "calm school of silent solitude," I here learned that it was possible to make myself acceptable out of my own family—a fact which, from constitutional diffidence, I had been accustomed to doubt.

My next educational movement was to attend a school for needlework. Our instructress was mild and ladylike, though distant and reserved. In this truly feminine department we strove to excel in nicety of performance, and our working materials were required to be kept in perfect order. Here it would seem that content and happiness must surely reign. But who can tell, by looking on a fair surface, what may smoulder beneath? The vines on the bosom of Vesuvius were scarcely more agitated by the lava-stream at their roots, than we tiny politicians by what we termed the partiality of the mistress for one of our compeers, her own niece. She always walked with her on her way to and from school, sat by her side, and received attentions and caresses which we coveted. We fancied she was made independent of the rules, and shielded when she deserved rebuke. Forthwith the fiercest proceeded to hate her, and the most Socratic ones to treasure up little instances of injustice as themes for private talk. I have often marvelled that I, who had heretofore been an upholder of the most despotic authority on the part of teachers, in the days when the Busby code prevailed, should have been carried away by this current.

when the power arrogated was simply an expression of preference. But the sense of injustice in the young mind is keen, and, when once roused, magnifies trifles and inadvertencies into wrongs.

The next teacher was one of more pretension—an English lady, who came, with her family, to reside in our immediate vicinity, and received both day scholars and boarders. She instructed in what were termed the higher branches, including music, painting, and embroidery. She executed on the piano with great skill, and, as I had been a singer from infancy, I found much pleasure in the practice of uniting an instrument with the voice. Having become an enthusiast about our aborigines, the first tune that I was permitted to choose for my own performance was that sweetly plaintive melody of the “Indian Chief’s Death-Song,” beginning,

“The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains while their lights fade away.”

I was never tired of singing and playing this mournful harmony, and curtailed my scientific practice to enjoy it. But my chief delight was to paint and draw in water colors—an accomplishment in which the instructress excelled. In my own little sanctum I had sketched at pleasure from the earliest years, with a pin and lilac leaf, with a slate-pencil and fragment of slate, ere I was the owner of a lead-pencil, or could obtain backs

of letters—pen and ink being forbidden, lest my garments should be defiled. As I grew older, the illustrations in my Hieroglyphic Bible were copied, and any graphic scene that I read, or heard narrated, produced one or more designs. As what I called my *pictures* multiplied, the desire to see them in colors became eager and engrossing. After various experiments, I succeeded in manufacturing certain substitutes and pigments wherewith to adorn the groups and regions of my fancy. A piece of gamboge was in my possession, which, with a fragment of indigo begged from the washerwoman, furnished different shades of yellow, blue, and green; while a solution of coffee-grounds sufficed for the trunks of my trees, and the ambered brown of their autumnal foliage. A wash of India-ink, dashed with indigo, answered for my skies and waters. Thus I got along wonderfully with my landscapes: but my chief delight was in peopling them; and how to obtain tints for any variety of costume, was the question. After many experiments, I found the expressed juice of the scokeberry quite a passable pink, which, with changes and dilutions, supplied me with color for lips and cheeks, and dresses for my gay women and children. Mingled with indigo, it produced a kind of purple, which I used for kingly robes. But it was hideous, and something better employed my poor, infantine chemistry night and day. I had executed what I considered a very fine scene from Roman history, and

wanted something for the flowing mantles of the senators. Images of the Tyrian purple haunted me, and flashed before my dreams. I pressed the rich petals of the pansy, but they yielded nothing to my hope. At length, in one of our desserts, I observed in the overflowing syrup of a tart, composed of the ripe currant and whortleberry, the identical tint for which I had so earnestly sought. Requesting a few spoonfuls, after sundry filtrations I applied it to the drapery of a belle, and, had I known the meaning of *Eureka*, should have shouted it at the top of my voice. But as the saccharine properties of my new color eventually predominated, causing the dress to cleave away from the form it arrayed, I did not use it for the conscript fathers. A single brush, in these processes of limning, was all that I could call my own. When I desired some of larger capacity, I found that I could manufacture them from small quills and my own soft hair. This one nice little brush, with the pieces of India-ink and gamboge before mentioned, and a lead-pencil, were all the articles for which I was indebted to the shops, in this my early career toward the fine arts. Yet the rapture enjoyed in my solitary chamber, as these untaught efforts accumulated, was indescribable. Not even a particle of rubber was mine, that substance not being then common; so that I was careful to draw with extreme accuracy, effacing the few false outlines with crumbs of stale bread. Though the delight experi-

enced from this unprompted impulse of taste was doubtless heightened by the ingenuity of the expedients that sustained it, I can never give paper or speech any semblance of the joy with which I received from my father's hand, soon after entering this new school, a box of the finest water colors, with camel's-hair pencils of different sizes, drawing paper, and a piece of India-rubber, which I have kept to this day, a simple trophy and record of the past. Thus reënforced and upbuilt, I proceeded to copy large and complicated patterns, taking pride in the degree of labor they required. "Maria," or the crazy girl described by the sentimental Yorick, was one of the first large pictures of my production. She was represented sitting under an immense tree, with exuberant brown tresses, a pink jacket and white satin petticoat, gazing pensively at a small lapdog fastened to her hand by a smart blue ribbon. Sterne is seen at a distance, taking note of her with an eye-glass, riding in a yellow-bodied coach, upon a fresh-looking turnpike road, painted in stripes with ochre and bistre. But notwithstanding this, and other pictorial exhibitions of shepherds and shepherdesses, encompassed by huge wreaths and emblems, were sufficiently lauded and marvelled at, my proficiency, after I was furnished with every requisite material, did not equal my perseverance in the days of my destitution. The few rules which were given us, and which were almost entirely about the use of colors, no correct

ones for perspective being accorded, seemed rather an incumbrance, and I secretly bemoaned my lost satisfactions in sketching *ad libitum* from the historians and poets.

A boldness of literary enterprise also came over me; and, though I had scarcely perused a novel except surreptitiously, I commenced to write one. It was in the epistolary style, and a part of the scene laid in Italy. I remember several of the letters, which, contrary to my previous habit with all other compositions, I mentioned to my companions. Forthwith there was a burst of ridicule from the grown-up young ladies of the school.

“What a fool Lydia Huntley is! Don’t you think, she is undertaking to write a novel, and only just eight years old! She can no more do it than she could tame Bucephalus. She’d better stick to her painting—and that’s not over good.”

The critics, deeming my precocity too exuberant, and a subject for the pruning-knife, proceeded to occasional browbeatings, which were very slightly regarded. Most of my associates here were fully sensible of the honor of sharing the tuition of a lady from London, and were careful to comport themselves with sufficient exclusiveness, as a patrician order, when they encountered any of the members of the plebeian district schools.

My next instructor was strongly contrasted both in

person and pursuit, an earnest adept in mathematics. I had a fondness for arithmetic, derived from my father, and used often to work out by myself the more difficult problems in Daboll, the standard book of the times, and show him the result, because it was always repaid by his peculiar smile, and coveted eulogium of "Good child! good child!" But this earnest-minded gentleman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, finding in me the application that he liked, led me on from stage to stage of accuracy in computation, to higher principles and pleasures of demonstrative science, where, fearing no change, no failure of experiment, no mistake in conclusion, we advance fearlessly to the truth, and are satisfied. The salutary influence of such studies on the intellect, especially that of females, I believe to be great. Too little time is apt to be accorded to them. It was so in my own case. Yet I look back on them now, at this great distance of time, as on a heritage not to be alienated. My enthusiasm, while pursuing them, led me to endorse the precept which Plato caused to be inscribed over the door of his school: "Let no one enter here who is ignorant of geometry." After my school-days were over, and philosophical reading became a source of satisfaction, I fully subscribed to the axiom of Bacon: "Mathematics, if the mind be too wandering, fix it; if too inherent in the senses, abstract it." I have always felt in some degree a debtor to warm-hearted Erin for the instructions of this her

grave, silver-haired, and erudite son, who, with his family, became inhabitants of our country ere the tide of emigration had awakened its present unebbing flood.

My parents next decided to send me to the institution endowed, as has been already mentioned, by Dr. Daniel Lathrop, all of whose members had the privilege of instruction in Latin and Greek, after making requisite progress in the solid English branches. Hitherto, when not under private tuition, I had always attended at a schoolhouse, sheltered and shouldered by ledges of gray rock, and within sight of the windows of our dining-room. Now I was to go to one on the green plain near the meeting-house, half a mile from home. It was like turning away from the brooding wing—the first flight from the nest. This walk, four times a day, at all seasons and in all weathers—for I could never consent to be absent for the wildest wintry storm, lest I should lose my place in the class—gave a spirit of self-reliance and a sense of liberty and power never before realized. Both these edifices were of red brick, much on the same plan, though of different sizes, with unpainted desks and benches projected around three sides of the room, the fourth having a recess for the teacher's desk, a closet for books, a space for the water pitcher, and a capacious fireplace, where plenty of wood crackled and blazed and disappeared.

Do not suppose, friend, that I am about to satirize the scholastic temples of my own day, bare as they

were of all the appliances of modern luxury. Remnants of a barbarous age they might doubtless now be styled. Nevertheless, they subserved the purposes of knowledge and of discipline. We had seen nothing better, and were content. The teacher is of more consequence than the temple. Gratified as I am that the progress in taste and comfort should embrace the structures allotted to education, I still look back to the lowly ones of my own nurture with associations of loving thought.

The master of this endowed school was somewhat stricken in years, and had held his office from early manhood, it being sufficiently lucrative for a life concern. He was a thorough scholar, and austere. Not being addicted to social pleasures, he was considerably past his prime before he entered the marriage relation, and he still retained the temperament of a recluse. Never having had opportunity to wreath his features into a smile for a babe of his own, they were not often moved to that form by the children of others. Indeed, according to the system of Rochefoucault, he seemed to take it for granted that every boy was a rogue, until proved to the contrary. Neither was slight proof sufficient to overcome his skepticism. He was of a tall, spare form, with a keen, black eye. Every one in school could imitate his frown, his measured gait, and precision of speech.

“Boy, I shall be compelled to punish you severely,

if there is either persistence in or repetition of such conduct."

Little did the Dominie suppose that, in the familiar talk of the scholars, the irreverent cognomen of "Uncle Billy" was applied to him. The more observant ones, who, according to Goldsmith,

"were skill'd to trace
The day's disaster in the morning's face,"

would sometimes say pantomimically, "Uncle Billy is chewing a tough Greek root to-day. Look out for breakers!"

To the female branch of his dominion he was eminently taciturn. I doubt whether I ever addressed him, save in replies to his questions on the lessons, or what sprung collaterally from the business of the school. Still, there was no mixture of dislike in our reserved intercourse. On the contrary, I felt an innate sense of his approbation, which sustained my complacency. He elevated me, as an especial honor, to the office of monitor of the reading classes. This was no sinecure, as the classes were large; and when they were marshalled for this exercise, I was expected to stand opposite each one, as they read, and criticize elocution and emphasis, having the power to make them repeat their allotted portion as often as I deemed necessary. On the whole, I enjoyed myself, and improved under the stern old master, and felt a sort of pride in

his strictness, which I think scholars generally do, notwithstanding what they may say to the contrary.

I was removed from his regency to share the benefits of a school unique in those times, and, I am inclined to think, not easily paralleled in any. A young gentleman of superior talents, education, and position in society, having been compelled by some infirmity of health to abandon his choice of the clerical profession, consented to take charge for one year of a select circle of twenty-five pupils. A rare privilege was it, indeed, to be under his guidance. He had but recently completed his collegiate course, and it seems a scarcely credible fact that, ere he had reached his twentieth birthday, he should have judgment to conduct such an institution, and to impress every varying spirit with respect and obedience. Yet so it was. The secret of his sway was in his earnest piety and consistent example. We revered both, and would not for the world have done aught to trouble him. The order of the school was perfect. The classics were excellently well taught, as were also the English studies. Among the latter, I recollect geography was quite a favorite, probably because it was deepened by our construction of maps and charts, in which we were strenuous for accuracy, and some degree of elegance. The former we decorated by painted vignettes and devices, and for the latter had immense sheets manufactured at the paper mill on purpose for us. These, being divided into

regular parallelograms by lines of red ink, we wrote on their left the name of every country on the habitable globe, filling its even line of regular compartments according to their designation over the top—Length and Breadth, Latitude and Longitude, Boundaries, Rivers, Mountains, Form of Government, Population, Universities and Learned Men, where they existed, and whatever circumstance of history was reducible to so narrow a compass. The search after these facts, the conciseness of style requisite, and the fair chirography which was held indispensable, were all valuable attainments. This could not be an exercise common to the whole school, from the large space required for accommodation. I recollect being one of six—three of each sex—who had permission to pursue it, and to have each a table spread for that purpose in a large vacant apartment. So much was our conscientiousness cultivated by this admirable instructor, that we, in conformity to our promise, comported ourselves with the same gravity as if in his presence, holding no conversation save what was necessary to test and condense the knowledge drawn out from the text-books on separate papers, and criticized ere they were copied. He also suggested an excellent employment for the intervals of Sunday—the selection of passages of Scripture on subjects given us by himself. Our zeal to bring a large number, neatly copied, on Monday morning, prevented the idle waste of consecrated time, and promoted an

intimate acquaintance with the treasures of the sacred volume. The reputation of this school transcending aught of the kind which had preceded it in that region, caused numerous applications to obtain its privileges. But as the number was limited, and each planet revolving around the centre tenacious of its orbit, the aspirants were doomed to disappointment. Among them was a robust man, older than the preceptor, whose desire for knowledge was the more commendable for being cherished amid the hard labor of the hands by which he earned subsistence. His note is characteristic:

“Understanding, sir, that there is a *vacuity* in your school, should be pleased to occupy the same one-half of a quarter of twelve weeks, as your friend and scholar.”

There was, however, no *vacuity*, and the smith smote on.

I have never attended a school where the religious sentiment was so perfectly cultivated, or brought into such successful operation. It seemed the secret of its government, inspiring high conscientiousness, a performance of duty because it was enjoined by the Heavenly Father and the Righteous Judge. This effect was not produced by the constant repetition of precept, still less by the enforcement of peculiar doctrines, or the censure of others. It was not wearisome argument or set forms of speech, but the influence of an earnest,

consistent, pious example. The deep feeling of the morning prayer often moistened the eyes of the most unthinking ; and the same spirit, caught from the closing orison, followed them home. It might be difficult to believe, by those who had never witnessed it, that a teacher so very young could do so much in aid of the ministers of religion—I had almost said, so much more than they, with the hearts of his disciples.

The future course of Mr. Pelatiah Perit fully verified its opening promise. He maintained a high position among the active operations and benevolent institutions of the country, and was for many years President of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Seamen's Saving Bank, in New York. Wherever he was, and in whatever he engaged, his influence was for God and goodness.

At his beautiful residence in New Haven, whither, in later years, he had retired from the excitements of business, he devoted himself more exclusively to works of charity and piety, and has but recently passed away, respected and lamented by all, having reached the confines of fourscore wholly unimpaired, except for some slight inroads on physical vigor.

The school which I was endeavoring to describe to you, my loved friend, and which he superintended but a single year, was taken in charge by the Rev. Daniel Haskell, a gentleman of somewhat more mature years, and also a graduate of Yale College. He was

decidedly a religious character, a ripe scholar, and of great amenity of manners and disposition. The belles-lettres studies were admirably taught by him, and he gave critical attention to the correct expression of written thought. He read to us portions of the best standard authors, in his own elegant elocution, and encouraged us freely to criticize both style and sentiment.

There seemed an arrogance in such a band of tyros sitting in judgment on Addison, and Steele, and Johnson, and Lord Bacon, and Edmund Burke. But his tact and patience were wonderful with our crude opinions, often uttered for the sake of saying something, and not unmarked by captiousness. Into the idioms and refinements of our own language he carefully led us. The "Exercises of Lindley Murray" he especially rendered delightful in daily lessons, throwing us back continually upon definition and derivation, until the roots of words, and their minute shades of meaning, became beautiful as thought-pictures. So much did he inspire us with his own favorite tastes, that parsing the most difficult passages of the poets, remarkable either for elision or amplification, was coveted as a sport. The culture of memory was also a prominent object with him, for, being a natural metaphysician, he scanned the intellect as a map, and wrought in each department. He occasionally read slowly to us pages from rare or antique works, historical, descriptive, or

didactic, and, closing the book, required the substance or analysis in our own language. This was given orally at the time, and might also, if we chose, be presented in writing, subject to his correction. The advantage of this exercise, though, perhaps, not immediately seen, was great in forming the habit of fixed attention, which is the integral element of the retentive power. It also enforced a ready utterance, and correct relation of facts, or assertions, in which a strong memory may be mournfully deficient.

Our course of study, which was arduous, he sustained and quickened by emulation. The gift of books signalized the close of each term, of which there were four in the year, and a silver medal was semiannually awarded. These premiums were so definitely adjusted to different grades of proficiency, or exemplary deportment, that there was no possibility of partiality, and so wisely balanced by the kind feelings cultivated among us, as never to create jealousy or dislike. I well remember our added meekness of manner when in the reception of these coveted prizes, and am sure that it was the fruit of his teachings. He faithfully developed not the intellect alone, but the affections. Instructors have that power, if they will but use it. Each pupil was led to consider the others as members, for the time, of one family, holding respectability, honor, and happiness as a common stock. Hence we rejoiced in the attainments or good fortune of our companions, and

covered their errors with the mantle of silent forbearance. To a soil thus prepared, friendships were indigenous. Some of mine, then formed, have stood the test of half a century, and are still among the solaces of my life. There also sprang up my closest intimacy with an associate of similar age, who was to me a sisterly spirit, a second self, until Death took her, in her beautiful youth. Under the charge of this learned and amiable man, there was a perceptible growth of "whatsoever was lovely and of good report."

His sway sweetly illustrated the beauty of rule and the beauty of obedience. Our grief at the termination of the school was more deep and passionate than aught I have ever seen on a similar occasion. He was to us all the "man greatly beloved." We were as Niobes at the parting interview, when, gathering us around him that last, sad morning, he read once more in his voice of music from the Holy Book, gave us solemn, tender counsels, and, kneeling down, commended us to the blessed care of the "Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Thou, who didst bend to guide the timorous mind,
Wise as a father, as a brother kind;
With gentle hand its wayward cause withheld,
Allured, not forced—encouraged, not compelled,
Till the clear eye look'd up, devoid of fears,
I bless thee for thy love, through all this lapse of years.

What is strictly called school education now found a pause at the early age of thirteen. It was thought expedient that I should devote more time and attention to the employments that appertain to the sphere of woman. I passed directly under the tuition of my beautiful mother. A model housekeeper was she in those times when nothing was neglected or despised that promoted home welfare. Happy is the daughter who has a wise mother for her teacher, and is lovingly docile to her instructions. Still, mental progress was by no means abandoned. I am not certain but it was more vigorously pursued for the pleasant contrast and excitement of physical exercise. A thorough course of History and Mental Philosophy agreeably coalesced with household industry.

Afterwards I zealously studied Latin with an experienced and somewhat venerable instructor, but without becoming a member of his school. My translations from the *Æneid* I occasionally amused myself by giving a rhythmical form, and recollect winning praise for one from the Fourth Book, describing the visit of Juno to the cave of Eolus, to beg a wind for the discomfiture of her enemies.

After having become indoctrinated in the theory and practice of what Milton calls "household good," I left home for the first time, accompanied by my sister-friend, N. M. Hyde, and attended two boarding-schools in the semimetropolis of the State. There, for several

months, we applied ourselves to drawing and painting, also to embroidery of historical scenes, filigree, and other finger-works accounted accomplishments in those days. Side by side, inseparable, we pursued with a double strength what often failed to interest us, sustained each other's spirits under the privation of separation from our beloved parents, and participated in the unutterable rapture of return.

Another summoned form glides over the tablet of memory—tall, slightly bent, and with locks like snow—my old French teacher.

Courteous was he, and formally ceremonious, as belonging to the ancient regime. Titles and fortune had been his in his native land before the Buonaparte dynasty; but he bore their loss with admirable philosophy, obtaining a subsistence in this New World when past threescore and ten, as an instructor in dancing and modern languages. Exacting was he, yet patient, and eminently strenuous in his Parisian pronunciation. His drill in the difficult sound of the letter *u*, was particularly uncompromising.

"You will never get that *u*. No—because you will not put out your lips the way I tell you. Put them out even with your nose—so, so. Now say *u*, *u*."

Good, honest man! He is described by the graphic pen of a fellow student, the Hon. S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley), at the sixty-first page of his second volume of "Recollections of a Lifetime."

Afterwards two clerical gentlemen, with an interval of several years between, kindly aided me in my wish to obtain some knowledge of the Hebrew. It had been an early cherished desire to read the sublime sacred poetry in the original. I pursued the study without the masoretic points, approaching with delight and awe that sacred fountain, from whose overflowings God deigned to reveal himself in Eden, and to instruct

“ The Shepherd who first led the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos.”

I was continually attracted by its severe simplicity, its figurative beauty, and boldness of personification. The significance of its proper names interested my research, and the analysis of its verbs to their roots of two or three letters, seemed like the pleasure with which we contemplate the infantine elements of being, and then follow by prefix and suffix, biographically, through all the variations of time's pilgrimage. I especially recall the happiness of one winter, during almost the whole of whose lengthened evenings the Bible and Parkhurst were my companions. The Instructor had directed me to commence with the Book of Jonah, as having less idiom than most of the prophetic writings. The recreant prophet seemed to become a personal friend. Indeed, my indwelling with him was intense. When he disobediently took ship for

Tarshish, and was tossed by a mighty tempest upon the deep, I was with him. I felt the chill when the "mariners took him up and cast him forth into the raging sea," and entered into the bitterness of his soul, when, sitting under the smitten gourd, he claimed the right to be "angry even unto death." Though I professed no critical knowledge of the language, I could not but be gratified to find that the annexed fragmentary rendering of his soul-cry, "out of the belly of hell!" coincided in many respects with the translation in the Memoir of that admirable linguist, Miss Elizabeth Smith :

To Jehovah I cried from my prison,
He will hear me ;
From the depths of the grave I cry,
He heareth my voice.

Thou hast cast me into wide waters,
Floods compass me about ;
All thy billows and dashing waves
Roll over me.

I said I am cast out from thine eyes.
Oh, that I might behold once more
Thy holy Temple !

Waters are on every side,
The deep surrounds me,
Sea-weed bindeth my head.
Down to the roots of the mountains I go,
Earth hath shut her bars behind me
Forever.

Yet wilt Thou raise my soul from corruption,
Jehovah, my God :

In the fainting away of my life
I remember Jehovah.

The list of my teachers is now, I believe, complete. Benefactors were they, those who still remain among us, and those who have gone before. Upon the altar of memory I burn incense for them—a perpetual offering. The gift of knowledge, connected with right principles and purposes, is inalienable, never to be repaid in this life for it reaches beyond. True is the quaint old proverb : “ To Parent, Teacher, and God all-sufficient none can render equivalent.”

LETTER IV.

FIRST GRIEF AND FIRST JOURNEY.

My fourteenth birthday had scarce added itself like a pearl to the necklace of life, when the shadow of a great grief came upon me. The aged, idolized friend, who had grown dearer to my heart every year, heard the love-call and went home. She had numbered four score and eight, and strength failed as her journey drew near its close. She seldom left her couch, and memory, like a garment long used, seemed worn thin, here and there, in spots. Names, localities, and passing events, gradually faded; but the heart's record grew bright, as the angels drawing nearer breathed upon it.

I could not understand why any should say that patience was tried by the mind's brokenness. To me it was a fresh delight to tell her the same thing many times, if she required it. Sometimes, when restlessness oppressed her, she called me to come within her curtains, and sing the simple melodies that she had early taught me. This I did in low, soothing tones, joining my cheek to hers. Then she was comforted and slept,

holding often my hand long in her own. At suddenly waking she was occasionally bewildered. Images that gave her anxiety would take possession of her imagination. They were frequently of a financial, or rather testamentary character, and easily dispelled, though they as readily returned.

“I wonder what my Will is, my dear, can you tell me?”

This I was qualified to recite, with its full list of legacies, donations, and charitable bequests. Then she was satisfied, and as the dimness passed away, pure sunlight streamed in upon her never wearied benevolence. She would ask about this and that individual; if they had warm clothing and shoes to their feet, if her invalid pensioners had proper food, if such a child went to school, if another needed books or encouragement; for I had been honored as her almoner, and she confided freely to me those alms-deeds which she would fain have kept secret.

Amid all this weakness of body and mind the great Christian soul was strong. Faith saw no cloud—heavenly love no shadow. “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Here she rested, as on an anchor in the rock. “In my flesh shall I see God.” Tender were her monitions, as a mother-bird hovering over its young—“O my child, my darling—watch at Wisdom’s gates—wait at the posts of her doors.”

It was a fair September evening that the intervals

between her breathing grew longer and longer. She would fain have impressed one more kiss upon my brow, but her lips were powerless. I saw not when the last change passed, though I knelt beside her, my face buried in her pillow. I only remember that they said, "*She is gone!*" and that they carried me from the room.

The funeral was to me like a great, terrific dream. Every space and avenue of the dwelling was filled with people wishing to testify respect to her memory. The rich were there, with a proud sadness, for they said, "She belonged to us;" and the poor with tears, for they felt they had belonged to her. I was conscious of a great crowd, but saw nothing. I heard the voice of solemn prayer, but followed not its words. The long procession moved onward to the church. I was lifted to the carriage and taken out, and set in the right place among the mourners, by whose hands I knew not. Between my parents I at length found myself, as the sacred obsequies proceeded. The text of the funeral sermon was appropriate—"A good name is better than precious ointment." It sketched the virtues that appertain to a consistent Christian, and accorded just praise to her who lay lifeless beside us.

"To our city she is a loss, and to the Church of God which she honored. The sick and the sorrowful mourn a benefactor: for she stretched forth her hands to the poor and needy; she comforted the widow and

the fatherless. She opened her mouth with wisdom ; on her tongue was the law of kindness. Give her of the fruit of her hands ; let her own works praise her in the gates."

I was disappointed that the speaker did not add the climax that rose to my heart, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Those who draw the character of a deceased friend for grieving love, have but a losing office. What is said may be just, but it falls short either in fulness or warmth.

But the closing hymn, sung in a simple tune which she loved, brought me the healing relief of tears. I quote it from memory, at the distance of half a century, still freshly embalmed :

"When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of truth and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.

"The man may *breathe*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, yet nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

"But he who marks, from day to day,
By generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod—
The path to glory and to God."

The emptiness of the mansion, after its presiding

spirit had forsaken it, fell heavily upon us all. To me it was a tomb. A pitying clergyman was one of the first who said aught to comfort me. Neither should I have been comforted, when he laid his hand upon my head, and said, "Poor bird! like a sparrow alone upon the housetop," save that he was aged, like her for whom I mourned. But this strong emotion, the first troubler of life's hitherto serene current, did not leave my health unscathed. The suffocating pain with which Grief is wont to seize its victims by the throat, continued to oppress me when I attempted to speak.

My sleep, heretofore unbroken as that of infancy, became a series of tossings; and even now I shudder at the thought of the spasm that used sometimes to seize me, when, at rising in the morning, I first stepped from my bed to the floor. I made no complaint of these symptoms. I thought they were henceforth to be a part of my being, and solaced myself with poetry, that blood of the crushed grape which gushed over me like a flood. But the parental eye was quick to detect the change in its idol. A physician was summoned. I think I see now that cautious, Mentor-like person, so grave and courteous, his countenance marked with deep thought and kindness. Dr. Philemon Tracy—I number him among my benefactors. From his father he inherited medical skill and fame, monopolizing the principal practice of the city. Yet, let the pressure of his business be ever so great, he studied a new case as a

faithful clergyman does a sermon. He happily avoided the extremes which my Lord Bacon has designated : "Some physicians are so conformable to the humor of the patient, that they press not the true treatment of the disease, and others so bound by rules, as to respect not sufficiently his condition." But the practise of our venerated Norwich healer was to possess himself of the idiosyncrasy of constitution as well as of the symptoms of disease, to administer as little medicine as possible, and to depend much on regimen, and raising the recuperative powers to their wonted action. His minute questions and long deliberation inspired confidence, while the sententious mode of delivering his prescriptions gave them a sort of oracular force. After a thorough investigation, what do you suppose was the decision in my case ? That I should be encased in soft, red flannel, and take a short journey to visit the relatives of my loved, lamented friend. My parents, with their excited apprehensions, might possibly, in the simplicity of this counsel, have shared the disappointment of Naaman the Syrian, who supposed the prophet would do "some great thing," or, clothed in dignity, "strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." But however inadequate might have seemed the verdict, there was no alternative, as his decrees, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. In the dialect of an old nurse, who had been accustomed to ply her profession under his eye, "Dr. Philemon is always ter-

rible mad if you don't do just exactly as he says." And who has a better right to be peremptory than a judicious, learned physician, who is held responsible for the life committed to his care? Who, also, has a better chance to gain the love of his race, than he who is ever ready to listen when they talk about themselves, into whose ear they pour more than they impart to their most intimate friend; to whom, if they are not religious, they turn as to a divine Dispenser of healing; and whose name, if they are, mingles with their warmest prayer of gratitude to God for relief from suffering or restoration to health?

So I was obediently enwrapped in the appointed scarlet envelope, which at first I fancied a counterpart to the shirt of Nessus, and put in preparation for an important era—the first absence from father and mother. Let no one imagine that travelling then was what it is now. Steam had not awakened to give it wings. The world, in the language of a philosopher, was "home-bred, and kept at home." I had once walked a long distance with some little friends, to see a lady who had been to New Connecticut, and returned alive. Perchance we looked upon her with as much curiosity, and more amazement, than the people of the present day, trained up in wonders, feel as they gaze on the returned from Kane's expedition to the Arctic, or the saved from the wreck of the Central America, after submersion in the Atlantic.

And I was to take a journey to Hartford, the semi-capital of the State! Forty miles was its extent—the weary work of a whole day, with a long stop at noon for dinner, and to rest the horses. Faithful Lucy Calkins was to accompany and take care of me. My journal, which I had commenced two or three years before, noted every variation of scenery and circumstance with becoming minuteness and solemnity. Hear what that quaint journal, from a quire of gray foolscap stitched into a marble-paper cover, utters forth, still spreading its fairly-written pages, half a century old, upon my table:

“This fifteenth day of October was the one appointed for our journey. Weather very fine. Took leave of my dear parents, and entered the stage-coach, where were several passengers already seated. At the distance of four miles we reached the rural township of Franklin, which was formerly called Norwich West-Farms, having been an appendage of my native city. It is composed almost wholly of farmers, whose small and pleasant dwellings exhibit a picture of contentment.

“Six additional miles brought us to Lebanon. This town appears to have been designed for a much larger one than it is ever likely to become. The streets are laid out so wide, that those who live on opposite sides can scarcely be said to be neighbors. To me it had a sort of dreary appearance. It is remarkable as the residence of the two Governor Trumbulls, father and

son, true patriots and Christians. The residence of Mr. David Trumbull, a brother of the latter, is one of the most elegant in the place. They are erecting a good brick meeting-house, the expense of which is to be defrayed by a lottery.

“Columbia was the next settlement. There we made a stop, to give the horses water. The bell was just ringing for twelve. The sun beat down upon us with the fierceness of summer. We were glad to cast off some of our superfluous garments. Extremely fatigued we became ere we reached the tavern where we were to dine. I was thankful for assistance in alighting; for so cramped were my limbs by their confined position, I don't think I could have done it, and got into the house alone, for a kingdom. After refreshment and rest, we set off with fresh steeds and a new driver, their predecessors being wearied out by the hard labor of twenty miles. Soon we began to ascend and descend the far-famed hills of Bolton, with surprising rapidity. Sometimes we were entirely shut in; at others enjoyed an extensive and glorious prospect. The trees, in their autumnal robes, were gay with a thousand tints of yellow, red, and brown. Some had hastily thrown off all their attire, others were hourly dropping it. Here and there a sturdy oak bade defiance to the blast, the towering pine looked upward to the cloud, and the unassuming willow bent its head to the earth.

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“Approaching our journey’s close, we were delighted with the magnificent elms of East Hartford. The soil, growing sandy, redoubled the toil of the horses, by sliding from beneath their hoofs. But it became gradually intermixed with strata of a chocolate color, and finally turned to thick clay, with plenty of adhesive mud. I was almost petrified with horror when we reached the ferry at the Connecticut River. Awful accidents had I heard of drowning and capsizing, and expected to see them repeated. But we quietly drove into a large flat-bottomed boat, with four oarsmen, and, to my astonishment, passed the mighty stream with ease and safety. Hartford made a fine appearance, with its large brick buildings, the masts of its numerous vessels, and its picturesque boats gliding hither and thither over the blue waters. We drove a short distance up the main street to the mansion of the late Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, the favorite nephew of my deceased benefactress. It is the residence of his widow, and two of his sisters, quite advanced in years; and, though I had seen them in Norwich, my heart beat with painful apprehension, like a stranger, at entering their house as a guest. But when I heard their kind voices, and remembered that her blood was in their veins, I felt easier, though tears kept gushing out so forcibly that I was ashamed to take my seat at the tea-table. After a very agreeable evening, being much fatigued, I begged leave to retire at an early hour.

As I lay ruminating, and reviewing the scenes of the day, I heard a pleasant sound—the bells from the steeples of the North and South churches ringing for the hour of nine. They strike alternately two strokes, each waiting for the other, then, joining, tell with one voice the day of the month—in unison. One has a deep, heavy tone, the other a melodious one; and their concord is like that of bass and treble in perfect harmony. I remembered that this had been described to me of old, by my loved and departed friend. I remembered, too, that she had said, in her feebleness, ‘I wish I might have taken you to Hartford. Then you would have been received as my child.’ My heart said to her, ‘See, I have been so received.’ Did she not hear me? I comforted myself that she did; and, in that sweet belief, sank into an unbroken slumber.”

Madam Wadsworth, the head of the household, was a lady of remarkably dignified manners, high intelligence, and an excellent judgment, derived both from a knowledge of books and observation of mankind. Her mind was habitually well governed, and her equanimity so entire, that all errors arising from impulsiveness of speech or action were avoided; and by those long intimate with her it was said she was never known to be in a hurry. These characteristics must have been of unspeakable value during the trying period of our revolutionary contest, where her husband bore so conspicuous a part. In his long intervals of absence the cares of

the family, and the nurture of the children, devolved wholly on herself; and in her perfect housekeeping, as well as her maternal duties, she exhibited a serenity and wisdom competent both to control and to execute. The position of Colonel Wadsworth made his house the centre of hospitality for both the French and American officers of high rank when in this part of the country. Whether La Fayette or De Grasse, Rochambeau or the godlike Washington, was the guest, she was always equally self-possessed and in elegant preparation. So I have been told by contemporaries, for of her own efforts or honors she never spoke. Yet I listened with delighted attention, as in precise and well-chosen language, she sometimes gratified my request for descriptions of the illustrious personages who varied the drama of earlier days. Then would seem to stand before me the Father of his Country, the chivalrous Greene, the fearless Putnam, the ardent Arnold, not then a traitor, the youthful La Fayette, the elegant Marquis de Chastellux, and the cautious Talleyrand, who from under his half-shut eyelids regarding what passed around, seemed ever to have some concealed or sinister purpose. A great privilege was it to hear the conversation of this lady, who, to her fund of recollections, added a fondness for elegant literature, which she could so happily combine with the gravest or minutest duties of her sex, that neither should be overlooked, and nothing neglected. Her portrait, by Sully, which with those

of her husband and children hangs in the Gallery of the Wadsworth Athenæum, seems to me, in its striking verisimilitude, to express some of the traits of character I have here delineated.

Two sisters of Colonel Wadsworth resided with his widow—single ladies advanced in years, of the most unassuming and intrinsic excellence. Heartfelt piety, an integrity that never swerved, diligent improvement of time, warm affections for those of kindred blood, and unsealed sympathy for the woes of all humanity, marked their blameless lives. In their own peculiar apartments they preferred the quaint furniture of ancient times, endeared by associations with beloved and departed parents. There were the straight-backed mahogany chairs, which long, careful rubbing, had given almost an ebony complexion, the small dark-framed mirrors of wonderfully rich, clear plates, the huge easy-chairs, capable of enveloping two good sized occupants, and the queer, clumsy cabinet, containing the volumes of Seed, South, and Sherlock, with some pamphlet sermons of their father, the Rev. Daniel Wadsworth, once the pastor of the church whose neighboring steeple, like a tutelary genius, looked in at their chamber window. There they dwelt in peace and honor. Respect for the sacredness of the Sabbath, for the ministers of religion, and for God's holy temple, had been incorporated with their infant training, and remained with them in age. No tale of suffering could be told them

but the moistened eye attested their unquenched sensibilities. Methought they were like the sisters of Bethany, whom Jesus loved.

Another member of this household was a native of Cape François.

After the savage massacre, she was brought hither by friends who took refuge in this country. Colonel Wadsworth, whose liberal charities knew no bound of race or clime, in his attentions to those foreigners discovered that the little girl, Pauline, was considered a supernumerary, and suspected that she might be sometimes treated with unkindness. Finding on inquiry that they would consent to part with her, he took the helpless orphan under his protection, and placed her at a boarding-school in an adjacent township. When her education was completed he brought her home to his wife and children, where she was kindly comprehended within the domestic circle. At this period she was somewhat past her prime, but of great activity, and rendered herself extremely useful by superintendence of the more delicate departments of housekeeping, and by various skilful uses of the needle. She had a very dark complexion, a brilliant black eye, and an inextinguishable naiveté, to which her slight foreign accent added humor and force. She, who at her first arrival here, was so slender and slight as to have been compared to a "picked bird," had attained an unwieldy size; but so far from taking offence at any allusion to

it, was wont to reply, that it was "her daily hope to reach three hundred." Notwithstanding this great weight of adipose substance her active movements betokened her French origin, and her step in the dance was almost impalpably light. She was a person of good capacity and great shrewdness of observation, and filled in the family an important place, which was affectionately appreciated. Her gratitude for the memory of her benefactor was enthusiastic; and from her eloquent, almost histrionic descriptions, I gathered my most graphic ideas of the nobleness of his domestic habits and feelings, who for bravery as an officer, and wisdom as a financier and statesman, was illustrious on both shores of the Atlantic.

The comfort of this interesting and dignified family was promoted by a band of well-trained and trustworthy servants, a cook, chambermaid, and waiter, gardener, and coachman. Each was at their post with a clock-work precision, so perfect was the system of organization. The house was old-fashioned but commodious. Its late proprietor, notwithstanding his huge wealth, preferred it to a modern and costly mansion, because it was consecrated by filial recollections. To me it seemed a most amiable sentiment that, accustomed as he had been for years to a palace-residence in France, and to all the decorations which the fine arts could give, he should still choose to dwell in comparatively humble apartments which had been hal-

lowed by a father's pious prayers, and a mother's tender love. The building, which was of wood, had a pleasant vine-covered piazza, with a southern exposure, and had been enlarged in the rear by a range of chambers resting on heavy stone columns, which by moonlight had a picturesque effect. Connected with the court was a large garden, filled with luxuriant fruit-trees, a variety of herbs which were thought to have affinity with health, and the largest and most fragrant damask-rose bushes. I speak more particularly of these premises because they are now occupied by the fine edifice of granite known as the "Wadsworth Athenæum," and their original aspect will soon have faded from the memory of the living.

Colonel Wadsworth, who had great influence in the city of Hartford, and did much to encourage the industry of its deserving young men, as well as for its public institutions and edifices, gratified his taste in architecture by erecting two elegant mansions for his children. They were near his own habitation, and that of his son was accessible through their united grounds. There dwelt Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., a name in his native region synonymous with philanthropy, refinement, and every amiable virtue. His wife, a daughter of the second Governor Trumbull, was beautiful in person, and of an angelic goodness. I think none could have been near her without admiring her, or being made in some measure better and happier. Their spacious

apartments displayed that exquisite taste, and liberal patronage of the fine arts, that ever distinguished the master of the mansion. There I first enjoyed the luxury of studying fine pictures; and in this abode, and also in that of his mother, revelled in the delights of a large and select library. In which of those volumes was it that I found that magnificent sentence of Milton, which, if I brought nothing else away, were wealth sufficient, and which is worthy of being remembered till we can read no more?

“The end of reading, and of education, is to repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to grow like Him.”

The other edifice which I mentioned as having been erected by Colonel Wadsworth, was for his daughter, a lady of fair and sweetly expressive countenance and commanding presence, and who, in many noble traits of character, was said to bear resemblance to him. Her husband, General Nathaniel Terry, stood high in the legal profession, possessed fine talents, a finished education, and was in manners a perfect gentleman of the old school. Surrounded by a large family of uncommonly beautiful and promising children, these three households formed a delightful circle, often meeting in social festivals, and comprising a remarkable range and variety of age, accomplishments, and wisdom.

The kindness received from all was to me a source

of wondering gratitude. Whatever of interest could be found in our walks or rides, was carefully shown me. Hartford had then but about five thousand inhabitants, and though unable to boast of the edifices now so imposing, displayed the nucleus of a fair and prosperous city. I was taken to the Museum, where I gazed at coarse pictures and stiff wax figures, and relics without end. I took it upon me vastly to admire the antique State House, and thus endorse my impressions in my unsophisticated journal :

“The State House is a most elegant building of brick, with a lofty portico, commanding from its second story a grand prospect of the town, with its numerous abodes, its fertile back country, and the river with its shipping. The pavement, in diamond-shaped pieces of white and chocolate-colored marble, is fine, and the Council-chamber so large that we were as pigmies in it. There are the seats for the Governor and Council, but what most riveted my attention was a portrait of Washington rather larger than life, in a splendid frame, surrounded with curtains and festoons of crimson satin. The dignity and affability of that countenance I have never seen equalled. I felt as in the presence of a superior being. On retiring at night I was extremely well satisfied with my explorations during the day.”

Those citizens who see this edifice as it now is, adorned by ranks of noble trees and a magnificent fountain ; and are yet clamoring for another, better wor-

thy to contain the halls of legislation, will be amused at the primitive opinions of an untravelled child.

But Wyllys Hill and the Charter Oak were the objects of my highest enthusiasm. Methought the proud Sir Edmund Andros, with his red-coated minions, stood before me. I heard the heavy tramp of their armed heels as they ascended to the chamber where the care-worn fathers of the colony prolonged their evening session. Methought the closing words of the speech of Governor Treat, his voice hoarse with emotion, met my ear :

“Our colony has not yet recovered from the perils of its infant years. Not only have ‘we heard them with our ears, and our fathers have told us,’ but some who are in council here remember them. I have myself borne a part therein. But since this blessed Charter has been ours, the gift of Charles II. of glorious memory, we have enjoyed tranquillity and the just rights of free men. Shall it be taken away without cause, and we be made vassals? To me it is like the rending asunder of soul and body, to yield up the defence, the liberty, the life of the State.”

A sudden darkness falls—a rushing step passes—the life-blood of our liberties thrills in the heart of the faithful tree.

The ancient mansion at Wyllys Hill was an object also of intense interest. Brought over from England during the infancy of the colony, it gleamed out from

its lofty site like a watch-tower in the wilderness. The Wyllys family, who gave their name to this fair domain, was one of wealth and distinction in Warwickshire, and held for several generations high offices in the government of Connecticut. An aged widow was now its sole representative, dwelling almost alone, amid antique portraits, tall, regal chairs, and worn Turkey carpets—herself an affecting relic of faded grandeur. The large house, with its low-browed apartments, has been since renovated, modernized, and removed, but was to me more interesting in its dilapidated condition, as a feudal monument, uttering the voice of other days

Wert thou the castle of the olden time,
Thou solitary pile?—a beacon-light
To the benighted traveller?

Thy lone brow

Peered in baronial pride o'er pathless wilds,
And waters whitened by no daring sail,
While to the roaming red man's eye thy pomp
Was as a dream of terror. Now thou stand'st
In mournful majesty, as if to mark
The desolation of a lordly race,
Or, like a faithful vassal, share their grave.
Farewell! farewell!

A loftier dome may rise,

And prouder columns blot thy time-stain'd walls
From the slight memory of a passing age.
Yet some there are, who deem thy mouldering stones
Dearer than sculpture's boast, where musing thought

Loves silent shades and arbors darkly wreath'd,
And walks dim-lighted by the chequering moon,
While Fancy with the groups of other days
Fills yon deserted halls.

But thou, brave Oak !
Time-honor'd and majestic, who didst lock
Our germ of freedom in thy sacred breast,
Baffling the tyrant's wrath, we will not say
Farewell to thee. For thou dost freshly take
A leafy garland from the hand of Spring,
And bear the autumnal crown as vigorously
As if thou ne'er hadst seen gray Time shred off
Man's branching hopes, age after age, and blast
His root of glory.

Speak, and tell us tales
Of forest chieftains, and their warring tribes,
Who, like the bubble on the waters, fled
Before our sires. Hast thou no record left
Of perish'd generations, o'er whose prime
Thy foliage droop'd ?—thou who unchanged hast seen
The wise, the strong, the beautiful go down
To the dark winter of the voiceless tomb ?
Oh ! flourish on in healthful honor still,
Thou silent Monitor ; and should our sons
E'er in the madness of prosperity
Forget the virtues of their patriot-sires,
Be thou a Delphos, warning them to heed
The sumless price of blood-bought liberty.

The same lyre, half a century after, struck its
mournful strings in a dirge for the "fallen Oak, the
monarch of the plain." A violent storm, on the night

of August 21st, 1856, prostrated this idol of the people. At the time of my first visit to Hartford, in October, 1805, its gnarled branches spread wide, though its head was not conspicuously lofty. The extension at the base was large and hollow, and, according to tradition, the cavity had been capable of containing thirteen persons. I should think, if the numeration was accurate, they must have been of the pigmy race. It was doubtless of great antiquity, and seemed then in as vigorous health as when, after the abdication of the fourth Stuart, and the accession of William and Mary, it opened its casket, and restored to the rejoicing colony its well-guarded treasure.

After a fortnight's stay I returned home with heightened happiness and overflowing gratitude. Renovated health and the rose-tint faintly reappearing on the cheek, delighted my doting parents, and uplifted their opinion of the wisdom of our good physician into a sort of homage due to a tutelary being.

Faithful Lucy, my attendant, had been made happy by the condescension extended to her, and the wonders she had seen. "I have been to London," said she, in her attempted narrations. Yes, London undoubtedly to her, who had never before been ten miles from her native place, but in the humble simplicity of household labor,

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
Had kept the noiseless tenor of her way."

Yet this excursion, and the knowledge of her sterling virtues thus given to the relatives of her former mistress, whom she had faithfully served almost twenty years, was to win her a future permanent and most desirable home.

At crossing the Connecticut, on our return, I recollect the honest creature said earnestly how much she should like to live there; not knowing that her lot had even then been thus cast by a Hand that never errs. As she spoke, a silent prayer of gratitude for the blessed kindness that had cheered me in this pleasant spot, was rising from my full heart; and a petition unconsciously mingled, that, if it were the Divine will, I might at some future time be permitted to revisit it. No prescience, as the voiceless orison breathed over these quiet waters, then suggested that there would ever be aught of adaptation to the reminiscence of the patriarch, "With my staff passed I over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

LETTER V.

REMOVAL—HOUSEHOLD EMPLOYMENTS.

It was in the bloom and beauty of a most glorious June that we made our first removal. The new abode was at a short distance from my birthplace, less aristocratic in its appointments, but perfectly comfortable, and our own. My father, according to his invariable system, paid every cent of the purchase-money, and all the workmen who had been employed to put it in complete repair, ere we entered on the premises.

On the morning of leaving the spot endeared by so many tender recollections, my young heart was too exultingly filled with the present to summon mournful shadows from the past. Greatly was my housekeeping ambition gratified, by obtaining permission to receive and arrange all the furniture—my mother superintending its departure, and my father alternating between the two habitations, as the benefit of both might require. This deputed trust was executed with immense zeal, and as much judgment as might be expected from

a girl of fourteen, the men who drove the carts aiding in the transfer of the heavier articles, according to my direction. After the more laborious parts of the mission were completed, I amused myself by disposing, in a closet with a glass door, our slender stores of silver and china, to the best possible advantage. The satisfactions of that day, and the responsibilities entrusted to me, come back fresh and unimpaired over the expanse of half a century. Wearied as my limbs were at last, I managed to course all over the garden, and fill a large vase of roses, to greet my beautiful mother. At the sunset she came, herself as blooming as they. Methought I had never before appreciated her comeliness. Though nearly forty, she might have passed for half that age, so brilliant was her complexion, so elastic her movements. Proud was I of her aspect of youth, and the charm of her animated manner.

Great Pussy, an integral part of our household, arrived ignobly tied in a sack, lest, taking note of the way, he might be tempted surreptitiously to return. After his liberation, and a slight flurry of anger at the indignity to which he had been subjected, he ran about, applying his olfactories to the various floors and thresholds, and apparently approving their odor, finding also his old friends, and, still more, a good supper, made up his mind contentedly to become a citizen.

Our house was after the plan of the convenient structures of that day, comprising, on the first floor,

two parlors, a bedroom, a spacious kitchen, with a wing for pantry and milk-room; on the second, five chambers; in the attic, one, and that delightful appendage to old-fashioned mansions, a large garret. The garden, which had been planted and prepared for our reception, contained the finest vegetables, in luxuriant beds; while the borders were enriched with fruits—pears, peaches, and the clustering grape-vines. The interstices were filled with the currant, gooseberry, and strawberry; concerning the latter of which Sydney Smith has said, “Without doubt God *might* have made a better berry, but without doubt He *never did*.”

This garden, whose fertile soil and admirable cultivation rendered it remarkably productive for its size, was skirted by a small, green meadow, swelling at its extremity into a knoll, where apple trees flourished, and refreshed by a clear brooklet. It furnished an abundance of winter food for our fair cow, who in autumn, after the second mowing, might be seen grazing there with great delight, or ruminating, after a rich repast, “alone in her glory.” She seemed also well satisfied with her new quarters in a nice barn; and our fine flock of poultry, being equally well accommodated, strutted, and crowed, and paraded their hopeful offspring, as if they had held tenure there from the beginning.

Our domain comprised, at the distance of a couple of miles from the city, several acres of excellent wood-

land. There, majestic forest trees spread a broad canopy, and younger ones interlaced their boughs, melodious with the nesting people, their feet laved by a busy, whispering burnie, as clear as crystal. Every autumn the master designated, with his usual judgment, a sufficient quantity of wood for our yearly expenditure, which, after being cut in proper lengths, was stored to dry in a basement room with glass windows, which might have been easily fitted up for a kitchen, had the size of the family required it. Those piles were pleasant objects, from their mathematical symmetry as well as the vision of the cheerful warmth their glowing coals and dancing flame would diffuse around the wintry hearth-stone. How much more poetical than the black stove and the coal-fed furnace!

The man who depended on the regular commission of transporting these loads of wood in his team, was an old Revolutionary soldier. He had been in the battle of Bunker Hill, and maintained his post at that sanguinary spot called the "Rail-fence," whence so few escaped. Weather-beaten and wiry was he, like one who had seen and could bear hardships. No skill had he in narration. His taste was for deeds. He would not have been apt to waste powder in a poor aim, and might be a tight hand at the bayonet.

"I fired seventeen times," said he, "till my cartridges giv' out; and I guess some on 'em told, for I looked out sharp afore I spent my ammunition."

A mixture of the Yankee and the Spartan character he seemed. I should not like to have had him for a foe. His oxen, like himself, looked as if used to hard knocks, and, at his slightest monosyllable, started off at a more rapid rate than is common to their contemplative race.

In this new abode I was elevated to a higher rank, as an assistant to my mother. This gratified both my filial love and my desire to learn new things. She was an adept in that perfect system of New England house-keeping which allots to every season its peculiar work, to every day its regular employment, to every article its place; which allows no waste of aught committed to its charge; which skills to prolong the existence of whatever may need repair, and builds up the comfort of a family on the solid basis of industry and economy. Under her training I had already acquired some elements of this science; now I was installed in the dignity of a prime minister. In those days of simplicity of living, when the use of the hands was accounted honorable, it was the custom of households far more wealthy than ourselves to take some poor child, and bring it up as a domestic assistant, or hire occasional aid, as their needs might require. The latter was our choice. Thus we enjoyed the luxury of living without turning a key. The women who could be readily called in when additional labor or unexpected company rendered such aid desirable, were generally small householders, who considered it a privilege to earn

something for the comfort of those at home. Thus the mutual benefit had in it a feature of philanthropy.

If Lord Bacon is correct in his position that the mind needs no recreation save change of employment, our sex have a favored sphere, for it admits of an unending variety. Very happy were my mother and myself in our light and constantly recurring household occupations. Up with the lark, we wrought with a spontaneous song. Broom and duster were our calisthenics, and every apartment was kept in the speckless sanctity of neatness. Somewhat enterprising were we too, and made excursions out of the orbit of regular feminine rotation. We papered walls when we chose, and refreshed the wood-work of our parlors with fresh coats of paint, purchasing pots of such shades as pleased us. I was honored by having particular charge of the sashes, which required a delicate brush, lest the panes of glass should be soiled. I cut silhouette likenesses, and executed small landscapes, and bunches of flowers in water-colors, to embellish the rooms.

In culinary compounds, and the preparation of the golden butter, I was only subaltern; but in some other departments an equal partner and perhaps a little more. The needlework of the household was especially my forte. I became expert in those arts by which the structure of garments is varied, and their existence prolonged. From the age of eight I had been promoted to the office of shirt-maker for my father. I

now adventured upon his vests, cutting to pieces an old one as a pattern.

For a hall in the second story, which was carpetless, I cut squares of flannel, about the size of the compartments in a marble pavement, and sewed on each a pattern of flowers and leaves cut from broadcloth, of appropriate colors. The effect of the whole was that of rich, raised embroidery. With the true New England spirit of turning fragments to good account, I constructed of the pieces which were too small for the carpet a gay counterpane for a little bed, used when we had children among our nightly guests. I also braided white chip, and fine split straw, for the large and very pretty hats which were then in vogue.

It was the custom, in many families, to supply by their own spinning-wheels what the Scotch call *naper*y. The sound of the flax-wheel of my diligent grandmother was among the melodies of my infancy. Her hands, with those of my mother, thus made the linen of the household. Our six beds, with the exception of one in the guest-chamber, which exhibited what were then called "Holland sheets," were thus furnished, the manufacture of cotton being then unknown in this region. Comely were those fabrics to my unsophisticated eye, and durable, some of them being in existence even at this date.

This branch of internal revenue received a remarkable impulse after our removal to this new habitation.

On our premises was a small house, whose sole tenant was a widow and a weaver, who desired to pay her rent in her own work. To accommodate her, my mother enlarged this sphere of productive industry, and taught me the use of the great-wheel. Always shall I be grateful to her for this new source of pleasure. It is one of the most healthful and effective forms of feminine exercise. It gives muscular vigor, and has power in removing pulmonary tendencies. But no eulogy of mine may hope to call again from the shades that which Fashion has proscribed and made obsolete.

A stated period in the morning was allotted to me for this employment. I was sorry when it expired, and ever mingled it with a cheerful song. Flannel sheets, with table-cloths, and towels woven in a rude form of damask, soon abounded among us. Then we betook ourselves to the manufacture of carpets, the warp being spun wool of various colors, and the woof economically made of cast-off winter clothing, or remnants purchased from the tailor's shop, cut in narrow strips, sewed strongly, and dyed black. Truly respectable were they, and, in those days of simplicity, praised.

Growing ambitious in proportion to our success, we spun for ourselves each a dress out of fine cotton, carded in long, beautiful rolls by my mother. A portion of the yarn was bleached to a snowy whiteness, and the remainder dyed a beautiful fawn or salmon color. It was woven in small, even checks, and made a becoming

costume, admired even by the tasteful. I wore mine with more true satisfaction than I have since worn brocades, or court costume at presentations to royalty.

The antique tenant, for whose convenience in the matter of rent we so much bestirred ourselves, was quite a character. Wrinkled was her visage, yet rubicund with healthful toil; and when she walked in the streets, which was seldom, her bow-like body, and arms diverging toward a crescent form, preserved the altitude in which she sprung the shuttle and heaved the beam. Her cumbrous, old-fashioned loom contained a vast quantity of timber, and monopolized most of the space in the principal apartment of her cottage. Close under her window were some fine peach trees, which she claimed as her own, affirming that she planted the kernels from whence they sprung. So their usufruct was accorded her by the owner of the soil. As the large, rich fruit approached its blush of ripeness, her watchfulness became intense. Her cap, yellow with smoke, and face deepening to a purple tinge of wrathful emotion, might be seen protruding from her casement, as she vituperated the boys who manifested a hazardous proximity to the garden wall. Not perfectly lamblike was her temperament, as I judge from the shriek of the objurgations she sometimes addressed to them; while they, more quiescent, it would seem, than boy-nature in modern times, returned no rude reply. I opine that the lady might have been both exacting

and tyrannical, if power on a large scale had been vouchsafed her. She was mollified by our mode of treatment, which was a reverse of the code of paying tribute to Caesar. My principal intercourse with her was in giving her something to read—for she read on “Sabbath-day,” as she called it, and on the yearly fast-day—in carrying her pudding on Sunday noons, and baked beans on Saturday nights.

Of the last-named dish, which was so symbolical of the early customs of Norwich that a large province of the township was christened Bean-hill, it is fitting that I should speak particularly. It made its appearance on the supper-table of every householder who was able to compass its ingredients, at the closing day of the week; and with the setting sun that announced to the Israelite the termination of his Sabbath, warned these descendants of the Pilgrims that theirs had begun. A little boy of our acquaintance said honestly, “We never missed having baked beans but one Saturday night, and then our oven fell down”—a penal result which seemed to him both natural and just.

This nutritious and canonical dish of our forefathers was always received by the weaver-widow with complacence. A little conversation was wont to ensue, in which she evinced a good measure of intelligence and shrewdness, with those true Yankee features, keen observation of other people, and a latent desire to manage them. Her strongest sympathies hovered around the

majesty and mystery of her trade, and her highest appreciation was reserved for those who promoted it. The kindness that dwelt in her nature was most palpably called forth by a quadruped member of our establishment which has not been mentioned, and is, I suppose, scarcely mentionable to ears polite. Yet I could never understand why it should be an offence to delicacy to utter the name of an animal which the Evangelists have recorded on their pages as plunging, in a dense herd, "down a steep place into the sea, and perishing in the waters." Neither do I know why they should be made the personification of all that is mean and gormandizing, because they chance to have a good appetite, and a digestion that a dyspeptic might envy. Wolves and bears are not more abstinent or refined, yet they freely figure in elegant writing and parlance. Such treatment is peculiarly ungrateful in a people who allow this scorned creature to furnish a large part of their subsistence, to swell the gains of commerce, and to share with the monarch of ocean the honor of lighting their evening lamp. He is justly styled the poor man's friend, and the adjunct of every economical household. Happy to feed on the refuse of our table, he liberally replaces it by luxuries purchased with his life. Our creed in this matter is more inconsistent than that of the Jews; for we do not hesitate to profit by his death, though we have made his life despicable. He is not originally destitute of grace, as those who

have seen his infancy, in the peaceful sphere of a rural farmyard, can testify. That he is capable of mental progress, has been proved by those who, with the epithet of "learned," have been exhibited in public. Yet, without aiming to advance any extraordinary pretensions on the part of this stigmatized animal, it would seem but common compassion as well as justice to make comfortable the short span allotted him among the living. Our own formed quite a friendship for the elegant cow, welcoming her when she entered the yard to which his mansion had access, frisking, and looking in her calm face with an affectionate guttural language reserved for her alone. She was far less demonstrative, but not wholly indifferent to his attentions. His skill in making his bed was amusing, shaking and arranging the fresh straw until the smooth pillow suited his epicurean taste. White and clean was he in his person, having water at his command, and happy in regular and ample rations. He regarded those who bestowed on him his favorite viand of greens from the garden with a loving twinkle in his eye, as if sympathizing with that large class of higher humanities mentioned by Southey, "the most direct road to whose heart was through the stomach." Our lady-tenant was never more interesting to me than when, presenting her slender libations to this humble retainer, she exulted to see how readily he came at the call of her cracked voice. She was prone, however, to modify the

effect of her disinterested attentions, by computing the weight which might be expected to accrue from his increasing corpulence, and hinting some personal claim, or future prospect of a dividend of bacon, on the principle of joint investment.

My highest entrustment to her skill as an artisan, and indeed the Ultima Thule of my ambition in the line of constructiveness, was a suit of clothes for my father. The choicest wool was obtained, and each thread drawn out to the utmost fineness consistent with strength, was carefully evened and smoothed with the fingers, ere it received the final twist, and was run upon the spindle. The yarn was arranged in skeins of twenty knots, vernacularly called a *run*, each knot containing forty strands around the reel, which was two yards in circumference. The addition of every skein to the mass hanging upon the panels of the spinning apartment, heightened my happiness. When committed to our lady of the loom, she incessantly complained of its "awful fineness," and demanded a higher price for weaving, which we deemed it equitable to accord. Released from her manipulations, its texture was tested in a fulling-mill, where I believe its contraction was one-fourth of its original dimensions. When brought home from the cloth-dresser a beautiful, lustrous black, and made into a complete suit, surmounted by a handsome overcoat, or surtout, methought I was never so per-

fectly happy. The filial sentiment was mingled with a pride and tenderness which I had never felt before.

Another part of his wardrobe, the knitting of his stockings, I claimed as my especial province. It had been so considered since the death of his mother, and until his own, at the age of eighty-seven. I think no other shared with me that privilege, and am sure than none were purchased. It was the habit of our family, and not a peculiarity at that day, that this article of dress should be of domestic manufacture. With us the yarn of which they were made emanated from our own wheels, and was more durable, because more carefully wrought, than what was for sale in the shops. We produced cotton of various degrees of fineness—linen thread for summer, and wool for the colder seasons. To the hose destined for my father I devoted particular attention, because short breeches and buckles being essential to the full dress of a gentleman, the encasing of the lower limbs was more conspicuous than since the easier regency of the pantaloons. I took pleasure in making his ribbed, viz., knitting two stitches and seaming one, which, though a slower process, rendered them more adhesive, and better revealed the symmetry of his well-shaped limbs.

Great was his complacency in my various little works to please him. Yet always calm and equable, he never boasted of them or praised me. I cannot recollect that he ever thanked me. I would not have had

him; it would have troubled me. The holy intonation of his voice when he said "*My child*," was enough. The sweetest tears swelled under my eyelids when I thought of him. Methinks the love of a daughter for a father is distinct and different from all other loves.

He liked to have me with him in his ministrations among the green, living things, whose welfare he scientifically understood. How kindly would he ask my opinion about pruning or grafting, as if I were able to counsel him. He wished to cultivate a correct judgment, and increase my admiration of the works of Him whose beneficence is seen in the grass blade, and the herb which hides under its rough coat the spirit of health. I well remember, and could even now weep, as I recall his serene, approving look, when at the close of some summer's day, if rain had been withheld, I refreshed with my bright watering-pot not only my own flowers but his trenches of celery and beds of salad.

If he planted a tree, my hand must hold it steadily while he arranged the fibrous roots, and pressed around it the earth of its new abiding place. I recollect his calling me to assist in setting out two apple trees in our front yard. To the rallying remarks of some of his more fashionable friends, he replied it was better to fill the space with something useful, than with unproductive shade. His utilitarian decision was rewarded with bushels of the finest greenings and russets—and also with what she had affirmed might be ecured, the sym-

metrical form of the trees, which were judiciously pruned as their growth advanced. The fragrance which they diffused through the whole house in their time of efflorescence, was delightful, and not impaired by the sight of the clustering bees, burying themselves in the calyx, or glancing from petal to petal of the pink and white flowers, with their busy song of gain and gladness.

The productiveness of his fruit trees was the wonder of his neighbors. He devoted to them almost a florist's care. During the fervors of summer their trunks and principal boughs were occasionally refreshed with a bath of soap-suds. He had an office of kindness for them as they mournfully shed their leaves, preparing for the discipline of winter. If any moss, or unsightly excrescences adhered to their bodies, they were removed by friction, and a plentiful lavation administered, a love token till a better season, like the stirrup-cup of our British ancestors to the parting guest. Its ingredients, if I recollect right, were in the following proportions: three gallons of lye from wood ashes, a pint of soft-soap, a quarter of a pound of nitre, with a handful of common salt. The nitre was dissolved in warm water, and after the mixture was well incorporated, it was applied with a brush to the trunks and principal limbs. When spring revived their roots, another hydropathic welcome awaited them. The elements of the medicated bath were one quart of soap and of salt, and one pound

of flour of sulphur, with a sufficient quantity of soft water. As an additional tonic the earth was opened in a circle around each tree to the depth of two inches, and a prescription of compost, mingled with two quarts of wood-ashes, one quart of salt, and the same quantity of pulverized plaster added, to quicken their appetite, and the whole neatly raked over. The recipients repaid these attentions by their healthful condition. Since almost every person likes good fruit, and does not object to a large quantity, I make no apology for mentioning to you, dear friend, the old-fashioned modes by which those results were promoted.

Busy and merry was the autumnal ingathering from our small domain. The vegetables accepted a winter shelter in the spacious cellar, where each genus was arranged in due order; and the savoy cabbage, standing erect in its bed of sand, might have pleased a Dutch burgomaster by its unfading greenness. Apples were to be cut and dried for tarts, pears and peaches for confections and pastry, and boiled sweet corn exposed to the sun for the dish of succotash, whose richness was learned from the poor Indians. Sage, and the red heads of thyme, and the rough leaves of the burdock, were to be saved for the domestic pharmacopeia; tansy and peppermint for distillation, as the fragrant damask-rose had already been, and the luxuriant hop, for beer, which sometimes burst the bottles with its luscious effervescence. The finest apples were to be thor-

oughly wiped, and wrapped in paper, ere they were committed to their reservoirs, the rough-coated pear that served the oven until spring, comfortably accommodated, and the large, golden quince, embalmed with sugar to regale the guest. Heavy sheaves of maize covered with a formidable depth the garret floor, as a field was appropriated to the culture of this majestic plant, with its humbler adjunct, the potato, having their interstices filled with the graceful bean and ponderous pumpkin, without the favor of whose yellow face our Puritan forefathers dared not adventure on their Thanksgiving. There was a rural independence in our style of living which pleased us all. Our poultry and eggs were abundant and fine, our cow furnished an overflow of the richest milk, cream, and butter, and our hams, etc., preserved by a recipe of my father's, were proverbial for their delicacy. It is something to know what you are eating. More than this, we knew what *they* had eaten, upon whom we fed, and their aliment had been healthful and ample. Butchers' meat, of which we were no great consumers, could be obtained daily from carts, there being then no regularly established market.

The provisions for our table, though simple, were always admirably prepared. Let no one esteem this a matter of slight importance, or to be confidently trusted to careless hirelings. Ill-cooked and over-seasoned viands may serve to help the physicians; and all trades must live. Neither should the appointments of a board

round which the family gather thrice during one diurnal revolution, be viewed with aught of stoical indifference. Good food, neatly presented, has something to do with a good character. You can tell the merchant on 'change who has had a nice breakfast, and expects a still better dinner. Gourmands are disgusting, but very abstinent people are prone to be crabbed and provoked to see others enjoying what they deny themselves. Whoever has wholesome viands, and a hearty appetite, and a good conscience, let him eat and be thankful. I have observed that ladies who understand the science of table-comfort and economy, whose bread is always light, who know the ingredients of every important dish, and are not afraid or ashamed actually to compound it, possess the high respect of their husbands. Let those look to this "who love their lords."

The principle of our little household was not "living to eat, but eating to live," and honestly taking the enjoyment which the Creator has kindly connected with that on which existence depends. The hours appointed for our repasts were as primitive as our opinions. Breakfast was soon after sunrise, dinner at twelve, and supper somewhat varied by the seasons. From so vulgar a dining-hour the fashionable city-people might be moved to count us barbarians. Yet I recollect hearing a French physician of eminence say at a banquet in Paris, that there was a quickening, a rise of tide in the human system at high noon, that concurred with the

reception of the principal meal, and that the increase of paralysis in that region since the dining-hour had approached evening, was marked and manifest. Perhaps he might have endorsed the proverb which was used in his native clime, as early as the tenth and eleventh centuries :

“Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre ans nonante et neuf.”

The translation is particularly quaint :

“To rise at five, and dine at nine,
To sup at five, and sleep at nine,
Will make one live to ninety-nine.”

This adage of the Carlovingian dynasty is extreme both in premises and promise. Not having exactly its *nonante-neuf* in view, the point which principally harmonized with our creed was the hour for retiring, in whose memory we were always aided by the sonorous voice of the bell, pealing from the church tower, and reverberating from rock to rock. Regularity in periods of rest, rising, and refreshment, were considered among the elements of health. Led by my father, who had a deep sense of the value of the fleeting hours, we were distinguished by punctuality, especially at meals, which I think seldom varied for years five minutes from their allotted time, except from calls or unavoidable interrup-

tions. I have already mentioned that they combined simplicity with comfort. Yet though not studious of luxury, and never making the devices to pamper appetite a subject of conversation, it was an object to secure a commendable variety. In this we were aided by our proximity to the sea, which brought to our board different races of the finny people, and the oysters from the Norwich cove, which were proverbially excellent. For all our household expenses and wardrobe the invariable rule was, to "pay as you go." Hence, whatever we used was our own. There was no charge against us on any merchant's ledger, and no bills brought in to impede the festivities of the New Year. What was needful for our comfort that our domain did not furnish, was supplied by the interest of money, which my father had saved and invested. Our income from all sources, prudently managed, left us perfectly at ease, and indulged us in the pleasure of aiding the poor. I cannot imagine a happier domestic condition. Not annoyed by watchfulness over the doubtful fidelity of servants, the employments that devolved upon us aided health and cheerfulness.

Voltaire, using as homely a simile as Socrates was fond of adopting, has compared the different grades of society to a cup of beer: "The top is froth, the bottom, dregs, the middle, pure and good." This mediocrity, removed from the vanity of wealth and the pain of poverty, it was our lot to share. Our united happiness is

sketched in a few simple lines, written during one of our quiet evenings at home :

Loud roars the hoarse storm from the angry North,
As though the winter-spirit loath to leave
His wonted haunts, came rudely rushing back
Fast by the steps of the defenceless spring,
To hurl his frost-spear at her shrinking flowers.

Yet while the tempest o'er the charms of May
Sweeps dominant, and with discordant tone
Wild uproar rules without—peace reigns within.
Bright glows the hearthstone, while the taper clear
Alternate aids the needle, or illumines
The page sublime, inciting the rapt soul
To rise above all warring elements.

The gentle kitten at my footstool breathes
A song monotonous and full of joy.
Close by my side my tender mother sits,
Industriously bent ; her brow still fair
With lingering beams of youth, while he, the sire—
The faithful guide, listens indulgently
To our discourse, or wakes the tuneful hymn
With full, rich voice of manly melody.

Fountain of life and light, to Thee I turn,
Father Supreme ! from whom our joys descend
As streams flow from their source ; and unto whom
All good on earth shall finally return
As to a natural centre—praise is due
To Thee, from all thy works—nor least from me,
Though in thy scale of being, light and low.

From Thee descends whate'er of joy or peace
Sparkles in my full cup—health, hope, and bliss,
And pure parental love ; beneath whose smile
A heart call'd lonely, doth not feel the loss
Of brother, or of sister, or of friend.

So, unto Thee be all the honor given,
Whether young Morning with her vestal lamp
Warn from my couch—or sober twilight gray
Yield to advancing Night ; or summer sky
Spread its smooth azure ; or contending storms
Muster their wrath ; or whether in the shade
Of much-loved solitude, deep-wove and close
I rest ; or gayly share the social scene,
Or wander wide, to wake in stranger-hearts
New sympathies ; or wheresoever else
Thy hand shall lead, still let my steadfast eye
Behold Thee, and my heart attune Thy praise.

To Thee alone, in humble trust I come
For strength and wisdom. Leaning on thine arm
Oh let me pass this intermediate state,
This vale of discipline ; and when its mists
Shall fleet away, I trust Thou wilt not leave
My soul in darkness, for Thy word is truth,
Nor are Thy thoughts like the vain thoughts of man,
Nor Thy ways like his ways.

Therefore I rest
In peace—and sing Thy praise, Father Supreme.

LETTER VI.

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS—MENTAL PLEASURES.

POSSIBLY you may imagine, my friend, that the routine of employment sketched in my last might prove the significance of the old proverb, dulness arising from "all work, and no play." Not at all. Every day was lark-like. There was no dulness among us, no nervousness. Indeed, I scarcely ever heard *nerves* mentioned, and did not suppose that I had any. I am convinced that feminine household industry is conducive to health, and a happy flow of spirits.

Yet there were plenty of amusements in those days, and, from leaving school at so early a period, I was sooner ready to be their participant. I have sometimes wondered that my mother should permit me at thirteen to mingle in those evening sleighing-parties which were the favorite and most exciting kind of winter festivity. Methinks there was more snow then than now, and that it lasted longer. At any rate, it was faithfully improved. The plan of those parties which I

have mentioned, was for a select number of young friends of both sexes to wrap themselves up warmly, and soon after tea drive out a few miles to one of those quiet, respectable houses of entertainment, which the rural districts afforded. The season of snow being their time of harvest, they kept in readiness a large room for dancing, and a man who, after the labor of the day, was able and willing with his violin to quicken the "light, fantastic toe." There we amused ourselves for a while with quadrilles and cotillons, waltzes being happily unknown, when some slight refreshment was handed round, and we returned. Gay were our spirits with this exhilarating recreation, yet wonderfully restrained within bounds of decorum. Our party was composed of the sons and daughters of neighbors, or those who associated on intimate terms, and was seldom too large for three well-filled sleighs. Most of us had the affinity of school days, or of hereditary friendship, so that there were many subjects in common to render conversation delightful. Some of us girls were in the habit of recapitulating and prolonging these pleasures by notes, of which the following from a favorite companion, may serve as a specimen :

"DEAREST L: Did not we have a good time last evening? Such a moon! We might have seen to work muslin by it. Then the smooth, well-beaten roads, and the snow so high on each side, and all over the fences

and fields, like a great white world. I declare it was romantic. The horses enjoyed themselves too. I know they did by their prancing, and seeming to keep time to the bells. I suppose they thought we got up that music for their especial merriment and behoof.

“We succeeded quite well with our new cotillon, did not we? That good old fiddler—I hope he’ll live forever—that is, as long as we want him. But those horrid cakes they regaled us with, at last. Not the least light, and scarcely sweet at all. I could have made better ones myself. If that is a specimen of village cookery, I’m glad I don’t ‘tarry’ in their tabernacles.

“Brother thinks it would be a pleasant variety to sing a song or two just before leaving. What do you say? Would not it look too frolicsome? I told him you’d never consent to any thing short of Old Hundred, or St. Martin’s. He is half crazy about the ‘Battle of the Nile,’ and pretends to play it on a flute. You may hear him any hour in the day, and for aught I know, in the night too, shouting the hideous chorus :

‘And Nelson, gallant Nelson’s name
Immortal shall be.’

Mother thinks he improves mightily, and grows more of a gentleman in the house since he has gone with us nice ladies to these sleighing parties. So she promises we shall go again. That’s just right. To please her,

and be so happy, and grow wiser too, all at the same time, is a very grand business. So good-bye for the present. Be a good girl, and mind every word your mother says.

“B. NEVINS.”

The confidence of our parents in us was not misplaced. We were allowed the frequent intercourse of walks amid the varied and pleasant scenery of our native place, and of short evening visits. Conversation between the sexes was social and friendly, though the established manner might seem at this time that of the most distant politeness. To press the hand would have been a thing inadmissible, and to walk arm in arm was considered as an announcement of matrimonial engagement. I mention not these minutiae as examples, but traits of the times. And looking back upon them through the lapse of years, I think it better to settle in the minds of young people that true basis of propriety and delicacy which will make them a “law to themselves,” than to keep watch over them like a sentinel, or divide the sexes as though they were mutual adversaries. Those whom God has ordained to walk together through life’s changeful day, it would seem ill-judged and useless for “man to put asunder,” through the whole of its fair morning.

Dancing, it will be perceived, was one of our prime forms of entertainment. At a period when the puri-

tanical prejudices against it were still in force, it may be thought strange that my father, with his high standing for piety, should have given it his sanction. But I was indulged in it, probably, from the suggestions of my mother. She reasoned that the exercise was healthful, and the accomplishment conducive to ease and courtesy of manner. Like Addison, she thought a "lady should learn to dance, in order to know how to sit still gracefully." But the argument by which she chiefly prevailed was the isolation of my brotherless and sisterless estate, and innate fondness for solitary musing, which required stronger aid in the full development of social feeling, lest the love of a happy home becoming too intense, should make a selfish character. My sweet sister-mother did not use her eloquence in vain, and her grave husband, who had for years borne the title of Deacon, though without the office, consented that his child should attend a dancing school. As I had adopted the rule to endeavor to excel in whatever I attempted to do, his sacrifice of sentiment, if indeed it was one, was sometimes compensated when he came to escort me home in the evening, and lingered among the spectators, by hearing what is so agreeable to parental ears, a daughter's praise.

Our first teacher was a Frenchman, whose previous history not even Yankee perseverance could elicit. He bore the sobriquet of Colonel, and was disturbed at the name of Bonaparte. It was inferred that he had been

aggrieved in some form by his imperial sway, and had in consequence forsaken his native clime. He was tall, gaunt, well stricken in years, and impassable beyond aught we had seen of his mercurial race. His style of instruction betrayed his military genius. He would have been an excellent drill-sergeant. Perfect order was established. We were under a kind of martial law. During the hours of practice not a whisper was heard in our camp. The girls received elementary instruction afternoons, and, when a particular grade of improvement was attained, met and mingled with the other sex for two hours in the evening. Being his own musician, and executing with correctness on the violin, he required a strict adaptation of movement to measure. At his cry of "*Balancez!*" we all hopped up in a line like so many roasted chestnuts. Low obeisances, lofty promenades to solemn marches, and the elaborate politeness of the days of Louis Quatorze, were inculcated. Many graceful forms of cotillon he taught us, and some strange figures called hornpipes, in which he put forth a few of his show-pupils on exhibition days. They comprised sundry absurd chamois-leaps and muscle-wringing steps, throwing the body into contortions. Being stiff in his joints from age, he could not exemplify these more complex gyrations, but gave out words of command, as if at the head of a regiment. As imperative was he as Frederick the Great, and we as much of automatons as his soldiers. Monsieur le Colo-

nel seemed to regard his elegant art as a species of tactics, a joyless yet bounden duty incumbent on all civilized humanity. But our young, elastic natures were able to clothe and beautify these bare bones. The mere circumstance of being together, timing our movements to sweet sounds, and practising that politeness which has affinity with higher virtues, made us happy.

Afterwards we had teachers of greater indulgence, and who better understood the poetry of motion. Yet our thorough elementary instruction was an evident advantage, and we looked back with the memory of respect to our severe old teacher. Every separate term closed with what was styled a dancing-school ball. Then we were joined by beaux and belles of more advanced age, and prolonged the festivity to a later hour. These were the only occasions on which the dance was continued beyond nine in the evening. The ringing of that curfew put us all to flight, like shot among a bevy of pigeons. Thus, one of the most serious objections against this amusement—its tendency to late hours—was removed. Another, founded on extravagance of dress, was also entirely obviated. I distinctly remember the simple and becoming costume which was deemed sufficient for our most ceremonious assemblages: a plain white frock, broad blue sash usually passed over one shoulder, shoes of the same color, and hair without ornament, save its own abundant curls, falling richly on the neck. The principal consul-

tation about dress for those balls, with my friend and second self, Nancy Maria Hyde, was wont to resolve itself into the interrogation, "Will you wear a full, or a half mane?" The former implied the whole mass of tresses pendent; the other, a portion of them confined by the comb, and falling gracefully over it. It was pleasant to us to dress with a sisterly similarity, and *mane* was the term which she had adopted for our chief natural adornment.

Quite satisfied in all respects was my dear mother with the salubrious result of her theory of dancing. If her quick eye chanced to detect—what no other would have discerned—some indication of too close application to books, at the close of a long winter evening, she would allure me, just before retiring, to dance up and down our spacious kitchen, after her own spirited singing of appropriate tunes. Occasionally she used, as a substitute, her own native humor or histrionic powers to elicit laughter, which she said was the friend of good sleep. She coincided, without knowing it, in the philosophy of the Rev. Dr. Edmund Dorr Griffin, who, while president of a college, once convened, during the prevalence of a northeasterly storm, his theological students, addressing them in a solemn, impressive tone:

"I am satisfied with your class, save in one respect."

Every eye regarded him with earnest attention.

"Of your proficiency in study, your general deport-

ment, I have no complaint to make. Still, there is one essential, one very sad deficiency."

They gazed upon each other, and upon him, with intense and painful curiosity.

"That to which I allude, young gentlemen, is a neglect of the duty of *Christian laughter*." Then, drawing up to its full height of six feet his large, symmetrical person, and expanding his broad chest, he commanded, "Do as I do," and uttered a peal of hearty, sonorous laughter. After summoning each one separately to imitate his example, and observing how the corrugated muscles untwisted, and the brow cast off its wrinkling thought, he said, "There, that will do for the present." He did not narrate any incident provocative of mirth, as he might readily have done, for he possessed wit as well as eloquence. Probably he deemed it sufficient to enforce the habit, and trust to their own ludicrous resources for themes to sustain it. The risible faculties might be a good counterpoise for polemics. If they were allowed their due exercise, I doubt whether we should have as many cross controversies. If Milton and Salmasius had sacrificed to Momus, instead of concocting bitter objurgations, the world would have been just as wise.

Singing-school was a graver yet much-prized enjoyment of early days. It was the custom of our church to employ a competent teacher for several months in the year, to train her young people in the melodies of

Sabbath worship. We were instructed the remainder of the time by our own regular choir-leader.

The gentleman to whom I was first indebted for initiation into the rules and practice of sacred vocal music, was a resident in a distant part of the State. He was somewhat past middle age, of a very comely aspect, and sufficiently scientific. I now recall the thrill of pleasure with which, having completed the rather long process of examining the voice, and what was technically called "learning the gamut," we were permitted to execute our first tune—a simple, common metre, in the minor key. It was called "Lebanon," and is probably out of print in modern collections of music; but its notes, which I now sing while I write, give force to the plaintive words to which they were wedded:

"Lord, what is man?—poor, feeble man,
Born of the earth at first,
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust."

We were led on gradually to complex music, elaborate anthems, and some of the noble compositions of Handel. The teacher had in his book some pieces of music not contained in any selections which we had opportunity to purchase. When these were given out, it was necessary to copy them for the classes; and he, being more expert with the voice than the pen, deputed this

branch to those most willing to take it. Quantities of such work were accepted by me, until I became accomplished in notation, and was honored with the gratuitous custom of a respectable patron of the choir.

After the reading of the psalm or hymn on Sundays, when he rose in his place, enunciating audibly the name of the tune to be sung, giving the key-tone through the pitch-pipe, raising high his very white hand to beat the time, and scrutinizing every division of his forces with the eye of a commander, I thought him beautiful. The taste of the congregation was decidedly for that plain, slow music in which the devotion of their fathers had clothed itself, and "wherein the majesty of buried Denmark did sometime march." Though he taught this extremely well, he had an innate love for those brisk fugues, where one part leads off, and the rest follow with a sort of belligerent spirit. In these he occasionally indulged, thinking, probably, that the ancient prejudice had better be dismissed, or would be more honored in "the breach than the observance."

Acting on this principle, he one Sabbath morning gave out a tune of the most decidedly lively and stirring character, which we had taken great pains in practising. Its *allegro*, *altissimo* opening,

"Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,"

startled the tranquillity of the congregation, as though a clarion had sounded in their midst. The music, being partially antiphonal, comprehended several stanzas. On we went complacently, until the last two lines :

“No bolts to drive their guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.”

There was the forte of the composer. Of course, it was our duty to give it full expression. Off led the treble, having the air, and expending *con spirito* upon the adjective “fiercer,” especially its first syllable, about fourteen quavers, not counting semis and demis. After us came the tenor, in a more dignified manner, bestowing their principal emphasis on “flames.” “No bolts, no bolts,” shrieked a sharp counter of boys, whose voices were in the transition-state. But when a heavy bass, like claps of thunder, kept repeating the closing word “below,” and finally all parts took up the burden, till, in full diapason, “guilty souls” and “fiercer flames below” reverberated from wall to arch, it was altogether too much for Puritanic patience. Such skirmishing had never before been enacted in that meeting-house. The people were utterly aghast. The most stoical manifested muscular emotion. Our mothers hid their faces with their fans. Up jumped the tithing-man, whose office it was to hunt out and shake refractory boys. The ancient deacons slowly moved in

their seats at the foot of the pulpit, as if to say, "Is not there something for us to do in the way of church government?"

As I came down from the gallery, a sharp, gaunt Welsh woman seized me by the arm, saying :

"What was the matter with you all, up there? You begun wery well, only too much like a *scrame*. Then you went gallivanting off like a parcel of wild colts, and did not sing the tune that you begun—not at all."

How the shrill-voiced old lady, who could not sing, should know what the new tune was, or ought to be, I was not given to understand.

The apartment allotted to our musical instruction was a very large one in the Court-House. Behind a broad table, where, in term time, the lawyers took notes of evidence, or rectified their briefs, sat we girls of the novitiate, technically called the "young treble." In the gallery, raised a few steps above us, were the older, more experienced singers, some of whom were the beautiful belles of the city. If aught in our deportment displeased them, or they fancied us growing too self-complacent, they did not fail to look over the parapet and reprehend us. Our teacher was painfully sensitive to discords. I have seen him set his teeth, and the color forsake his lips, at a succession of false sounds. They were to him what donkeys were to Betsy Trotwood. On such occasions his irritability

usually vented itself upon us. Being more susceptible than grammatical, the exclamation usually was, after a picturesque attitude of listening:

“There ! it’s them young treble.”

However, it was not always *them young treble*. They knew it, and he also. It was safer to reprove us than to offend the more elevated part of his forces, whose irritability, if in proportion to the degree of musical genius, might chance to approach his own. So he accounted us a species of scapegoat. After a little seasoning, this ceased to trouble us. We knew that at heart he did not despise us, because, in other company, he spoke of us as his “nice, hopeful young birds.” Considering his impatience as a constitutional infirmity, we were willing to act as a safety-valve for the benefit of the whole. Possibly our amiable philosophy might have been helped by the consciousness that the young gentlemen of our circle were in presence there, either as spectators or members of the choir. Certainly it did not impair our smiling endurance, or our powers of melody. The mutual influence of the sexes in the plastic period of youth has been long conceded. Where there is a right education, refinement, and piety, it is doubtless for good. Association with the excellent of our sex is a protection to young men from many temptations. I have observed that those who from early years have been most constantly in the society either of sisters or judicious female friends, attain a fuller de-

velopment of those sympathies and virtues which shed happiness around the sphere of the husband and father.

Very pleasant were our familiar forms of social intercourse in the loved land of my birth. In winter, various individuals from our more intimate circle spent an hour or two of the evening unceremoniously at each other's houses. Apples and nuts, the product of our own groves, were the accustomed and adequate entertainment. So many subjects had we in common, that conversation never flagged. Games, however, we had, if desired, and sometimes two of the more contemplative might be seen seated at the checker or draught board. Now and then some stenographic genius found a secret place, and took notes of all that was said, and then, emerging from concealment, read it aloud for the diversion of the *dramatis personæ*. This, however, was not frequent, and never revealed to the circle until about to part; for, had it been known that there was "a chiel amang us, takin' notes," it might have invaded colloquial freedom, or possibly quickened some scintillation of that spirit with which Johnson said, when told of the designs of Boswell: "If I really supposed, sir, that he contemplated writing *my* life, I would take *his*."

In summer we enjoyed a walk after tea, or a short sail on the quiet Yantic, the oars keeping time to the favorite melody of "Row, vassals, row!" or the Canadian Boat-Song. Once or twice in the season we ex-

tended our excursion, early in the afternoon, to the distant wood, ostensibly in search of whortleberries, but usually returning with baskets better stocked with wild flowers than fruit. Redolent was that romantic region of Flora's gifts. From the early-wakened arbutus, vainly striving to keep the secret of its sweetness, a regular succession was kept up—the columbine, dancing on its wiry stem; the wild honeysuckle, commonly called the swamp-apple, which we plunged through morasses to secure; the fringed gentian and grass violet, blue as the skies that fostered them; the laurel, luring us to the cliffs; the white lotus sleeping upon the waters, and the magnificent lobelia cardinalis, towering in queenly beauty.

It may possibly be thought, from this rather minute enumeration of domestic employments and social pleasures, that those of the intellect were overlooked. No such thing. There were always space and heart for them. Indeed, I had never so much leisure when waited on by many servants, as at this period of my life, when we had none at all. Time was systematized, work simplified, and no waste of feeling incurred by watchfulness over doubtful fidelity. The mind found its true level, and did not forget its natural aliment. Instincts are prone to take care of themselves. Among them, it seems to me, should be ranked the love of knowledge.

At the time of our removal I was engaged in

abridging, for private use, a treatise on Rhetoric, which had been among my favorite school studies. To multiply examples and illustrations of its different figures, gave additional interest to a perusal of the standard poets. A large and elaborate Commonplace Book was also commenced, where selections both in prose and poetry are characterized by solid and serious thought. Its clear and compact chirography is embellished by a few paintings in water colors, more remarkable for adaptation of subject than accuracy of perspective or artistic execution. One in particular, which represents the flight of Eneas from the flames of Troy, and accompanies a copious extract from Dryden's Virgil, is amenable to criticism. The group seem proceeding leisurely down the steps of a temple, whose columns and entablatures, notwithstanding the proximity of the fire, are in an untouched freshness of bright brown. Anchises sits calmly upon the bowed back of his heroic son, as if enjoying the ride, carrying in a section of his purple robe what might seem to be a paper of yellow-headed dolls, intended for his household gods. Eneas, though sorely burdened, finds a hand wherewith to grasp Ascanius, a bewildered-looking little personage in a red frock. The flames shoot up like slender, pointed, red needles, from arches whose integrity is unbroken, and the volumed smoke, in regular half-circles and rhomboids, has a decided tint of azure. Creusa follows closely, with an unmoved aspect, clothed

in a flowing garment painted with thick Prussian blue, a corner of which is thrown over her head, like a stiff hood. So decidedly unprepossessing is she, that one is tempted to think her disappearance might not be an irreparable affliction to her lord, though the poet constrains him to exclaim :

“Alas ! I lost Creusa—hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wandered with affright ;
But she was lost forever from my sight.”

The faults of my painting in those days, which arose from laying on the colors too thickly, came from incorrect teaching, and were afterwards remedied by more skilful instruction in softening the shades. Still, in its most unscientific state, my pencil was a source of almost daily pleasure. Landscapes and flowers from nature were its chosen themes. Of these the drawing was always accurate, and sometimes spirited, but the coat of water-colors often too heavy, for want of a few simple rules.

Committing passages from the poets to memory, was a systematic exercise. Cowper and Goldsmith were among the first chosen for that purpose. The melody of the latter won both the ear and heart ; and “The Deserted Village,” or “The Traveller,” were voicelessly repeated, after retiring at night, if sleep,

“Like parting summer’s lingering bloom delay’d.”

With the earnest perusal of Shakspeare and Thomson was interspersed that of the German poets, Klopstock and Kotzebue, and also some of the modern travellers and ancient historians. Among the latter was Josephus, whose study did not, on the whole, produce any great satisfaction. I found myself more attracted by the historians of the Mother Land, still, with immaturity of taste, preferring the conciseness of Goldsmith to the discursive and classic Hume. A reading society of a few young people was commenced and sustained with various fluctuations, where the prescribed course was the history of our own country, with a garnish of the poems of Walter Scott. Attached to this circle were some fine readers, among whom I recollect with unalloyed pleasure the perfect enunciation and emphasis of a lady who afterwards, as the wife of the Rev. Samuel Nott, went out with our first band of missionaries to Asia. Passages from the poets, thus rendered by her, come back over the waste of years with clear, unchanged melody. I think the intonations of fine reading are longer and more definitely recollected than those of music. The latter is sometimes permitted to overpower the words with which it is combined, thus having only the vibrations of the ear, or the transient pleasure of the thrilling nerves to rely upon. But the other, walking hand in hand with sentiment, or deathless knowledge, adheres with augmented force. The young of my own sex are not often fully aware of the

value of this elegant attainment of reading, or the influence it might enable them to exert. Half the daily practice required to thrum passably upon the piano, would make them respectable proficient. Narrative and poetry, in their appropriate robe of tuneful utterance, throw a strong charm around the wintry fireside. Parents forget the toil of nurturing the daughter who thus repays them. Perchance the aged grandparents are there to listen with delight, and the deafened ear rejoices in that sweet benevolence which without effort links it to the world of sound. "I quicken my homeward steps," said a young husband at the close of day, "for my wife reads so beautifully that I forget all the toils of business." A man who had been in youth tempted by wild associates, admitted that he was withheld from many allurements to vice by the delightful evening readings of his sister. It is a form of giving pleasure to the invalid or the solitary which the benevolent heart should not disregard. The amiable Miss Hannah Adams, one of our earliest literary women, and the author of a History of the Jews, was thus solaced in her venerable age. Some of the most lovely and accomplished young ladies of Boston went by rotation to read to her such works as renovated and refreshed her mind. The service was appreciated, and spoken of with the warmth and simplicity that characterized her nature.

"They pay me such respect," said she, "that I quite

forget that I am old. They sit by my side as if I were their own relative. By their help I travel every day through the world of books ; and their tones are so clear, and distinct, and sweet, that sometimes I think I am hearing an angel's song."

Among my solitary satisfactions was a journal. It was commenced of my own accord when a school-girl of eleven. Its sole object then was a record of my studies. One day was almost a *fac-simile* of the other. The length of the lessons in grammar and geography, history, rhetoric, and philosophy, the number of sums in arithmetic, or problems in geometry, were its unvaried themes. Their only embellishment was a couplet or stanza, savoring of Sternhold and Hopkins, which here and there inserted itself perforce, like a slender grass-blade peeping through the crevices of a log tenement. Feeling that the habit might be conducive to improvement, I recommenced it after leaving school; and having tried my skill in bookbinding upon a large volume of foolscap, whose exterior was marble paper made thick by some of my own paintings pasted on the inside, and interleaved by a map of the world which I had carefully executed, I dedicated it as a journal on my thirteenth birthday. This was done without advice from others, and intended for no eye but my own. Yet it repaid me by becoming a sort of companion and confidant. As I showed it the respect of always writing in it with neatness, and reserving for it my best reflec-

tions, instead of smothering it with the froth and ephemera of trifling events, it seemed to yield me a sort of reciprocity, and minister to mental elevation. Indeed, at one time, especially while reading the works of Johnson, it became almost pompous in diction, with aphorisms on the follies and vanities of life better fitted to maturity than girlhood. In process of time the habit became a part of my existence, and the single volume multiplied like the "line of Banquo." By the aid of these many books I can now, when I choose, retrace

"As in a map, the voyager his course,
The windings of my way, for many years."

It sometimes interests me to search out for the passing day, its genealogy through half a century. Turning the manuscript pages, it stands with its fifty sisters before me, like the daughters of Danaus. Each bears its burden of change, its garland of hope—pointing silently to its felicity of progress, or its sum of error and of loss. Each knits into the web of life a slender thread of gold, or sable. Each brings its budding rose, its leaf of cypress, or its spray of evergreen, for the wreath of memory. All, as they fleet away again to the dreamy past, demand praise for the Preserver, whose "mercies are new every morning, and fresh every moment."

The pleasures of written thought into which I had been early initiated, revealed themselves more fully after the removal to our new habitation.

Yet my effusions, of whatever nature they were, I strove to keep in uninvaded secesy. Unsuggested by others, and unambitious of praise, they "hid themselves, like the son of Jesse," among the stuff. Even from my darling mother I concealed them, though in all things else every possession and sympathy were a common stock. Especially in my attempts at poetry was I mysterious and sensitive. It came to me in the beginning, I knew not how. Waking from downy sleep I sometimes received a few lines, and thanked with strange rapture their ethereal giver. Thus I learned to personify the Muse, ere I had read of Urania, and to hold her gifts sacred. Afterwards, when I linked rhymes mechanically, or as an exercise of skill, though they had naught to do with her who at the first "visited me nightly," I regarded them with a shrinking delicacy, and desired no human being to know of their existence. Perhaps the sentiment was morbid, and never perfectly understood by myself. Still, with some modifications, it has ever adhered to me. Though in later years literary effort has become a trade or traffic, a transmutation into gold which the utilitarian prizes, yet contracts with publishers are repugnant to my tastes; and apart from the necessity of circumstances, I am never in the habit of conversing about what I may have been enabled to write, even with the most intimate friend, unless they introduce or press the subject.

Our simple mode of life which I have so hastily

sketched for you, dear friend, was eminently happy. Does it seem to you too much burdened by household toils? No; for they were balanced by social and intellectual pleasures. Truly, as well as beautifully, has Ruskin said, that "it is only by labor, that thought can be made healthful; and only by thought, that labor can be made happy. The two cannot be separated with impunity. The worker ought, therefore, to be often thinking, and the thinker to be working."

I feel as if I had but inadequately expressed my gratitude to that spirit of poesy, which, amid the brightest allurements of life's cloudless morning, vouchsafed a still higher and purer enjoyment.

Even now, though that life from its zenith doth wane,
 And its morn-gathered garlands grow scentless and vain,
 And many a friend who its pilgrimage blest,
 Have fallen from my bosom, and gone to their rest—
 Yet still by my side, unforgetful and true,
 Is the Being who walk'd with me all the way through;
 She doth cling to the High Rock wherein is my trust,
 Let her chant to my soul when I go to the dust;
 Hand in hand with the Faith that my Saviour hath given,
 May we kneel at His feet mid the anthems of heaven.*

* "Western Home and Other Poems," p. 161.

LETTER VII.

ARISTOCRACY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE upper, or old town of Norwich, my birthplace, was decidedly aristocratical at the period of which I speak. Yet its aristocracy was not founded on wealth alone, but on the firmer basis of honorable descent and moral excellence. Higher principles were called into exercise more not to disgrace an ancestral name embalmed by the respect and love of the community—than merely to amass money, or to display it. Hence the structure of society was good where the influence of wealth aided the power of virtue.

The aristocracy of that favored spot was principally vested in two families and their collateral branches, the Lathrops and Huntingtons. The dynasty of the first dated back some two hundred years, to the industry, integrity, and piety of Mr. Thomas Lathrop (or Lotrop, as the name is found written in ancient books). He left two sons and a daughter, who nobly sustained the paternal dignity. Of the eldest, Dr. Daniel La-

throp, distinguished by talents and education as well as by public spirit and piety, I have spoken in my first letter. He died long before my birth, but his brother, Dr. Joshua Lathrop, I well remember. Indeed, I think I see now his small, well knit, perfectly erect form, his mild, benevolent brow, surmounted by the large round white wig, with its depth of curls, the three-cornered smartly cocked hat, the nicely plaited stock, the rich silver buckles at knee and shoe, the long waistcoat, and fair ruffles over hand and bosom, which marked the gentleman of the old school; and he never yielded to modern innovation. A large oil portrait of him, in this costume, with one of his beautiful wife, courteously presenting him a plentiful dish of yellow peaches, adorned their best parlor, covered with green moreen curtains, at which I gazed when a little child with eyes dilated, as on the wonders of the Vatican.

He was a man of the most regular and temperate habits, fond of relieving the poor in secret, and faithful in all the requisitions of piety. He was persevering to very advanced age in taking exercise in the open air, and especially in daily equestrian excursions, withheld only by very inclement weather. At eighty-four,* he might be seen, mounted upon his noble, lustrous black horse, readily urged to an easy canter, his servant a little in the rear. Continual rides in that varied and

* "Past Meridian," p. 65.

romantic region were so full of suggestive thought to his religious mind, that he was led to construct a nice juvenile book on the works of nature, and of nature's God. Being in dialogue form, it was entitled "The Father and Son;" and we, younglings, received a copy with great gratitude from the kind-hearted author. It was stitched in coarse flowered paper, and sometimes presented as a Thanksgiving gift to the children of his acquaintance, or any whom he might chance to meet in the streets. How well I recollect his elastic step in walking, his agility in mounting or dismounting his steed, and that calm, happy temperament, which, after he was an octogenarian, made him a model for men in their prime.

A single sister belonged to these two excellent brothers. She married a gentleman of the name of Coit, and was exemplary in the conjugal and maternal duties. I never saw her, but have been told by her contemporaries that she was a lovely, consistent Christian. Her eldest son, Mr. Daniel Lathrop Coit, I remember as a frequent visitant of the venerated widow of that uncle whose name he bore. I think I have been told that he had been a member of her family before his marriage, and he evidently listened with affectionate respect to the treasures of wisdom that flowed from her lips. She also appreciated his accuracy of mind, and close observation of human nature, which had been aided by what was rare in those days, the ad-

vantage of travelling in England and France.* She used familiarly to style him her "philosophical nephew." I thought he was a second Seneca, and always was mute in his presence.

He was fond of the science of Natural History, and of exploring those labyrinths where nature loves to hide, having made man himself a link in her chain of mystery. By casual observers he was deemed reserved or haughty; but those who were able to comprehend him discovered a heart true to the impulses of friendship and affection, and a mind capable of balancing the most delicate points of patriotic and moral principle. He was the father of an interesting family, and opposite their pleasant residence was a pair of those lofty, wide-spreading elms, which are the peculiar glory of New England. Those were the trees that prompted the simple effusion beginning

I do remember me
Of two old elm trees' shade,
With mosses sprinkled at their feet,
Where my young childhood play'd. †

The consort of Dr. Joshua Lathrop was a lady of fine personal appearance and great energy. In an age when domestic science was in universal practice and respect, she maintained the first rank as a pattern house-

* "Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since," p. 18.

† "Pocahontas and other Poems," p. 161.

keeper. The young girls brought up by her were uncommon workers, and thoroughly indoctrinated in moral and religious obligation. They often married well, and in thrift and industry were a fortune to their husbands. She was a sagacious observer of human nature, and not unfrequently a profitable adviser to her lord, whose unsuspecting charity made him occasionally the prey of imposture. One morning a man presented himself with a written paper, purporting that he was deaf and dumb. No institution for the nurture of that class of persons then existed in our country ; and as instances of that misfortune were rarely exhibited, they were wont to call forth both curiosity and sympathy. This stranger enforced his claim by signs, and answered in pantomime such queries as were made palpable to the eye. The pity of the good old gentleman was warmly awakened for a fellow-being thus cut off from all the privileges of speech and sound. The antique dark mahogany desk was opened, which never turned upon its hinges in vain. Still a pair of keen black eyes occasionally raised from the needle, critically regarded the mute applicant. Suddenly a sharp report, like a pistol, issued from a chestnut stick that had intruded itself among the hickory on the great, blazing fire, and he involuntarily started.

“ My dear,” said the lady, “ this person can hear.”

Horror-struck, and enraged at thus losing the large bounty almost within his grasp, he discourteously, and,

it is to be hoped, unconsciously exclaimed, "You lie!" And the illusion was dissolved.

Mrs. J. Lathrop survived her husband many years, and, until past the age of ninety, retained her active habits and mental capacity unimpaired.

Three children appertained to this branch of the Lathrop dynasty. The eldest, Thomas, evidently inherited the energy of his mother. He possessed a laudable ambition to sustain the dignity of an unsullied aristocracy. No equipage was so conspicuous as his, no horses so fine, no harnesses so lustrous, no carriages of such immaculate neatness and taste. * An elegant mansion rose at his word, on a commanding eminence. To our more plebeian eyes it was like that of "Peveril of the Peak." Two sons and five daughters enjoyed and beautified this attractive abode. The eldest, who bore the name of her distinguished great-aunt, seemed to partake of her excellences. So many elements of consistency and moral beauty did she reveal, that mothers said to their daughters, and teachers to their pupils, "Do and be like Jerusha Lathrop." A child, who was perhaps too often reproved by comparison or contrast with so perfect a model, replied petulantly, "I wish there wa'n't no Rush' Lotrup. I'm tired out of the sound." Similar was the sentiment of the Athenian peasant, who desired to vote for the banishment of Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him always called "the Just."

The widow of Thomas Lathrop, Esq., is still living, and exhibits, at the age of ninety, a rare example of comely appearance, active habitudes, and serene piety. With unbowed frame she directs the daily operations of a systematic household, and delights in the skilful uses of the needle. She illustrates the theory of Cicero, that "old age is honored, if it maintain its own right, if it is subservient to no one, if it continue to exercise control over its dependents;" and belongs to that class whom the same eloquent philosopher designates as "those with whom wisdom is progressive to their latest breath."*

Mr. Daniel Lathrop was a gentleman of portly form, whose movements were as leisurely as those of his elder brother were mercurial. He almost always smiled when he spoke, and ever had a kind word or benevolent deed for the lowly and poor. He and his fair wife were patterns of amiable temperament and domestic happiness. Three daughters and a son, whom they reared with great tenderness, reached maturity, but all slumber in the grave with their parents. The whole family, interesting in themselves, were more so to me from being inhabitants of the mansion of my birth and earliest happiness. I watched the changes that were made in modernizing the premises with somewhat of the jealous exclusiveness that the ancient Jews

* She died in 1863, at the age of ninety-two.

felt for Zion. Still, the sentiment that leads to the preservation and embellishment of an ancestral mansion, especially in these times, when the fashion is that "all things should be made new," seems to me to possess great filial as well as moral beauty.

Lydia Lathrop, the only sister of the two brothers of whom I have spoken, was brought up in the indulgences of wealth, yet not released from the obligations that a primitive and utilitarian age required of her sex. I have heard that she was accounted beautiful when young, and sought in marriage by those of high position and expectations. When I first saw her she was the thoughtful and rather comely wife of a Presbyterian minister settled at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, whence she came statedly to visit the paternal home, being welcomed like an angel. The echo, "Mrs. Austin has come!" transmitted from servant to servant to our abode on the opposite side of the street, is among the gleeful clarion-cries of memory. She always remembered to bring something to the children. My usual gift was a small sugar radish with a tuft of green leaves. This was treasured for months immaculate, till another came. I recollect feeling great indignation at a visitant to my baby-house, who broke, for the purpose of tasting it, my consecrated treasure.

The choice of her lot for life, by this daughter of the aristocracy, was considered a love-match, and

somewhat confirmatory of the ancient adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

Her spouse, the Rev. David Austin, was quite a character. He was stately and elegant in person, of insinuating manners, polished by European travel, and possessed of an ample fortune. He was fluent, often eloquent, and took great delight in the exercise of his oratorical powers. He was a good scholar, though a vivid, excursive imagination often made shipwreck of both argument and analysis. Over the people of his charge he had, at first, an entire influence; but intense study of the prophetic portions of Scripture, while partially recovered from an attack of scarlet fever, unsettled his mind, and led to wild theories which ended in his dismissal. Afterwards he occupied himself with building on so extensive a scale in his native city of New Haven, as to exhaust his own finances and involve those of his family, and become, for a time, the inmate of a debtor's prison. When released, and finding that his eccentricities had excluded him from the regular pulpits of his own denomination, he was immersed, and joined the Baptists, and then the Methodist connection. His amiable wife, whose native prudence would have been a healthful counterpoise to his eccentricity had its influence been admitted, returned to the abode of her parents. He was there frequently an inmate with her, and eventually a constant resident.

It was in the later years of his life that I knew him, when his peculiarities had been softened by time. He distinguished me by kindness, sometimes directed my juvenile reading, and gave an impulse to my Latin studies. He had pleasant conversational powers, and a fund of humor. The latter was, however, so dependent on manner and gesture, and variation of feature, that its related instances fail of effect.

"I was driving in the country yesterday," said he, "and saw some hoarhound plants by the roadside that looked green and pretty. I got out and took them up, and brought them home. There they are growing, and I call them mine, for it's clever to have something to domineer over." For the latter years of his life he was the pastor of the Congregational church in Bozrah, a small township in the vicinity. There he faithfully and acceptably discharged all parochial duty, still continuing to reside in Norwich, the will of the father of his estimable wife having made respectable provision for his support. His delight in preaching, and his intellectual vigor, were unchanged by advancing years, while his moral purity and true kindness of heart never varied. Among the evidences of his piety were the tender, devout spirit of his prayer, the meekness with which he received reproof, the almost lavish benevolence which shrank not at self-denial, and the calmness with which, at past threescore and ten, he received the summons of dismissal to a world unseen.

The name of Huntington has already been mentioned as copartner with Lathrop in the acknowledged aristocracy of olden time. Between them was no rivalry or disturbing force, as among the Montagues and Capulets. Neither is it a slight merit that they should cherish the bonds of private friendship, and seek the general good of the community, since there might naturally arise causes of competition, or of ambitious strife, to which few who were similarly situated would have held themselves always superior.

After I was old enough to become an observer, the dynasty of the Huntingtons was the most numerous; and of those branches which were located around what was then called Huntington Square, my recollections are vivid, our own residence being in that neighborhood.

General Jabez Huntington, the father of this distinguished house, I never saw, and presume that he must have died before my birth. With the eldest son, General Jedediah Huntington, a patriotic and saintly man, and the friend of Washington, I was not personally acquainted, he, with his family, having early become inhabitants of New London. Judge Andrew Huntington, the second in succession, was a man of plain manners and incorruptible integrity. His few words were always those of good sense and truth, and the weight of his influence ever given to the best interests of society. His was that true republican simplicity of virtue

that dees nothing for show—makes no sacrifice of principle to popularity, pays every one his due, and is content with the silent plaudit of an approving conscience. Would that his mantle had fallen upon many in our own more stirring times! His lady—a second wife, I believe—possessed an elegance of form and address which would have been conspicuous at any foreign court. She was especially fascinating to the children who visited her, by her liberal presentations of cakes and other pleasing eatables, or, what was to some equally alluring, a readiness to lend fine books with pictures.

Colonel Joshua Huntington had one of the most benign countenances I ever remember to have seen. His calm, beautiful brow was an index of his temper and life. Let who would be disturbed or irritated, he was not the man. He regarded with such kindness as the Gospel teaches the whole human family. At his own fair fireside, surrounded by loving, congenial spirits, and in all social intercourse, he was the same serene and revered Christian philosopher.

General Ebenezer Huntington was a noble specimen of the soldier and patriot. I think I have been told that he left college at the age of sixteen, to join the army of our Revolution, and continued with it during the whole war of eight years. The elegant manner and decision of character that are wont to appertain to the higher grades of the military profession, were con-

spicuous in him, and unimpaired by age. He was the father of a numerous family, and a gentleman of extensive influence.

General Zachariah Huntington was a model of manly symmetry and beauty. He was tall, with noble features, a pure complexion, and a fresh color upon cheek and lip. Though more intimate in his family than in that of any of the other brothers, his daughter being my schoolmate and friend, I always felt afraid of him. To my childish fancy he seemed like one of the chieftains of the old Douglas blood, who ruled the Scottish kings.

With this remarkable brotherhood were two sisters—Elizabeth, the wife of Colonel John Chester, of Wethersfield, the mother of many children, richly gifted both in person and mind; and Mary, the helpmeet of our excellent pastor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Strong. A mistress was she of the minutiae of that domestic science which promotes household comfort and happiness. Proverbially plain was she in dress and manner, condescending to the lowliest, and of so easy and cheerful a temperament that her words were always mingled with smiles. In those days a minister and his consort were expected to be patterns in all things to all people, and the closest critic perceived in her only those quiet, unambitious virtues that pertain to woman's true sphere, and a cloudless piety. Her husband had erected a handsome parsonage within the

precincts of Huntington Square; and they and their children formed an integral part of those weekly social gatherings which kept bright the chain of affection, and the fountain of kindred sympathy. To be occasionally comprehended in those circles, and partake their "feast of reason and flow of soul," which comprised always a most liberal admixture of creature-comforts, was accounted a rare privilege.

On such an occasion I had more than once the pleasure of seeing the venerable mother of that noble race. To young eyes she seemed a person of extreme age, and probably surpassed fourscore. It was beautiful to note how warmly she was welcomed, and what marked and sweet respect was paid her by all her descendants. Her presence seemed the centre and crown of their enjoyments. Tenderly cared for and honored, she dwelt under the roof of her youngest son, General Zachariah Huntington, until her death, which, I think, was sudden, and from the effects of severe influenza. This son, who superintended a mercantile establishment as well as the culture of his extensive grounds, took great delight in music. He possessed a scientific knowledge of it, with a voice of great power and melody. A desire to improve this important department of Divine worship induced him at one time to become the leader of our choir in church. This voluntary service was appreciated by the people, and the labor connected with it felt to be, on his part, both a condescen-

sion and a religious offering. When he gave out the name of the tune, which was then always done in a distinct enunciation, and we rose in our seats in the gallery, every eye turning to him for guidance, he seemed, with his commanding presence and dignified form, to our young minds a superior being. One of his requisitions was imperative, that the female portion of the choir should sing *without their bonnets*. That article of apparel being then the antipodes of the present fashion, and formidable both for size and protrusion, he affirmed not only intercepted the sound, but precluded striking the key-tone with accuracy. None of us would gainsay his wishes, and the simplicity of the times counted it no indecorous exposure. Nevertheless, there was sometimes, as is wont to be in more modern days among those who sustain the sacred harmony, a murmuring of discordant strings. One young lady of the Huntington name, though not a near relative of his own, chanced to take offence, and was seen on a Sunday morning making her way to a seat in the body of the church.

"Come up to us here," said we.

"No. Zaccheus may climb the tree alone, for all me," was the quick reply. It ought to be mentioned that this bad pun was by no means a fair exponent of her native wit.

The only daughter of this gentleman, Eliza Mary Huntington, my school associate and sisterly friend,

returns to my heart through the far lapse of years, as I gather these reminiscences, and claims a heart-tribute. Full of gay life and spirit was that beautiful girl, earnest in her studies, and in the recesses for play our leader. With the vigor of a fine constitution, she exulted in all graceful exercises, and the sensation of fatigue was unknown to her. Together we scaled the ledges of rock with which our native region abounded, searching for hardy plants, when the wild honeysuckle first threw out its bright pink banner. In the evening we sometimes met, and repeated to each other the lessons for the next day, knitting at the same time, with primitive simplicity, our own stockings. When the years of school fled away, and youth ripened, her beauty assumed a more tremulous delicacy, as though health might not be firmly rooted. Watched over like a fair rosebud was she by the stately father, the doting mother, and two fond brothers, with the unwavering idolatry of affection. They would not that the winds of heaven should roughly visit their darling. She was early married, and removed to the city of New York. Early, too, was she transferred to that home where they "neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

Ah ! does that gentle head
Rest with the ancient of thy noble house
In the tomb's silence ? Many a falling tear
Answers my question from the sons of need,

Whom, hungry, thou hast fed—uncovered, clothed
And sorrowing, comforted.

With silent course,
Unostentatious as the heaven-shed dew,
Thy bounties fell ; nor didst thou scatter gifts
Or utter prayers with pharisaic zeal,
For man to note. Thy praise was with thy God.
In that domestic sphere where Nature rears
Woman's meek throne, thy worth was eminent ;
Nor breathed thy goodness o'er cold, stoic hearts.
What gentleness was thine, what kind regard,
To him thou lov'dst—what dovelike tenderness
In voice and deed ! Almost Disease might bear
Its lot without complaining, wert thou near,
A ministering angel.

Scarce had Spring,
Weeping its tear-dews o'er thy daughter's grave,
Return'd, ere thou wert summon'd to ascend,
Like her, to that bright host whose ceaseless harps
Hymn the Redeemer.

She with earnest hand,
When gathered like a rose 'mid perfumed flowers,
Clasp'd the firm hope of everlasting life,
And thou, in trembling, less-confiding trust,
Launch'd on the surge of Death's tempestuous flood
With the same anchor.

So ye are at rest,
Where sorrow comes not. Is there room for us
In the same haven, when the Master calls ? *

* From a volume of poems, published in Boston in 1827.

Perhaps I should ask your pardon for adding a tribute which, to uninterested persons, may seem commonplace, but which was with me a heart-voice. The favorite companion of happy school-days, and the loving mother who installed me almost as a daughter, when her own had found first a new residence, and last an eternal home, it was fitting that I should record in verse as well as in memory.

Neither would I omit the expression of gratitude for attentions and kind treatment from almost every member of the ancient aristocracy with whom I became acquainted. In those days it might not have been deemed a slight condescension to notice with a marked, unvarying regard, one of humble origin, unaided by wealth, and unable, even in the large hospitalities of social intercourse, to render an equivalent for benefits conferred.

It was in the autumn of 1857 that I was permitted to attend an interesting festival in Norwich—the gathering, as far as was feasible, of all the remaining branches of the great clan Huntington. Invitations had been sent, for a year previous, in all directions, and preliminary arrangements made for accommodation and comfort.

Nature conspired with this movement of so many of her friends, for the weather was fine and the scenery paradisaical. It was in the “shining morning-face” of Thursday, September 3d, that throngs, in carriages and

on foot, were seen wending their way toward the meeting-house on the green, in the ancient town of Norwich—mine own old meeting-house. The body of the edifice was exclusively reserved for those in whose veins flowed the Huntington blood; the galleries and outskirts were for aliens. Every thing—the welcome from the pulpit, the poem pronounced there, the hymns, the music composed for them, the choir that rendered it sweetly vocal—all were from the lips of Huntingtons. Verily they were as the chosen people, the sons of Aaron, in that temple. The genealogical address, happily blending research with enthusiasm, was written and delivered by the Rev. E. B. Huntington, of Stamford, and is already multiplied through the press. After the public exercises, an elegant collation spread in the State House, with beautiful and profuse embellishment of flowers, was enjoyed by the chosen people. The afternoon exercises were finely varied by miscellaneous speaking. Goodly elements had they for such an entertainment—divines, statesmen, civilians, representing the professions and occupations of our widespread land. Among them, the tact and eloquence of Professor Huntington, of Harvard University, were conspicuous. There was a goodly sprinkling of grace and beauty among the feminine portion of this noble house and its collateral branches. Yet I saw no one who, in manly symmetry and bearing, was a better exponent of its ancient dignity and courteousness than Wolcott Hun-

tington, of Norwich, a son of the late elegant Brigadier-General.

It was pleasant to mark the heightened action of kindred blood, as the closing hours of the festivity drew near. Those who had at first scrutinized each other with a strange kind of curiosity, now felt the impulses of affinity, clasped the parting hand with fervor, and regretted that a longer period had not been allotted to their reunion.

For my own part, I wish that such family gatherings were more frequent. If not always able fully to foster ancestral pride, they would still be fruitful in healthful sympathies, perhaps suggestive of mutual action in the blessed fields of patriotism and benevolence.

LETTER VIII.

WRITTEN THOUGHT.

PROSE, besides what a daily journal comprised, I occasionally wrote in early life, but seldom impulsively. It was a kind of job-work. The melody of rhyme, like sugar coating the pill, being absent, left the labor too palpable. The ear having been elevated as a sort of chief judge, sometimes took the latitude of making sense subsidiary to sound. It was offended when its stewardship was taken away. It did what it could to make the mind sullen at the toil of providing more material, as if murmuringly it said, "I cannot dig, and to beg am ashamed."

Passing events furnished themes for my verses. They were literally extemporaneous, and if copied a second time, seldom altered. A poem entitled "Edgar and Ann," extending to several hundred lines, was my longest effusion. It was a love narrative in the heroic measure, plentifully interlarded with pathos.

Among the few remaining specimens of prose of that

period, is one prompted by my favorite quadruped and quondam companion, the cat, written in the quaint orthography of the ancient English style:

CONCERNING YE CATTE.

Ye dogge hath many admirers, ye catte but few. He followeth manne, and is praised by him. She stayeth in-doors with the women, who have not much to do with the penne, so her good deeds have little chance of being written down. Moreover, she is not treated in any way to encourage them. In the very days of her innocent kittendom, the waddling babe or the cross child do seize her up by the back or throat, dragging her hither and thither, until her eyes start out with pain. Her piteous mewings they heed not; yea, when she repositeth by the fire at night, rude boys do pull her tail, and none reproveth. If she venture to go forth into the streets they caste stones at her, or belabour her with sticks. She hath great hatred of the dogge; so he must needs be sette upon her with clapping of handes and shoutes. She draweth up her bodie like a ball, and enlargeth her tail marvellously, and spitteth at him with all her might. If, peradventure, there be a tree near, it is good lucke, for she saveth herself by climbing whither he cannot come. Yet if he chanceth to shake her poore carcase in pieces, who careth? "*It is only a dead catte.*" Now by reason of this fierce tyranny and

scorn, her better nature dareth not fully to unfold itself.

But look ye, my masters, ye catte hath some good qualities, which I shall endeavour to sette forth. I ask ye if she be not useful. Would not ye mice and rattes despoil all ye storehouses in ye land, were it not for her? I know that some do laude ye terrier dogge. Yet he is too oft a lazy tyke, waiting for the prey to be caught in traps and laid before his jawes. Moreover, he eateth more than the vermin he professeth to destroye.

Not only is ye despised catte useful, but accomplished. She hath a natural taste for musicke, and great compasse of voice. How lulling are her tones when she purreth, sitting on the knee of a friend! How sweetly and tenderly speaketh she to her young offspring! Her more passionate strains in ye nightly serenade are wonderful. A powerful counter might she sing, if trained in a choir. Yet what payment getteth she for her concerts? I grieve to say that brick-battes and boote-jacks are hurled at her head, with evil wishes and cursing words too vile to repeat.

Ye catte cometh of a high familie. This is wont to have weight with mannekinde, and womankinde also. To be only a cousin of my Lord Duke, causeth ye stupide to be runne after.

But look you, ye catte hath ye greate, grande tiger, and ye kingly lion, for her neare relations. She boast-

eth not of her royal ancestry, neither is puffed up. Verily she setteth an example of meekness, eating thankfully in any darke corner such mean bittes as ye cooke-maide throweth unto her.

Ye catte is neate. What other beaste doth diligently wash its face and pawes, as if it would pay respect to those with whom it dwelleth? She also oft cleanseth her kittens, and maketh them to be tidy. She is a fond mother, and taketh pride in the beauty and grace of her little ones. How carefully lifteth she them from place to place in her mouth, holding her heade very high lest their tender limbes be hitte or hurte. She doth not neglecte their education, learning them to hunte by laying a dead mouse before them, for which, very likely, her own mouth doth water. She playeth merrily with them, and frisketh at proper times. Yet hath she due regard unto their manners, and boxeth their small ears with a wide-spread paw, if they disobey or displease her. Is there any other four-footed creature that doeth these things?

I will not pretend that ye catte hath no faults. I cannot say that she is frank. It is not her calling. It would not help her trade. She creepeth softly, and turneth her head another way, and seeketh dark places when she hath any evil end in view. And sometimes they who blame the four-footed bodie loudly, do the same things.

But I say once more, that poor pussie hath not had

faire playe in this worlde. Be kinder to her, my masters, and take some pains to improve her talents. Then shall ye be better able to say truly what ye catte is, and what she is not.

Another variety of mental employment to which I took a fancy was the composition of serious Essays, or Meditations, with a text prefixed, which I called my sermons. This exercise originated in those epochs, very rare in my early history, when I was detained from public worship on Sunday. It then became a habit to write and read aloud in my solitary chamber two of these productions, or an additional one if a third service was desired, compose the usual number of hymns, and sing them in the old, established tunes, of which I knew a great variety. Thus my secluded Sabbaths kept up some shadow of the privileges of the sanctuary, and occasionally there came over my soul a sweet, hallowed calmness, like a premonition of that clime where praise is perpetual.

From a mass of these manuscripts on coarse gray foolscap paper, the ink faded by time, I select two or three specimens for your friendly perusal:

I.

“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?”—PSALM VIII. 3, 4.

The pride of our nature inclines us to think too highly of ourselves. It is prone to covet a high station in the scale of being. Hence, the first work of devotion is to teach humility. The first breathing of the Holy Spirit upon man is the lesson of his imperfection and dependence.

This self-abasement seemed to have been heightened in the mind of the Psalmist by a contemplation of the heavenly bodies. The lofty expanse, studded with majestic orbs apparently countless and immeasurable, yet all maintaining the law of order enforced at their creation, uplifted his conceptions to new adoration of that Power who cast them forth as atoms into empty space, yet “callest all by their names, bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his seasons, and guiding Arcturus with his sons.” Then in such strong contrast appeared his own insignificance and frailty, that he uttered the impressive interrogation, “What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?”

The study of the stars was one of the earliest sciences that attracted the human mind. The most an-

cient nations, the Assyrians and Egyptians, pursued it with avidity. They debased it to superstition by their theories of judicial astrology. The worship of the heavenly bodies was the prevalent form of idolatry in the East. Perceiving them to have some influence over vegetable life, they inferred an invisible agency over the constitution and fortunes of man.

To strike at the root of this error, Moses informs Israel that Jehovah formed them like other masses of inert matter, and sent them forth to their appointed orbits, for the service, not the worship of His intelligent creatures. In his valedictory, just before the death-stroke, he again reminds them that those luminaries, which they were moved ignorantly to adore, were ordained by the Almighty Maker as servants to every beholder, without regard to rank, for "He hath divided them to all nations under heaven."

Still the chosen people did not purify themselves from this idolatry. The prophet Jeremiah upbraids them with pouring out offerings to the moon, and bidding their children participate as to the "queen of heaven." Amos, the inspired herdsman of Tekoah, reproves them concerning the "star of their god," and their tabernacles of imagery, and warns them to "seek Him who maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning." He is quoted by the martyr Stephen in his last bold and eloquent appeal: "Yea, ye took up the tabernacle of Mo-

loch, and the star of your god Remphan, figures which ye have made to worship."

By these facts we see the general observance that the luminaries which make the sky glorious, obtained from man in the earliest times; and also his proneness to change light into darkness, and let the Creator be hidden from his soul by the very magnificence which should disclose Him. This was, however, a more excusable infirmity in the heathen world, to whom He had not been clearly revealed. To us, the spangled concave should be the volume of devotion. On its pages are inscribed in unfading characters the might and goodness of the Supreme. There, as untiring teachers, are orbs of differing magnitudes, pursuing different paths, yet never violating the laws given them when at first "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Can we behold their beautiful obedience, their unbroken repose, and not feel reproved for our own wilful and wayward courses?

When we consider the most remote stars as centres to other systems, from which innumerable revolving satellites gather garments of light and songs of praise; when we think of their myriad inhabitants, drinking existence from One Source, dependent for every breath on His will, we are lost in a labyrinth of wonders. We fear to be forgotten ourselves. "Lord, what are

we, and what is our father's house, that Thou shouldest be mindful of us, or visit us ? ”

With reflections like these, let me view the expanse of heaven. Higher reverence for God and deeper self-knowledge will thus be cherished. Gratitude should also spring up at the thought, that from His lofty habitation above the stars He should deign to take note of us, worms at the footstool. Never again would I be a discordant string in the harmony of His creation. I would rejoice to devote my time, my talents, my being to Him, their Author.

Humility is the robe in which the highest archangel stands before the Throne. It would be fitting for us, were we perfect in innocence. But when we think of our native frailty—of our follies, derived, habitual, and, stranger still, *forgotten*—we shudder at the thought of human pride, and are lost in astonishment at the Divine forbearance, like the Psalmist-king, or repeat the words of the poet who sometimes caught his devout, tuneful spirit :

“ That God who darts His lightnings down,
Who rules the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at His frown—
How wondrous is His love !

II.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word."—1 KINGS XVIII. 21.

The blessed Scriptures contain instruction for the ignorant, encouragement for the timid, exhortation and example for all. There is no crime so abandoned, no sinner so depraved, that they deign not to consider and admonish. They would that all should be saved.

This passage from one of their sacred historians is interesting in several points of view. It presents a vivid picture. Elijah was called upon to contend singly with the nine hundred and fifty idolatrous prophets of Baal and of the groves. Look at the throngs gathering in their curiosity, with eyes bent scornfully on the solitary herald of the truth, or triumphantly on their own infuriated, vociferous champions. There they stand, representatives of a degenerate nation, sunk in idolatry, the sport of corrupt minions, and awed by an infamous monarch, Ahab, and his still more infamous queen. Neither the three years' famine, nor the sealed windows of heaven, nor the perished verdure of the land, could arouse their death-like stupidity. Their blinded priests, hardened in conscience, rejected the law of Jehovah. The prophet appeals not to their forfeited reason, but touches them with the sting of satire; for when the armor of the king of

Israel proved ineffectual, the shepherd's sling and stone slew the giant.

“Cry aloud: for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.”

The result of this trial was decisive. The voice of convinced Israel exclaimed: “The Lord, he is the God! the Lord, he is the God!” Methinks the echo of their great shout reaches us over the buried ages. With it also comes the injunction of the victorious prophet, “Follow Him.” Is He not deserving of the fealty of all His creatures? Are they not fashioned by His hand—supported by His love? Doth not His faithfulness surround them? Are not His mercies new every morning, fresh every moment? Linger they not through the shades of every evening, the watches of every night? His power and goodness are plain to the comprehension of the simplest one at His footstool, and by all ties, natural, moral, and divine, they are bound to serve Him.

Whence, then, this indecision—this balancing on a point of such clearness and importance? Is it not fatal to the interests of time—to the welfare of eternity? Here we dwell in God's garden, refreshing ourselves with its fruits, its fragrance, and its bloom, yet doubtful whether to thank and obey Him, or to clasp the hand of His enemy.

It was not always thus. There were Christians of

old who stood unmoved amid the ruins of their altars, content to die for the faith they had espoused. Wickliffe, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague bore perilous testimony to the truth. Luther, the rugged Atlas of Germany, stood unmoved by persecution—a “bush burning, yet not consumed.”

“The people answered not a word.” Why? Was there nothing to say? Was not the appeal forcible? And is it not much more so now, through the eloquence of Him who in His own person “tasted death for every man”? Yet here is the smile of pleasure, and the sun of prosperity, and the blandishments of the things that “perish in the using,” and for their sake we turn away from the voice of Him that “speaketh from heaven.”

Man, though often deceived by the objects with which he deals, finds nothing more deceitful than his own heart. Ere he plunges deeply in guilt, he is prone to pause, and resolve not to wander long or wide in paths that are forbidden. Perhaps he proposes that his first step over the boundary of virtue shall be the last. Perhaps he sees a path almost parallel to it, but slightly diverging. He enters it, and they never again reunite. Their goals are as diverse as the groans of hell and the melodies of heaven.

Oh, soul of mine! see the end of this “halting between two opinions.” Dost thou hesitate whether to choose the God of all grace and consolation, or him

who by vanity and lies deceived the mother of mankind, and was "a murderer from the beginning"? How long ere thou wilt come to a decision? Hast thou centuries to waste, that time is thus cast away? Has an existence measured by setting suns any right to be prodigal? Answer the question of the majestic prophet, "How long?" Till the mists of evening gather—till thou art swept away, like a forgotten flower? Oh, no—no! Now let the things that belong to your everlasting peace be secured; let this "day be your accepted time, your great day of salvation."

III.

"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men."—1 TIMOTHY II. 1.

Is this injunction of the eloquent apostle often fully obeyed? We resort to prayer as a privilege, when sorrow oppresses us. In that bitterness of heart which exposes the vanity of earthly helpers, we flee to the Throne of Mercy; and if the burden is not taken away, strength comes to bear it. Yet is there not sometimes an exclusiveness—I had almost said a selfishness—in our devotions? We seek medicine for ourselves: do we always remember to bring the diseases of others to the

Great Physician? For those who are dearest to us perhaps we say with fervor, "Oh, deign to heal my parent—my life's companion—my child—my friend; prosper their designs, and protect them from all evil." Yet the supplication is for those who are a part of ourselves. Their sufferings affect us, in their blessings we participate.

The inspired passage on which we meditate requires a broader benevolence. It is not restricted to individuals, to families, to communities, to native country, or to kindred blood. It is as wide as creation. It comprises "all men."

But shall we pray for strangers? Why not? Did our Master make any reservation of people, or kindred, or tongue? Did not the prophets, who saw Him afar off, utter truly the language of His great salvation: "Come unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth"?

When we pray for those within the sphere of our influence, a deeper love springs up for them, a stronger desire to do them service. When we implore pity for the mourner, and support for those who are about to pass over the cold river of Death, we turn with more devout and chastened joy to our homes, still unvisited by the Destroying Angel. When we intercede for those who pine with famine, or tremble beneath oppression, is not the fervor of pious gratitude quickened by the contrast with our own plentiful and peaceful land?

When the woes of the heathen—the idolatrous Hindoo, the benighted African, the neglected American forestson, or the blinded Jew—wing our prayers, is not the bond of brotherhood with the whole human family made more fervent and complete?

If we pray for strangers, shall we not also pray for enemies? What was the example given on Mount Calvary, when the rocks rent, and the dead came forth from their graves? For whom did the expiring Saviour supplicate, “Father, forgive”? Was it not for his murderers? And are we his followers? But at what a distance! We are commanded to sacrifice a few wrongs, aversions, prejudices—shadows that must soon fleet away, and in eternity be forgotten. Yet, when we are reviled, we oftentimes revile again; when we suffer, we threaten—reversing the Christian code, and omitting to pray for those who despitefully use or persecute us. Nay, are we not sometimes vindictive with little cause, and implacable for fancied injuries? How, then, can we be the true disciples of Him who was patient unto death, and whose birth-song was good-will and peace to all mankind?

The rule given by the primitive Christians is accordant with the spirit of our text, that when we receive from others unkind words or deeds, we should, as soon as possible, retire, and entreat our Father in heaven to bestow on them some benefit. Whoever should persevere in this course would receive a blessing in himself.

It would be found the most effectual course to eradicate ill-will, revenge, and hatred, with all the bitter and baneful fruits that flourish within their dark enclosures. Benevolence would thus be quickened, humility made more profound, and the warm wish that all men be blest, ascend a constant and pleasing orison to a Deity whose nature is love.

Let us meditate more frequently on this inspired command. Formed as we are for social intercourse, the universal brotherhood of our kind should be an acceptable doctrine. The paired birds seek the shelter of one nest; all animals of gentle heart are gregarious; it is only the savage beast that chooses to stalk forth alone, prowling for prey and blood. To civilized man, the sweetest sound is the voice of man; the fairest sight, that countenance which was made in the image of its Creator. Christian faith, by sublimating these impulses, is able to make his purest delight consist in doing good—in expanding the circle of his charities; until, embracing the whole household of humanity, he is moved in the ardor of devotion to spread the wants of “*all men*” before his Father and their Father, his God and their God.

A work on the subject of Prayer bears date among my early compositions. Its plan was threefold: first, all the instances recorded in Scripture of the efficacy

of prayer ; secondly, examples from history of answered prayer ; thirdly, the written testimony to its solace and power by Christians, in all ages of the world. I think now, with my added literary experience, that the plan was excellent. I pursued it with zeal, and it was more voluminous than all my adolescent works. But I have an idea that it was heavy, inasmuch as I never could bear to read it myself. When last I saw it there seemed some danger of its being suffocated under a pile of incumbent manuscripts. Sometime when I am in good courage I will seek for it ; but not to inflict it on you.

Occasionally I indulged myself in imitating the style of the historical parts of the Old Testament. This I was first induced to do by admiring a parable of Dr. Franklin, which exhibits a remarkably successful similarity.

When still very young I had been much pleased with a brief history of the mother-land, in pamphlet form, entitled "The Chronicles of the Kings of England." I wish I could find it now. The quaintness of some of its expressions still dwells in memory. After a good description of the Gunpowder Plot, the simple phrase, "and James was glad that he was alive," depicted more clearly the happy state of the monarch's mind than an elaborate portraiture.

Fancying that this style was adapted to make lasting impression on the retentive powers, and being fa-

miliar with it by daily perusal of the Sacred Volume in retirement, I conceived the ambitious design of enwrapping in it some events of our own national history. It did not strike me as involving aught of irreverence, for that would have shocked me beyond measure. It seemed to me a vehicle of thought, beautiful for simplicity, and capable, both by its amplifications and elisions, of producing a peculiar effect. Here is one, on a rather undignified event, but which bore decidedly upon the progress of our Revolution. I am not certain but this has, at some time or other, got into print, as have many of my juvenile compositions.

It was in 1773, while the spirit of alienation was quickening among the colonies, that a determination was formed to resist the introduction of large quantities of tea made subject to taxation. The ministry of Great Britain sustained the East India Company in this policy, who were desirous of disposing on the best terms of their accumulated stores of this article. Philadelphia was the first to lift her voice against tea and taxation; but Boston was the leader in action, and, resolute even to rashness, boarded three vessels laden with tea that entered her harbor, and threw their entire cargoes overboard.

THE BOSTONIANS AND THE TEA.

It came to pass, in the days that were before us, that a vessel of small size did spread its white sails over the far sea. Wind and storm stood in its way, as it steered toward a waste land and desolate. But behold, her people said, "Here will we abide forever, that we may be free—we, and our children after us."

So they cut branches from the trees of the forest, and built unto themselves booths, and became dwellers among the heathen. Great perils had they from scarceness of bread; and when the snows of winter fell, and frost turned the waters to stone, divers of them died, and were buried. Yet the residue of them repined not, but trusted in God.

So, after many days, they multiplied in the land, and sowed corn, and had cattle, and waxed strong. In the time of their famine, and likewise of their prosperity, among their chief comforts was a plant from a far country toward the rising sun, which they called Tea. Its dried leaves were precious in their sight; and some accounted the infusion thereof better than the blood of the vine.

Now, it came to pass, that beyond the great waters was a mighty realm, calling herself their Mother. And she spake, saying: "Of this tea drink ye as much as your soul desireth; ye, and your wives, and also your

little ones. Ye shall buy it with money, and pay unto me a tax, over and above the price thereof."

Then said they: "*Must* we pay this tax unto thee, whether we consent or not?" So, the great motherland, wearing upon her head a crown, and having fast by her throne men of wealth, bearing the name of the East India Company, did answer and say: "Yea, verily, without your consent."

Now the dwellers in the new western world waxed wroth, and their countenances were changed. And they lifted up a loud voice, saying: "Nay; we will pay no taxes without our consent. See ye to that."

Now, behold, there came unto the haven, and cast anchor therein, vessels full of tea belonging unto the East India Company. And the men of Boston took counsel together, saying: "What shall we do? If this entereth within our borders, then will the shekels be demanded, which it is hateful unto our souls to pay, because we have not consented thereunto."

But certain of the boldest ones, when they had conferred together in secret, said unto their brethren: "Keep ye silence. Go unto your homes, and we will manage this matter." So they went every one to his own home.

And when the darkness of night had come, lo! there entered into those vessels men who did appear like unto the wild natives of the land, inasmuch as they were clad in their raiment. And they spake no word,

but quickly with hatchets brake all the boxes, and what was therein cast they into the sea, and so departed.

Then were the deep waters blackened by the color of the tea, and the fishes affrighted. And those who had knowledge of that hidden realm did say, that the sharks who disported themselves in that tea-tank were quiet for a season, and the dolphins slept a great sleep.

Moreover, Neptune, when he beheld the darkening of the deep, shook his trident, saying in wrath, "Wherefore is this waste?" Moreover, he complained that this had not been made known unto him; for he would have bidden sundry of the sea-gods, who had been civil unto him, to a tea-party.

So the men who had thrown into the sea this great store of the Chinese plant, turned and went every man unto his own home, ere the morning dawn. And when the sun arose, certain of their wives did question them, saying: "Why tarried ye so long away, in the dark night? And where found ye such plenty of tea, that it should be shaken on the floor in heaps, when ye took the shoes from your feet?"

But they held their peace, and spake never a word, so that the wives marvelled. When the morning was fully come, they called together all their households, and spake unto them with authority, saying: "Ye shall taste no tea, not one of you; neither shall it pass through your lips, for it is accursed."

So in all that goodly town, the herb of China, with

the pots and flagons appertaining thereunto, was banished from every table. Divers also of the ancient women did murmur within their tents, saying: "Ye have taken away that which did comfort us in all our toil. An evil and bitter thing did they do who cast it into the sea. And lo! because of this, sleep hath departed from our eyes."

But the wise men, who looked into the future concerning this matter, answered with kind words, saying: "Be ye of a good courage; for, peradventure, there shall grow herefrom an excellent thing, that ye wot not of, even a fair heritage to a free people."

LETTER IX.

EDUCATIONAL REMEMBRANCES.

THE memories of the time devoted to the education of others are faithfully cherished and fondly recalled. They beckon me with a loving smile, and I willingly follow. They embrace the most cloudless period of my life, the most methodical, tranquil, and congenial.

My earliest promptings of ambition were, not to possess the trappings of wealth or the indulgences of luxury, but to keep a school. A modest aspiration truly, yet predominant in the reveries to which I was addicted. Only children, probably, are more in the habit of making their lonely hours dramatic, than those whose companionship with brothers and sisters leads them to the sports and affinities of outer life. At all events, with the visiting thoughts that cheered my solitary childhood, snatches of song I know not from whence, and scenes peopled by fancy, came vivid pencillings of the delight, dignity, and glory of a school-

mistress. Whereupon I arranged my dolls in various classes, instructing them not only in the scanty knowledge I had myself attained, but boldly exhorting and lecturing them on the higher moral duties.

According to their imagined progress or obedience, they were elevated from shelf to shelf in the baby-house, which, being a capacious beaufet of carved oak, with many compartments, was favorable to this gradation of discipline. Afterwards, when I became, at the age of four, a member of school, I observed as a sort of adept the *modus operandi*; while these incipient criticisms, with the previous doll-practice, were not without their use when, in due time, the ruling hope reached fruition.

In the early bloom of youth, surrounded by the attractions of life's gayest period, interested in its innocent pleasures, and happy with loving and loved associates, the desire of teaching remained inherent and unimpaired. It was not sustained by sympathy, for I cherished it in secret; nor by example, as my young friends had no such ambition, and, had they discovered mine, might have regarded it with surprise or ridicule. Yet there it dwelt, as the germ that the snows cover, biding its time.

I did not fully communicate it even to my parents, for I thought it might strike them as arrogance. Yet my mother, who with a kind of second sight had always read my heart, knew its unuttered yearning.

She had probably enlightened herself also by some passages in a journal, which I closely concealed, and believed to be private.

My father marvelled at my preference, but not more than I at his proposal to fit up one of our pleasantest apartments for my chosen purpose. With what exultation I welcomed a new, long desk and benches neatly made of fair, white wood! To these I proceeded to add an hour-glass, and a few other articles of convenience and adornment. My active imagination peopled the room with attentive scholars, and I meditated the opening address, which I trusted would win their hearts, and the rules that were to regulate their conduct. Without delay I set forth to obtain those personages, bearing a prospectus, very beautifully written, of an extensive course of English studies, with instruction in needlework. My slight knowledge of the world induced me to offer it courageously to ladies in their parlors, or fathers in their stores, who had daughters of an age adapted to my course. I did not anticipate the difficulty of one at so early an age suddenly installing herself in a position of that nature, especially among her own people. Day after day I returned from my walk of solicitation without a name on my catalogue. Yet with every morning came fresh zeal to persevere. At length, wearied with fruitless pedestrian excursions and still more depressing refusals, I opened my school with two sweet little girls of eleven and nine years old.

Consolatory was it to my chastened vanity that they were of the highest and most wealthy families among us. Cousins were they, both bearing the aristocratic name of Lathrop. Very happy was I with these plastic and lovely beings. Six hours of five days in the week, besides three on Saturday, did I sedulously devote to them, questioning, simplifying, illustrating, and impressing various departments of knowledge, as though a large class were auditors. A young lady from Massachusetts, of the name of Bliss, being in town for a short time, also joined us during that interval, to pursue drawing, and painting in water-colors. At the close of our term, or quarter as it was then called, was an elaborate examination in all the studies, with which the invited guests signified their entire approbation.

It might be supposed that this experience of the actual labor of teaching, without *éclat* or pecuniary gain, might have checked my enthusiasm in that department. Not a whit. It was a love which stood the test, as the sapling strikes deeper from the trials of its first season. I only sought another opportunity of renewing the toil. And it came.

The father of my most intimate friend had sustained a reverse of fortune. She meditated how to aid him, as he had no son, and was past the prime of days. The office of a teacher seemed the only feasible channel. Our intellectual sympathies had been long in unison;

now, our purposes "like kindred drops were melted into one."

It was suggested that residence at a boarding-school in one of the larger cities, and attention to those ornamental branches which the taste of the times demanded, might give a prestige to our desired profession. Forthwith, at the coldest period of one of our coldest winters, without companion or protector, we might have been seen slowly rumbling in the stage-coach over frozen ground, for the greater part of a day, toward the banks of the ice-bound Connecticut. At two of the best seminaries that Hartford then afforded, we devoted ourselves to the accomplishments of drawing, painting in water-colors, embroidery of various kinds, filigree, and other things too tedious to mention. "Cobwebs to catch flies," said my sweet associate with a sigh, as we laid by our working implements late at night, our hearts turning to our distant homes, and the fond parents who missed from their fireside the brightness of the one young face.

At our return, and announcement that we would open a joint school, we were thronged with applicants. Its location was on the beautiful plain between the old town and the southern section of Norwich, where we became fellow-boarders with the widowed sister of my friend.

The first appearance before our assembled disciples was formidable. There they were, in full array, every

eye fixed in curious and significant inquiry. Most of them were entire strangers. We were known to be young, and would be considered, even by close observers, younger than we were. How should we clothe ourselves with the dignity and authority which were then held essential to the office we had assumed?

The subject of daily commencing and closing our school with prayer had been discussed between my friend and myself. It was the only point which we did not view as with the same eyes. The custom was not in those days prevalent in female schools, especially where the teachers were so youthful. She was fearful of ostentation. She was diffident, and extemporaneous prayer, which was required by the religious denomination to which we belonged, seemed an effort, and a cross which she shrank to take up.

Being her senior by six months, it was decided that the responsibility of the first, most appalling, day must be mine.

Never shall I forget the relief that came over my burdened spirit, when, after having all read together a chapter from the blessed Scriptures, my supplication arose to the Father of Lights for His guidance and smile on our future intercourse. Never before was a full interpretation given to the passage:

“Nothing in my hand I bring:
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Strength entered into my soul, and a peace unspeakable. Every face was clothed with new beauty. We were all the children of one Father. He had brought us together, that we might do each other good. Henceforth we were no more strangers, but members of a dear household, of which He was the Head. Ever afterwards, this daily exercise, commenced with such timidity and lowliness of soul, seemed fraught with comfort, and fortified by the promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." My loved friend also took part in it, and throughout the whole of our course as teachers, there was as perfect a coincidence as could be expected to exist between separate minds; indeed, it might almost seem like one mind or soul inhabiting two bodies.

Arm in arm, like sisters, we entered school every morning, and, after our sweet devotional services, separated, one to the chair of supreme authority, and the other to a seat among the pupils. There, while mingling in their pursuits and sympathies, she secretly exercised an influence over both, leading them by her example to application, order, and obedience. Thus, escaping the inconvenience of "two kings of Brentford sitting on one throne," we were alternately principal and subaltern, ruler and ruled.

Six hours daily we gave to our school, except Saturday, when there was only a semi-session. Neither was our office any sinecure. Our pupils were of different

ages and grades of improvement, some, indeed, older than ourselves, so that accurate classification was a matter of labor as well as tact. Our course of study was extensive for the times, and thorough. We encouraged them to question us on points not well understood, and, as we required of them readiness of reply in recitation, found it necessary to review our own studies, especially historical ones, lest some inquiry of a chronological character should cause hesitation, or haply disclose ignorance.

We attached great importance to clear, fair chirography. One hour every morning was devoted to this accomplishment. It was one of earnest manual as well as mental effort. Metallic pens were unknown, and we set copies in their writing-books with our own hands. Our knives must be continually sharpened for manipulation upon the goose-quills which solicited us from every quarter, like the bristling of *chevaux-de-frise*. We were continually on our feet during that hour, overlooking and advising the writers, making and mending pens, which sometimes seemed to us returned for alteration with capricious frequency.

But the muscular fatigue of the chirographical morning hour was nothing to the onerous labor of the afternoons, which it was expected we should devote to the ornamental branches. The number and nature of these it would be tedious to enumerate. The supervision of the fancy-work that then entered into femi-

nine training taxed us body and mind. There were the varied designs and nameless shades of embroidery in silks; the progress of the brilliant filigree from its first inception; the countless varieties of wrought muslin essential to a lady-like wardrobe; and the movements of pencil and paint-brush, from the transcript of the simplest flower to the landscape, the group of figures, or "the human face divine."

Besides these, the fitting and responsibility of what was termed *plain work* devolved upon us. Among the most elaborate portions of this department was the construction of fine linen shirts, with their appanage of ruffles. Though occasionally sorely puzzled, we soon discovered that it was our policy, perhaps safety, to appear to be ignorant of nothing. Young as we were, we boldly adventured on untried ground, though with many things that we were expected to teach we had as little congeniality as experience. Yet a deep interest in the welfare of those whom we instructed, and their affectionate attentions, lightened every toil. In process of time, what was at first laborious became easy, and the irksome pleasant.

Still, the chief solace was our own unswerving, all-pervading friendship. Every evening, in our sequestered nook, we confidentially compared the result of our investigations during the day, imparted such idioms of character as had unfolded, taking counsel for the reform of those who needed it, and for the welfare of

all. Double force was thus concentrated for action, and each, in shielding the breast of her loved one, more imperviously guarded her own. Methinks I still hear those tones of sweetness, that often mingled with the liquid moonlight, as they soothed both ear and heart.

We were also cheered by the appreciation of those whom we served. This was evinced by affectionate attentions, and a respectful deportment beyond what, at our immature age, we might have rationally anticipated. The foundation was also laid for some pleasant friendships, which lapse of years has not extinguished.

The increasing number of scholars made it necessary, the second year, to provide more spacious accommodations. We therefore obtained a fine, large building, formerly used for a public school. It was situated on rather a steep hill, from whence we had a delightful view of the winding Thames, and the romantic beauty of its banks. Fair surroundings, during the process of education, are salubrious to the young. The charms of Nature cheat study of its weariness, and refine the heart while they enrich the mind. It has been well said, that "those who do not appreciate the beautiful have no heart for what is good."

Our new edifice, being in the centre of the southern section, or what was called the Landing, obliged us to seek a nearer boarding place, and we became denizens under the roof of an aunt of my friend—a pleasing

lady, of animated, graceful manners, and an excellent housekeeper. Her husband, Captain Erastus Perkins, who was much older than herself, had been, in earlier life, a skilful, practical navigator. His quietness, and equanimity of temperament on all occasions, attracted our admiration. We spoke of it to each other as what, in physiological science, denoted longevity. Without arrogating the honor of prophecy, our token became true. He completed more than a century in health and comfort, beloved by all who knew him. To borrow the simple words of a German poet :

“There flowed around that good man’s ears
The silver of a hundred years.”

Our school continued to grow in popular favor, and the parents and friends of our pupils vied with each other in polite attentions and proofs of regard. The sole drawback to the felicity of our lot was the loneliness of our parents. Especially were those of my loved associate unreconciled to her protracted absence. I could perceive that the Saturday afternoon and Sunday spent with them only heightened their desire to retain her longer, and that the sorrow of parting on Monday morning overshadowed her sweet spirit during the early portion of the week. I fancied also that my beautiful mother looked a little pale and thin, though she made no complaint. After consultation, and taking into full view our filial duties, we decided on the plan of

so dividing our labors that each could remain at home every other week. Our plan of instruction and discipline had been so long established, that it was thought this alternation of service might involve no loss to its subjects. But ere long inconveniences became apparent. The school was large and miscellaneous in its elements, and missed the force of the double rein. My second self was discovered to be the most indulgent. The truth is, she had not indwelling enough with aught of evil, to look out for or to manage it. There were not wanting some spirits to take advantage of this. They calculated every other week to have what they called a "good time." As I was a stickler for strict order, a part of my week was devoted to restoring the effects of the carnival of the preceding one. I would not imply there was any thing morally wrong among them, but they simply followed the dictates of nature in wishing to have their own way.

We also missed the great solace of our teaching, the confidential evenings of friendship, which, next to Divine aid, gave us strength for the burdens of the day. After a season our parents consented that the experiment should cease, and we resumed our conjoint authority.

Our school, from the moderate price of tuition—which was three dollars per quarter, the accustomed price in those days—yielded us no great pecuniary gain. I was anxious that my dear parents should have

a more tangible recompense for the loss of my time and filial service, and therefore determined to save the expense of board by returning every night. This implied a daily walk of fully four miles, the accommodations of omnibus and livery stable being then wholly unknown in that region. My friend continued a boarder as heretofore, and my enterprise was censured as Quixotic. But the motive sustained me, and I doubt whether at any period of my life I was ever more perfectly happy.

My morning walk of two miles imparted such vigor and cheerfulness that the cares of teaching were unfelt. My noon's repast consisted of two or three hard biscuits, made in the most delicate manner by my mother, and placed by her hand in my little bag. They were taken, as I sat with a book, when the weather was fine, under some umbrageous trees in the grounds at the rear of our school-house. I needed nothing more, but was satisfied and light-hearted. At night, our work done, the image of my watching, welcoming parents nerved my feet, and bore me over the intervening space as on the wings of a bird. Sometimes there were severe storms. Then the parents of such pupils as lived in my section of the town were kind enough to take me in the family carriage with their daughters. These occasions were, however, but few; and the amount of exercise, which had been deprecated by friends and even blamed by physicians, thus combining

with the occupation that I loved, gave elasticity to the spirits and energy to the constitution.

Great was my enjoyment in this school at Chelsea. The studies were thoroughly taught and zealously pursued. Among its members were some possessing superior talents and great loveliness of character. We were also fortunate in awakening a warm and in many cases an unswerving attachment. It was to me a source of deep regret when, on the arrival of the inclement season of winter, it was deemed advisable to dismiss until the spring. The united voice of the two houses of parents prevailed. They considered no gain of money equivalent to the loss of our society during the long evening and the wintry storm. It was our duty to consult first their happiness. The parting was diminished in pain by the expectation of recommencing in spring, and by the pleasant memories that we bore with us to our sweet homes.

The enjoyment of the parents in the restitution of their broken trio, was now entire. Still, with me the habit of teaching seemed to have become an essential element of happiness. Therefore I procured a large room at a neighboring house, and opened a gratuitous school twice a week for poor children. My principal object was to impart religious instruction, Sunday-schools not having then commenced in our country. It being understood that books, and also articles of clothing, were sometimes distributed, my apartment

was thronged. As the comfort of a teacher does not wholly depend on the high erudition of the pupils, I found much gratification in this humble sphere of action.

One of my favorite classes was of sable hue. My dark-browed people were obviously grateful for common attentions, and being most of them quite young, and intellectually untrained, I felt no little pride in their progress. But occasionally this dangerous sentiment was doomed to a downfall. Once, for instance, while recapitulating explanations of the Sermon on the Mount, which had been oftentimes enforced, and in a manner, as I flattered myself, quite admirable for simplicity, I asked them the meaning of the "alms" which our blessed Saviour had commanded should not be done to be seen of men. Whereupon they promptly and exultingly responded: "Oh! guns, pistols, clubs, and such like." I humbled myself at the ignorance of my disciples, as every instructor ought.

In the mean time that kind Providence, which always surpasses our deserts, and often our imaginings, was invisibly preparing for me the fruition of my desires—a school where I might carry out my own ideas of discipline, and pursue not solely the culture of intellect, but the education of the heart and life. I was invited to pass the festivities of Election in Hartford, by the relatives of my dear, departed benefactress, Madam Lathrop. At the close of the visit, which had

been prolonged beyond my original intention, it was proposed by Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., a name synonymous with every form of goodness, that I should take charge of a select number of young ladies, the children of his friends, and continue under the roof of his venerated mother, where I had been for more than two months a cherished guest. My whole soul overflowed with gratitude. Nothing was wanting but the consent of my parents. This they freely accorded. Their reply stated that they were both in good health, and while this blessing was vouchsafed to them, would patiently await my vacations, not being able to refuse the request of one to whose judgment and benevolence they could safely entrust what was to them dearer than life.

And now, a man of great wealth, a munificent patron of the fine arts and literature, the merits of which he appreciated with unerring taste, engaged in beautifying his extensive domain of Monte-Video, which was thrown open as a visiting-spot and pleasure-ground for all the people, the founder of our present noble Athæneum, with its libraries, historical archives, and gallery of paintings and sculpture, transmitting his loved name to future generations, humbled himself to the irksome labor of gathering a school, and the minute details for its accommodation. Those most familiar with his inner life of philanthropy were the least surprised at this.

As his influence in society gave him an almost un-

limited choice of pupils, he kept in view similarity of station and of attainments, deeming it desirable that in their studies all should go on as one class, and wisely supposing that the children of those who visited in the same circle, might have habits and sympathies somewhat in unison. This principle of organization greatly diminished the labor of teaching, and removed from those who were taught the disparities which sometimes create jealousy, and impede the progress of friendship.

Mr. Wadsworth was not willing that I should incur the fatigue of instructing more than fifteen the first year. In his selection among numerous applicants, he therefore restricted himself to that number, keeping the names of the other candidates on a list for the next year, saying that if our experiment proved successful, my circle should be enlarged to twenty-five. This it was, and thus continued for five years. If the partakers of Heaven's bliss are interested in aught that thrills these our hearts of clay, may he inhale the perfume of that warm gratitude which the lapse of almost half a century has neither dampened nor repressed.

A beautiful apartment was provided for us. This we aimed to keep with the neatness of a parlor. No drop of ink upon its delicate desks was tolerated, no littering papers, or disarrangement of articles from their allotted places. In the season of flowers our capacious vase was freshly filled by contributions from many little hands, and each one in rotation took charge

of the premises for a day ; no unfitting apprenticeship for that science of household order and neatness which ranks both among the accomplishments and duties of our sex. When I looked on those fifteen fair young faces turned toward me with a loving trust, how earnestly did I desire and determine to omit no labor even on the lowliest foundation, where a symmetrical character might ultimately and safely rest.

Great was my delight at finding that my patrons had decided not to have the ornamental branches divide the attention of their children from the course of study, which was sufficiently extensive, and which they agreed with me in wishing should not be superficially pursued. I required of them thoroughness and accuracy, rather than to surmount a large space, or give a few brilliant illustrations. I believed that the moral nature might be modified by the empty show of the intellect, and become untruthful. Therefore I taught them to prefer a little knowledge well understood, and faithfully remembered, to a reputation more brilliant but unsound. Patient and persevering were those young creatures, and easily guided to every right course. How much did I enjoy unfolding with them the broad annals of History. Seated in a circle, like a band of sisters, we traced in the afternoon, by the guidance of Rollin, the progress of ancient times, or the fall of buried empires. Each one read an allotted portion of those octavo pages with a slow, distinct

enunciation, that all might without effort comprehend. At the completion of the reading the book was closed, and each related in her own language the substance of what she had read, questions were asked on the most important parts, pains taken to impress on the memory the dates of prominent facts, and encouragement given to express their own opinions of heroes, or other distinguished personages.

Even now I seem to hear, like the varying tones of music, their sweetly modulated voices, praising deeds of generosity or pity, or expressing surprise that the great were not always good, or amazement that artifice, revenge, or cruelty should sometimes have stained those names whom the world had pronounced illustrious. How rapidly passed the hours spent in each other's society! Often when the duties of the day were closed, and the period of dismissal had arrived, if our course of study had been peculiarly interesting, or particularly difficult, they would gather closely around me, like a swarm of honey-laden bees, seeking conversation or explanation, while the gentle entreaty, "Oh, stay a little longer, please!" was so imperative, that the lowering summer sun, or the wintry twilight, drew over us unawares.

Yet the rules to which they were subjected were so strict, that some might have supposed they would repel this loving intercourse. They were intended not only to preserve that order which is essential to successful

study, but to cover the minutiae of deportment. They required punctual attendance, marked courtesy at entering and leaving the room, affectionate treatment of fellow-pupils, and respect to guests who occasionally visited us: they forbade disorder of books or desks, leaving seats without liberty, all whispering, all conversation save with the teacher, except by express permission, or whatever else might disturb those high purposes for which we came together. This code, the fruit of experience and observation, was solidified in twelve brief rules, each fenced by a hope or penalty, and read every morning after our devotional exercises, that none might plead forgetfulness. No slight praise was it to that blessed assemblage of young creatures, that they never objected to this minute supervision, but strove to sustain it. Cheerfully admitting that order, industry, and propriety of conduct, were essential to the object for which as a body politic they held existence, each lent their aid to that discipline which was its health and hope. They counted it their glory never to have broken a rule; and a few there were who stood by my side on the first and last day of my office, a period of five years, who wore this laurel freshly bound upon their fair brows.

Shall I give you a simple delineation of our daily routine? I almost fear to weary you with prolixity, so agreeable to me is the theme.

The morning clock strikes nine. With light steps

and a bright smile they enter, saluting the instructress. Quietly each takes her seat and her Bible. After reading in rotation, they close the book and lay it in its place, each repeating from memory the verse or verses that came to their share. If any question arises in their minds respecting the meaning of their allotted passages, they freely propose it. Should it require a longer explanation than comports with the morning occupations, it is deferred to the season allotted for conversation. A brief prayer ensues, to which they are required reverently to attend. Then the rules are read by the teacher, who, at the close of each separate one, pauses, while one of the young ladies utters in alternate response the reward or penalty that guards it.

But who is she, thus seated in chair of state side by side with the executive, reading with her the judicial code, to whom she defers as an adjunct, ever and anon throughout the day, and in a low voice seems to consult her? That is the Monitress. She has on a large slate before her the name of every pupil, opposite to which she registers their gains and losses by recitation or deportment. How earned she this position of honor and trust? By being at the head of the class at the close of the previous day. How came she there? By immaculate obedience to the rules? Yes—and by somewhat more. It had been observed, during my previous years of service, that correct orthography, and the accurate definition of words, had been too much neglected

in female education, or overshadowed by more showy attainments. Desiring to give prominence to this branch, I thought it best to connect it with a palpable and coveted distinction. Just before the devotions that closed our daily school, a short time was allowed to look over the orthographical lesson which had previously been studied. Then each one, as her name was called by the monitress, arose, and took her place in the class. Every word, as given out by the teacher, was required to be accurately spelled, and its etymology, definition, and grammatical signification clearly told. Mistake, or even hesitation, caused the word to be passed onward, and the thorough scholar took her place above the discomfited ones. Close study, a clear understanding of the shades of meaning, and a ready utterance were thus simultaneously cultivated, while the stimulus of emulation concealed the severity of the mental tax. The one left at the head of the class after what was sometimes almost a decimation, was the monitress for the ensuing day. The last act of the *ci-devant* monitress was to write upon her slate the order of the class, and resign it to her successor; the power attached to that office being too great to be held with safety for a longer period than a single day. Moreover, it involved a future honor—a premium given at the close of the term to the one who had most frequently sustained that office. Another prize was also accorded at the same period to the pupil who had attained the

greatest number of credit-marks. These were the test of scholarship, one being given for every correct answer in any recitation which was rendered in a distinct elocution. A list of these credit-marks was kept by the monitress on her slate, and copied by me nightly into a book for this purpose. Infraction of the rules was attended with the loss of an allotted number of credit-marks, or lowering the place in the class. The highest penalty ever inflicted during my five years of administration, was to go to the bottom of the class. This was a very rare occurrence, as our rules were framed on the principle that strictness prevents severity. The monitress, and the credit-mark premium, toward which earnest effort was directed throughout the whole term, consisted of a single volume, of no great pecuniary value, but coveted and prized for its written testimony of merit, and having usually the name of its fortunate possessor in gold letters upon the cover.

These rewards, it will be perceived, bore directly upon scholarship and exemplary deportment. Yet I desired also to encourage those amiable dispositions which are so essential to the true womanly character. I believed that some who were unable to take the highest rank as students, or who might even by inadvertence have fallen short in some of our minuter points of discipline, might still possess that lovely temperament which, more than either, sheds happiness on the domestic sphere. I wished to distinguish this unobtru-

sive excellence. But how was it to be done? Could I safely trust myself with such a selection? Might not some, by pleasing manners, ingratiate themselves with me, and yet not be remarkable for amiable affections toward their fellow pupils? Therefore they would be the most accurate judges. I decided that they should on such an occasion exercise the right of suffrage. Explaining this to them, and charging them to vote conscientiously, and without influence from others, each was permitted to give me, at the close of the term, a sealed ballot containing the name of the one who had with the least variation given the most amiable example. To the counting of these votes, and the announcement of the successful candidate, I gave as much dignity and *éclat* as possible. The welcome from her compeers was touching. Each gave her the kiss of the heart. At the examination in all the studies on the last day, where invited friends were present, she wore a crown of flowers, woven by their hands, as their chosen Queen, the loved of all.

In the distribution of these three marked honors, simple enough, yet intensely coveted, it will be perceived that I left myself no chance for partiality, with which instructors are often charged by the discomfited. Two were as clear and open in their winning, as any mathematical demonstration, and the other was the result of an uncanvassed suffrage. A prominent objection to the distribution of school rewards, is the possi-

bility or the odium of injustice. Yet there are some whose system of ethics is so delicate as wholly to discard the principle of emulation. Of this class was my friend the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, the accomplished principal of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. Ever was he saying to me: "I dissent from your theory. You know what Book classes 'emulation' with 'wrath, strifes, seditions,' and other still more wicked works."

"Yet does not the same Sacred Volume appeal to our hope as well as our fear?—as those who run in a race for the 'prize of their high calling.'

"I am sure you ought to agree with me, that a right education should teach to do right from the love of goodness, and not the lucre of gain."

Our arguments, sometimes "long drawn out," usually ended in my confession of inability to manage a school without the aid of this powerful principle. I was sure that the expectation of a meed fairly earned, which would impart happiness to parents and friends, gave strength to their young hearts to overcome indolence and press on in the path of habitual duty. I felt that their guard from the dangers of competition was in the truth and warmth of their own friendships. This was cultivated with such success, that the jealousy and envy against which we were forewarned, gained no entrance into their charmed circle. There were occasions when the claims of aspirants so closely approximated as to make the difference scarcely perceptible.

Then their cherished attachment came forth in beautiful prominence.

One instance I chance to recollect, where, in persevering efforts for a particular premium, two pupils had for months advanced side by side. As the term reached its close, there was a slight but clear indication of precedence. In conformity to this, the honor was awarded. When the class came forward, as was their custom, to congratulate their exemplary associate, she who had failed only a step or two in climbing the same arduous height was among them. Possibly a secret tear might have moistened her eye; but, hastening to embrace her more fortunate companion, she said most sweetly and gracefully, in reference to a period of Grecian history recently studied together :

“Pedaritus, when he missed a place among the chosen three hundred, rejoiced that there were in Sparta three hundred better than himself.”

She who uttered this sentiment, now Mrs. Catharine N. Toucey, who was with me from the first to the last day of my period of instruction, has continued to advance in loveliness and intellectual attainment, having been distinguished at the court of our nation, where for years her lot was cast, by those graces of manner and conversation that lent attraction to her example of piety.

But how widely I am digressing from my prescribed theme ! I commenced to give you the pro-

gramme of a day in school. Whither have I wandered? In this region of memory I am as a bee hovering over a parterre of flowers, not knowing where to alight. How can I pursue a straight course to the hive, so allured with their honeyed essence?

I think I have already said, that every hour we spent together had its allotted employment. To pass from one to the other promptly, and without loss of time, was numbered among the school virtues. Often, with no announcement save the turning of the hour-glass, they changed books or implements, bent over the prescribed lesson, or rose to recitation with military precision. We all became attached to that primitive chronometer, as making visible by its gliding sands the swift transit of time.

I gave all the influence in my power to the simple, solid branches of culture, as the best basis for a rational education, and through that for a consistent character. To distinct, deliberate utterance both in reading and conversation, I attached great importance. They agreed with me, that to puzzle and disappoint others in their efforts to understand, was both unkind and unjust; and that, while they had the use of teeth, tongue, and œsophagus, they would not curtail, cheat, or swallow up any letter of the alphabet. The recitation of select passages of poetry was found a salutary exercise in the regulation of tone and emphasis. They devoted, at my request, much attention to the meaning of the sentences

they were to read, that, making the spirit of the author their own, they might more accurately interpret his style.

Next to Reading and Orthography, with Definition, of which I have already spoken, came clear and beautiful Penmanship. In thoroughly teaching this I was most assiduous. During its allotted hour I took no seat, but was ever passing from one to the other, to supply what was needed, regulate the holding of the pen, or improve the formation of the letters. As I set the copies after which they wrote, I reaped the advantage common to instructors who teach any right thing by example—self-improvement, even beyond that of their disciples. The acquisition of a chirography which has been praised as eminently easy to read, and not ungraceful, I owe somewhat to early care, but more to the habit of teaching it to others.

For Arithmetic, as leading the mind to application and concentration, I had a high esteem. I wished to render it subsidiary to the keeping of accounts—a womanly attainment of great practical value. If every girl, as soon as she can write, should be induced to place the items of her expenditure in a little book for that purpose, it would be a practical guide to the right use of her income in future life. It would be a pecuniary protection to her husband, if she chance to have one, and save her from the forgetfulness and reckless indifference with which our sex often spend money,

whose true value they cannot know from not having earned it, and whose power as an instrument of good they ought never to forget. Our hour for arithmetic was an exceedingly busy one, and I strove to make it interesting. Yet I could not flatter myself with universal success. Those who excelled were rather exceptions—certainly a minority. I examined myself, not without reproach. I applied the axiom, that if any study is not agreeable to scholars, the teacher is in fault. It had been a favorite science of mine from early childhood, having been inured from the age of eight to keep accounts for my father. I could not discover where the deficiency was, unless I came to the conclusion that a love of arithmetic is not indigenous in the female mind; for I was forced to admit that a class of boys of equal age, in the common district schools, would surpass most of my proficientes. To add a feature of novelty, I gave, once a week, exercises in mental arithmetic, beginning simply with the multiplication of one number by itself, until the amount became as large as their memories could retain. To my surprise, they did well in these exercises, seeming scarcely conscious of their difficulty. These were at length omitted, as causing too much mental excitement.

In the Grammar of our language, so often denounced as a dry study, we were particularly fortunate. The etymology which they had from the begin-

ning united with their daily orthographical exercises, gave them both taste and facility in syntax and prosody. These recitations I strove to make pleasant to them; and by the aid of Lindley Murray's Exercises—the best book of the kind then extant—they became thorough adepts in parsing the most intricate sentences of our most diffuse writers. I know not but that small volume is entirely superseded or out of print, but this shall not prevent my commendation and gratitude.

An easy transition led them to enjoy Rhetoric, for which they were well prepared. Indeed, I was surprised at so early a development of correct appreciation for the refinements of their native tongue. Their pure spirits thrilled, or glowed in harmony with our best orators and poets. A disposition to express their own thoughts with ease and elegance, both in writing or orally, being the natural fruit of such studies, was encouraged. Yet, having discovered that the stern requisition of stated compositions from novices often daunted those who might have little to say, and checked the impulse of those who had none, I made no demand for elaborate moral essays. As the epistolary style is always valuable to our sex, and, by its endless variety of subject, allures those who would shrink at the formidable idea of "composition," and its attendant criticism, I permitted them, at stated times, to express their thoughts in a letter addressed to myself. They strenuously insisted on a response, and I found this fur-

nished me with opportunities of suggesting or enforcing subjects of consequence to us both, more fully than I could do in conversation.

Ancient and Modern Geography, with Natural and Moral Philosophy, were sources of mutual enjoyment. Each lesson was required to be studied at home, and their allotted portion of the precious school-hours devoted to recitation and explanation. I was careful not to drive their minds over too great a space at once, lest they should form a habit of being superficial. Neither would I burden them with too many studies at the same time, lest, by pressure or redundancy of aliment, the intellectual digestion should become impaired, or secret harm be done to the invisible network of nerves that link the material to the divine. Knowledge purchased by the wreck of health, is truly but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." To us it was not a task, but, like our daily food, a necessity and a pleasure, for which we gave God thanks.

Four afternoons in the week we read History together, according to the system that has been already mentioned. I took great pains to have them connect with every event of consequence its correlative date. They soon felt the value of this as a map to arrest and deepen the traces of memory. They were pleased with the quaint axiom, that "Geography and Chronology are the eyes of History," and said, "We will not grope, like the blind, through the great Temple of the Past."

I was not in possession of any good chronological synopsis for their benefit. With the systems of Mrs. Willard, that noble pioneer in female education, I was not acquainted. My only resource seemed, to make, from my own historical reading, a list of such dates as might be most important or interesting. As this was with me a favorite exercise, it soon swelled to about two hundred. Their copies of my manuscript catalogue while in the progress of arrangement were fragmentary, hastily traced on slips of paper, on corners of slates, and often on no scroll but memory. Yet, almost by magic, they possessed themselves of the chain that bound events together, from the Creation downward. When an unemployed interval of only a few minutes occurred, I was accustomed to ask them for a date, and, looking up with a bright smile, they would answer. Methought they took peculiar pride in that science. Perhaps because they knew I delighted in it, and I was striving, with the aid of crude materials, to impart it to them. The questions were varied, that the answers might combine sometimes the date, sometimes the explanation. For instance: "In what year of the world did the ark rest upon Mount Ararat? Who was called, 1921 years before the Christian era, to go forth alone from his people and his father's house? Who was Queen of Assyria, and who the Judge of Israel, when Troy was destroyed, 1184 years before Christ? When were the Jews carried into captivity by the Chaldeans?

How many years afterward was Xerxes defeated at Salamis? Who invaded Britain in A.D. 55, and what was his reception?" The dates after the Christian era were of course more numerous, and a convenient mode for a rapid review of history. I recollect they were fond of replying to the question, "How long after the birth of our Saviour did John the Baptist commence his ministry?" in the comprehensive words of the Evangelist Luke: "In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." A few of my pupils were tenacious of the honor of never missing in a recitation of nearly two hundred dates; and, clumsy as the course may seem to modern criticism, it enabled them to systematize their knowledge, and confirmed a class of mental habits for which they express gratitude even to this day. The wonderful power of memory revealed by some of them in this and similar exercises, made me think it might be almost limitless; and yet I feared to call it fully forth, or to bring too palpably to bear upon it the force of emulation, lest the healthful balance of the mind might haply be in danger.

I desired to form in them the habit of a daily tran-

script of events and feelings, believing that it not only teaches the value of time, by turning attention to its minuter portions, but rescues life from dreamy forgetfulness, and deepens the lessons derived from God's varied discipline, by keeping it freshly in remembrance. To borrow the language of a beautiful writer :

“ There is a richness about the life of one who keeps a diary, unknown to others. Time, thus looking back, is not a bare line, just stringing together personal identity, but intermingled and intertwined with thousands of slight incidents that give it beauty, kindliness, reality. It is not merely a collection, an aggregate of facts, that comes back to you ; it is something far more excellent than that : it is the soul of days gone by, the dear *auld lang syne* itself, quickened, and in new robes. The perfume of the faded hawthorn hedge is there—the sweet breath of breezes that fanned our gray hair when it made sunny curls, smoothed down by hands that are in the grave.”

Convinced as I was by experience of the benefits of this practice, which I had commenced unprompted at the age of eleven, I still hesitated to press upon those young pupils, amid their many studies, the requisition of a daily journal. I therefore devised a preparatory step, which I hoped might eventually lead to the desired result. During one of my short vacations with my parents, I made a number of blank books—methinks I see them now, with their long foolscap pages

and marble-paper covers. These were christened "Remembrancers," and each pupil encouraged to write therein, at the close of each week, a brief synopsis of whatever had occurred around her, or within herself, that she deemed worthy of preservation. They faithfully complied with my request; and since these school-sketches had not the secresy of a diary, I appointed a time every Saturday to have them read aloud. This induced them to be more attentive to the style, and the subjects were often found mutually and pleasantly suggestive.

So regular was our established system, that each hour during the week had its appointed employment, almost as unalterable as the code of the Medes and Persians. Still, as the young heart loves variety, I endeavored to keep that in view whenever it could be consistently combined with the great features of order. On Monday was the recitation of the sermons heard the preceding day. It comprised the text, and such recollections of the teachings from the pulpit as they were able to bear away. They were advised not to take notes on paper, but on Memory's tablet. This served to fix their attention on the instructions of the sacred day; and they gradually made such proficiency, that the language of the speaker, if in any degree remarkable, was correctly reported. They had liberty, if they chose, afterwards to write these recollections in their Remembrancer, or to keep a blank-book for that especial purpose.

On Friday afternoon was a thorough review of all the studies which had been pursued during the week—a “gathering up of the fragments, that nothing might be lost.” Then, also, my dear little silent disciple, Alice Cogswell, the loved of all, had her pleasant privilege of examination. Coming ever to my side, if she saw me a moment disengaged, with her sweet supplication, “Please, teach Alice something,” the words, or historical facts thus explained by signs, were alphabetically arranged in a small manuscript book, for her to recapitulate and familiarize. Great was her delight when called forth to take her part. Descriptions in animated gesture she was fond of intermingling with a few articulate sounds, unshaped by the ear’s criticism. In alluding to the death of Henry II. of England from a surfeit of lamprey-eels, she invariably uttered, in strong, guttural intonation, the word “fool!” adding, by signs, her contempt of eating too much, and a scornful imitation of the squirming creature who had thus prostrated a mighty king. Fragments from the annals of all nations, with the signification of a multitude of words, had been taught by little and little, until her lexicon had become comprehensive; and as her companions, from love, had possessed themselves of the manual alphabet and much of the sign-language, they affectionately proposed that the examination should be of themselves, and that she might be permitted to conduct it. Here was a new pleasure, the result of

their thoughtful kindness. Eminently happy was she made, while each in rotation answered with the lips her question given by the hand, I alternately officiating as interpreter to her, or critic to them, if an explanation chanced to be erroneous. Never can I forget the varied expression of intelligence, *naïveté*, irony, or love that would radiate from her beautiful hazel eyes on these occasions. It was such intercourse that suggested the following poetical reply to a question once asked in the institution of the Abbé Sicard, at Paris: "*Les Sourds Muets se trouvent-ils malheureux?*" *

Oh, could the kind inquirer gaze
 Upon thy brow with gladness fraught,
 Its smile, like inspiration's rays,
 Would give the answer to his thought.

And could he see thy sportive grace
 Soft blending with submission due,
 And note thy bosom's tenderness
 To every just emotion true;

Or, when some new idea glows
 On the pure altar of the mind,
 Behold the exulting tear that flows,
 In silent ecstasy refined;

Thine active life, thy look of bliss,
 The sparkling of thy magic eye,

* "Are the deaf and dumb unhappy?"

Would all his skeptic doubts dismiss,
And bid him lay his pity by,

To bless the ear that ne'er has known
The voice of censure, pride, or art,
Nor trembled at that sterner tone
Which like an ice-bolt chills the heart;

And bless the lip that ne'er may tell
Of human woes the vast amount,
Nor pour those idle words that swell
The terror of our last account.

For sure the stream of noiseless course
May flow as deep, as pure, as blest,
As that which bursts in torrents hoarse,
Or whitens o'er the mountain's breast;

As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,
As rich a soil its tide may lave,
Then joyful and accepted pour
Its tribute to the Eternal wave.

The pleasures of the Friday's rehearsal were terminated by each one's quietly bringing me a written vote, on which was the name of the young lady whom they considered to have exhibited throughout the week the most faultless example.

The successful candidate, amid the greetings of her companions, was invested with the honor of Saturday

Monitress. This implied the reception of a certificate in my best chirography, a seat at my side as vice-regent, and the privilege of inviting some of her friends to pass the forenoon in our school-room. The exercises differed from those of any other day in the week, and after our stated religious worship, commenced with the recitation of poetry and prose, to which I attached great importance, and in which they were thought by competent judges to excel. The right of selection was accorded to them, subject to my approval, and I was often both surprised and delighted at the accuracy of taste they evinced. Their style of elocution, not ambitious of rhetorical flourish, was required to be deliberate, distinct, and perfectly feminine. How admirably many of them entered into the spirit of the author! Methinks I still hear the sweet tones of some of the younger ones repeating the favorite hymns of Addison:

“The spacious firmament on high,”

or,

“When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;”

or his almost inspired version of the Twenty-third Psalm.

A lovely creature, with flowing, flaxen curls, a daughter of Mrs. Thomas Chester, who gave in unequalled intonations the ode of Henry Kirke White:

“Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me”—

has entered where harmony is unending; and another, Mrs. Mary Weld, who has successfully trained sons and daughters for the race of life, used to thrill every hearer by her full, fine emphasis in the poem of Pope:

“Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!”

This pleasant entertainment was followed by reading their weekly remembrances, where the same clear elocution was required, for I well remembered how often, in seminaries of young ladies, I had listened painfully, but almost in vain, to the movements of their ruby lips, doubtless uttering beautiful sentiments. Every third Saturday they read a letter which they had written to me; and I also, one addressed to them, and which was claimed by the Saturday Monitress as her peculiar perquisite. A selection from the last-named class of epistles I have been within a few years induced to publish, entitled “Letters to my Pupils,” connected with biographical sketches of some of that loved group who have been earliest summoned to begin the travel of eternity.

During the two intervening Saturdays, for I directed epistolary composition only once in three weeks, our closing exercise was reading to them the memoir of some distinguished person, which I had abridged for

their use. I was careful to select those whose examples might naturally and happily bear upon their own course of principle or action. Always did they reward me by fixed attention, as if they fully appreciated this loving service. And then we parted until another week. It might seem affectation to say, not without regret. And yet I have heard them express it, for they delighted in each other's company, as I in theirs.

The discovery of a new pleasure brought them occasionally together during this interval, the pleasure of doing good. They had become somewhat acquainted with a class of girls in humble life, to whom I gave religious instruction on Saturday afternoons. Their quick eyes detected some deficiencies in apparel which they thought the supernumeraries of their own wardrobe might happily supply. Obtaining permission at home for this transfer, they found it desirable to meet and consult on the best modes of adaptation and repair. It was felt to be no privation thus to devote a portion of their only weekly recess. I sometimes saw them, thus gathered in the school-room, with their busy needles, thoughtfully devising to whom this or that garment should appertain, and how it might be most accurately fitted to the dimensions of the recipient. I was surprised at both their judgment and efficiency. The oldest of this board of commissioners was sixteen, and the youngest six, the majority ranging from nine to thirteen. Yet with a singular mixture of maternal care,

and the acuteness of the sempstress, they might be heard debating how a dress might be repaired, or a mantle enlarged, or a hood rejuvenated, so as best to accommodate the little body or head that most needed them. When I listened to the ring of their melodious voices, and saw the glance of their bright eyes, as they decided on some successful expedient, or triumphantly displayed some finished garment, I have felt that they could never be so truly happy at any splendid party.

As it is the nature of true charity to expand, they were led from link to link in the chain of goodness. This clothing process induced more intimate acquaintance with their pensioners, and they thus ascertained that in the families of some were aged, or sick persons, or feeble infants, requiring assistance. Appointing almoners to visit and report, they formed themselves into a regular society, with a written constitution, at a time when such associations were so much less common than at present, as to give the plan almost a pioneer, or at least a novel character.

Prompted by that charity which leads its votaries from grace to grace, these pure-hearted beings conceived a desire of making their monthly alms the fruit of their own efforts. "Is it any benevolence," said they, "to give away the money of others?" When they first mentioned to me their design, I replied: "What can you do, my children, with those little hands?" But they persevered. Each consulted with

mother and friends at home. There they found concurrence. A variety of methods were adopted, suited to their respective positions. One was systematically to perform some slight domestic service, to which a stipend was attached. Another was to aid in the department of plain needle-work, or mending, all happily bearing upon the cultivation of a taste for household good. If it was found that these new occupations invaded the time appropriated to their daily lessons, they promised to rise an hour earlier in the morning. Their fixedness of purpose was remarkable; so was their ingenuity in searching out forms of remunerative industry. During one afternoon reading of History, I observed one bright little head bent over her desk, instead of the accustomed attitude of face to the circle. On going to her seat I found her with an elongated piece of leather on her lap, in which she was dexterously inserting slender pieces of bent wire. To the inquiry, what she was doing, she briskly answered:

“Setting card-teeth for the spinning machines. They have promised to pay me.”

“How did you learn the art?”

“Oh, in their shop, by looking on a few minutes. It is more profitable work than I could get at home.”

When they brought their first contribution at the opening of a new month, under this new régime, observing their eyes to beam with a deep satisfaction, I said: “You have not cast into the treasury that which

cost you nothing." Their quiet reply was sweet: "Of thine own, Lord, have we given Thee."

Their benevolence had also the crowning grace of humility. They avoided allusions to it save for purposes of consultation. "It is our design," says one of the articles of their written constitution, "to impart our bounty without ostentation, following the example of Him who went about doing good, without seeking the applause of men." I have reason to believe that they were strictly governed by this principle. Some touching incidents were related to me by various friends, of light footsteps in the abodes of the sick or sorrowing poor, flitting garments, vanishing forms, and relief left behind, as if by angel visitants.

Their spirit of good works had also the element of continuance. Long after the termination of their school, their charitable society held its annual meetings, its choice of officers, its varied and judicious enterprises. I find the following tribute to one of their regular anniversaries, addressed to them several years after my marriage:

The traveller in some clime serene,
Where Nature rules with genial sway,
Blots from his heart no blissful scene
That cheer'd the wanderings of his way.

If beauty rose with winning air,
If Flora's drapery deck'd the place;

If birds of Paradise were there,
He fondly guards the glowing trace.

Like him, recall the landscape sweet
That woke on this auspicious day ;
Nor let so fair an image fleet
From memory's vivid page away.

Regard, as through some fountain wave,
Whose crystal courts the admiring view ;
The brilliant pearls that knowledge gave,
The coral cells where friendship grew.

Nor oh, forget the sigh for those,
Companions then, in youthful bloom ;
Who, withering like the smitten rose,
Have sunk in beauty to the tomb.

Where'er o'er life's eventful stage
Your far divided path may tend ;
Where o'er your locks the frosts of age
Or chilling snows of care descend,

Though she, who once with partial eyes,
The record of your worth would keep,
Buried and cold to earthly ties,
Should moulder in oblivion's sleep,

Remember still this sacred hour,
By pity to the sons of need ;
By pure affection's changeless power,
By deep devotion's heaven-born deed.

Engrave it on your fleeting span,
By prayers of faith, and acts of love,
That He who reads the heart of man,
May note it in His Book above.

So that dread Book which none may dare
Unmoved, unshrinking to survey ;
A bright, auspicious trace shall bear,
If thus ye keep this hallowed day.

Great was my rejoicing over these lovely beings. Great my glorying in them. Earnest my petitions that they might lead all the remainder of their lives according to this beginning. I trust it has been so. Cheered have I been by their course among more arduous duties and important responsibilities.

As the close of our first year approached, they sought my permission to celebrate the day on which our school commenced. With a pleasing flattery they said, "It is more to us than the Fourth of July was to our fathers. It began for us a new life." I found their plans, which had only awaited my consent, in quite a state of forwardness. From various propositions and phases of enjoyment, they had chosen a rural festival. The designated spot was a beautiful grove, on the banks of a fair stream, carpeted with a rich, dense turf. No more congenial locality could have been selected, in which to rivet the links of cherished remembrance.

Our anniversary was the 1st of August. Many

young eyes studied the promise of the clouds, rain being a fearful foe to such delights as they anticipated. A finer morning never dawned upon expectant earth. At an early hour the committee of arrangements proceeded to their field of action. Parents, and particular friends, had already received invitations to be present, and partake our happiness.

Vividly the scene returns, with all its minute lineaments. The lofty trees, lightly waving with the breath of summer, the "smooth-shaven green," the sparkling river, with its liquid monotony of welcome, the beaming countenances of the white-robed band, the light footsteps of those of their number whose office it was to receive the guests, and who, with graceful courtesy, their sashes floating out on the breeze, hastened forward to greet every coming friend. Then there was the long table, with its white cloth gleaming through embowering branches, spread with a plentiful collation of wonderful variety, each having contributed, in an ample basket, such viands as were deemed most rare or congenial. Thus every visitant was liberally entertained, and hospitably pressed to replenish, by the wide-awake, untiring hostesses. There were also songs, and pleasant talk, among the picturesque groups seated beneath umbrageous trees, or wandering by the fringed margin of the river, and, as the sun drew low, warm thanks of the gratified visitants, as they returned to their carriages. After their departure, the care of the

young dispensers of the feast over its varied fragments was admirable, for in the time of their gayety they did not forget the poor. Intimate knowledge of the state of their pensioners, enabled them to decide what would be most appropriate for the sick, the aged, and the families where many children clustered. With promptitude, each allotted portion was despatched to its respective designation.

These delightful festivals were maintained with unimpaired enthusiasm at every return of the 1st of August, during the continuance of the school. One of their unique and interesting habitudes, was the coronation of the Queen of the year, the young lady who, during that period, had been pronounced, by the suffrage of her companions, to have excelled them all in amiable disposition and virtues. At the appointed time, a rich garland of woven flowers was placed upon her brow, with congratulations from her subjects. Her Majesty vouchsafed a brief address, sometimes poetical, and the whole beautiful ceremony was calculated to inspire good resolutions in the hearts of her compeers.

They sometimes wished to extend their enjoyment beyond the circle of consanguinity or friendship, and invited the silent inmates of the neighboring institution for the deaf and dumb to spend an hour in the grove, and share their collation; or the orphan girls of the Beneficent Society, whose improved wardrobe, or new

dresses, disclosed the bounty of their fair entertainers.

It was to me an unexpected and affecting proposition, that after the dissolution of our school, its anniversary should still be kept in the consecrated grove. Thither we therefore gathered year by year, brightening the links of memory's jewelled chain. The gravity of life's cares had settled upon some of us. There were no more flower coverings; but in every hand was a vivid evergreen, or a thornless rose, culled from the field of knowledge and of love, which we had together traversed. Still, their charitable society was in existence; and here, in a quiet little nook, was held their annual choice of officers. Considerable variety marked their selection of objects. On one occasion it would be an infant school apparatus for a loved associate, who had gone forth to bear the Gospel to heathen Burmah; then a choice collection of books for a missionary among our own aborigines, or a library for the colony of Liberia, in Africa, which was just lifting its head above the surrounding darkness. An eloquent letter which accompanied a donation of fifty dollars to the widows and orphans of Athens, during the struggle with Moslem tyranny, says:

"We were once members of a happy school, with whose early studies the history of your classic clime was prominently interwoven. To Greece, especially to Athens, our young hearts went forth in willing pilgrim-

age. We now offer you a gift, in the name of our common Redeemer. Stretching our hands to you across the globe, we pray you to be of good courage."

By degrees our band became widely separated, their new homes forming a line of posts from New Hampshire to Georgia. They twined a wreath of remembrances by promising to write to some one of their number, or to me, on the return of the 1st of August. These epistles were often read at our assemblages in the grove. But if some had left our charmed circle, others appeared, claiming a right of representation. Carpets were spread on the fresh, smooth turf, where little forms gambolled, and small, new faces looked up with glad, wondering eyes. Sometimes a joyous prattler would be led to a fair recess, and told that on that spot its mother had placed upon her head a beautiful crown, for being the very best among all good children. Over many brows was stealing a deeper thoughtfulness, from the blessed cares of the mother and housekeeper, the climax of woman's happiness, for which their course of education had striven to give fitness and harmony.

Our anniversary festival, though sometimes omitted by the necessity of circumstances, was observed with more punctuality than could have been naturally anticipated, and always preserved its features of tender interest. The twenty-fifth return of the 1st of August found me on the ocean, a voyager to Europe. Still that

loved band, true as the tribes of Israel to Mount Zion, gathered in their dedicated grove, with kind wishes and prayers for her who rode the "tossing, melancholy main," and from the far-off, crested billow, breathed for them, in the voice of affection, her blended greeting and adieu.

Our latest celebration, the forty-fifth, seemed to me to possess features of peculiar interest. Diminished numbers, and mournful associations connected with the grove, of those who must meet us there no more, suggested the propriety of a different gathering-place, and my own quiet parlors were the accepted substitute. Thither they came, the lovely and beloved. A few of them were from other cities, and from distant States. Thirty-three out of our circle had entered that angelic class, than which they had here stood but a "little lower." The original eighty-four were now more than twice outnumbered in the second generation.

Yet in our hearts there was no change. Each one of us, perchance, had hidden there some cypress-bud. But we came not together for sadness. Every face was wreathed in smiles. We summoned the past, and it returned without a shadow or a thorn. One, Mrs. Emmeline Rockwell, who had preserved much of the beauty and grace of early prime, and who, in her journey from the Hudson River, had been fourteen hours in the cars, said, with a sparkle in her expressive black eye, she was "not at all fatigued, and

would have remained there twice as long, rather than not be in season for the reunion." Interesting epistles were read from absent ones, my early records of our school-life searched into, while this revivifying of scenes and events of other days made us all young again.

As twilight approached, two bright, efficient beings, insisted on relieving me from all superintendence of the tea-table, which they had all previously united in loading with luxuries. This blissful occasion was to me most sweet and salubrious. It brought new life into the lone heart. It restored those precious years when side by side we labored and aspired, viewing education as a mighty and solemn thing, which was to gird us for the battle of life, and the victory over death.

With my whole soul I bless God for those years of diligent effort. I thank Him that I was permitted to sustain such a relation to those pure-hearted and affectionate creatures. If I was made an instrument of any good to them, I received tenfold from them, and from the sweet toil of being their teacher. What can better close remembrances so dear, than the eloquent words of the great statesman of Massachusetts:

"If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble to dust. But, if we work

upon immortal minds; if we imbue them with high principles, with a just fear of God, and respect for their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can deface, but which will deepen and brighten throughout all eternity."

LETTER X.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I AM extremely tired of these letters. So I am persuaded will you be, or any one else who attempts to read them. I must try to bring them to a close.

And yet, when people talk about themselves, the temptation to garrulity is great. Is not that one reason why we like our physician? We alone are the subject. He asks of our minute symptoms, and listens attentively to all we say. Perhaps he thinks lightly of our statements, or suspects exaggeration; but that he keeps to himself, and on we go.

I think I have already mentioned that social intercourse between the sexes, in the olden time, began at an earlier period than at present, the time allotted to school education being far more brief. Though unencumbered by ceremony, it was characterized by courtesy and severe decorum. It combined the elements of a cheering friendship with some degree of mental improvement. Reading aloud instructive books, with

the singing of songs to which our voices became admirably trained, were often the amusement of our evening visits. We gave no entertainment to the animal appetites. It was not expected. Almost children as we were, this Platonic intercourse was genial and elevating. Any slight preference that chanced to reveal itself, caused no disturbance in this sweet preface to the history of life.

But as years glided onward, with their changes, I was no stranger to the language of love, nor unsusceptible to its sentiment. Manly beauty and grace I appreciated, but the chief attraction was in intellect and knowledge. My most valued associates were of the latter order. I had also a *penchant* for the company of men considerably older than myself. This arose from several motives. I had always been taught to respect seniority. I gained from their experience more information, and felt secretly more at ease in their company, because I thought there could be no suspicion of their partiality, or of my seeking to create it. Ever had I been exceedingly sensitive to aught that bore the appearance of forwardness in my own sex. It seemed to me treason against their native refinement and their allotted sphere. So I still think; and, however the modes of association may vary with differing generations, can never respect any woman who boldly seeks the attentions, or invades their province whose part it is to make advances, to legislate, and to bear rule.

Perhaps I might have been deemed fastidious, but have never been able to lay aside my creed.

I had still a deeper reason for avoiding serious advances. My mind was made up never to leave my parents. I felt that their absorbing love could never be repaid by the longest life-service, and that the responsibility of an only child, their sole prop and solace, would be strictly regarded by Him who readeth the heart. I had seen aged people surrounded by indifferent persons, who considered their care a burden, and could not endure the thought that my tender parents, who were without near relatives, should be thrown upon the fluctuating kindness of hirelings and strangers. To me, my father already seemed aged, though scarcely sixty; and I said, in my musing hours, Shall he, who never denied me aught, or spoke to me otherwise than in love-tones, stretch forth his hands in their weakness, "and find none to gird him"?

So my resolution was taken solemnly, and, as I supposed, irrevocably. The loved objects for whose sake it was adopted knew nothing of it. They would not have required such a pledge, nor, perhaps, accepted it. My mother would have been pleased, I fancy, to have seen some reciprocity on my part on particular occasions. She was not without ambition, and would have enjoyed seeing her darling's lot in life uplifted and made permanent. She often rallied me on my indifference to various fascinations, ascribing it to the love of

books, which she hinted might become extravagant or morbid. I conversed frankly with her respecting all my gentlemen friends, and my peculiar standing with them, and was both surprised and enlightened by her acuteness in the analysis of character, and her discriminating criticism of the style of manner and conversation.

Secretly deeming myself a thing set apart, I conscientiously avoided all trifling with the feelings of others. Detesting every form of flirtation, when I foresaw by woman's intuition that aught serious was meditated, I withdrew myself as far as possible until the impression passed by. It seemed to me rank dishonesty to sport about the purlieus of matrimony, with a fixed intention of never entering there. Neither were this innate vow and consequent self-denial so great as might naturally appear in one so young and so agreeably allured. Fondness for intellectual pursuits prevented any restless search of excitement or personal admiration; and I never knew a sensation of loneliness save in uncongenial society. As my Lord Bacon says, "he had the privy-coat of a good conscience," I wore, as an inward shield, my own construction of a daughter's duty.

Still, I was sometimes sorely tempted, and my faith ready to fail. At a time when my religious convictions were peculiarly strong, I painfully studied the case, whether I ought not to take part in mission labor

in a foreign clime. The literal application of the passage was warmly pressed: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." "Not worthy of me! Not worthy of me!" rang like a dirge in my soul. But the surge of feeling subsided, and in deepened humility I decided that, without any worthiness whatsoever, I must cling to my Saviour's cross.

Sundry times, also, I came near being caught in the clerical net, but broke through. Fascinations of a more ambitious character had likewise their scope and sway. Still my slight bark was guided, though sometimes veering, to keep its pole-star in view. Those who would have steered it to some favoring haven, where

"The light-house looked lovely as hope,
That star on Life's tremulous ocean,"

I remember with great respect and gratitude. Worth was theirs, and wealth, and mental culture, and the world's consideration. I was not insensible to their virtues; their kind attentions are embalmed in memory. I have regarded their success and happiness with satisfaction, and would fain have ever considered them as brothers or friends.

But the blind archer, though oft repulsed, and long held in subjection, bided his time. One might have supposed that, for me, this time had passed. A quiet school-dame, most happy with her scholars and

friends, having surmounted the period of youth's romantic enthusiasm, and addicted to "maiden meditation, fancy-free," might have been thought no fit mark for his arrow.

Nevertheless, as I plodded my way to and from my school-house, a pair of deep-set and most expressive black eyes sometimes encountered mine, and spoke unutterable things. They were the property of a gentleman of striking physiognomy and the elegant manners of the olden school. Their dialect might not have made a lasting impression on one whose every thought and faculty were bespoken by her daily occupation; but ere long a letter came—a letter of touching eloquence and the fairest chirography. From this there was no escape. It was like a grappling-iron, not to be evaded. Wherever I turned, its words followed me as living creatures—an image of the wheel seen by the entranced prophet, full of eyes, that gazed wherever he went. To love-letters I had been no stranger, yet nothing like this appeal had caused such perturbation, and captivity of thought. Its writer I had occasionally met in select parties, with his wife, a being of angelic loveliness and beauty, who had gone to a higher and congenial sphere.

At length I determined to consult my dear Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth. Readily and affectionately they gave me their opinion, adding earnest urgency that I should accept the proposal. The gentleman who had

thus honored me was of the highest respectability, their neighbor and friend. He possessed intellectual tastes, an accomplished education, and had given proof of his domestic virtues during a conjugal union of fifteen years. They also expressed apprehensions that my present profession, though delightful and prosperous, might eventually make inroads on my health. They adduced several occasions where its inevitable exposure to changes and inclemency of weather had produced colds of peculiar severity and obstinacy. Now I could take leave of the employment honorably, and without shadow of blame. We should permanently dwell near each other, and be sundered no more. They held me closely to their heart, as they gave their advice that this should be viewed as a favoring providence of our Heavenly Benefactor.

But the parents—the parents, already looking with hope to the next vacation, when the sole idol of their thoughts and prayers should come with her lamp of love to enlighten their lonely dwelling—shall they be told that she is making to herself a new home?—that she is meditating to sojourn with them no more?

It was decided that the case should be simply and circumstantially stated to them, with the assurance that I had not committed myself in any form, but awaited their decision, by which I would be implicitly guided, and begging that they would take full leisure to deliberate. I wrote the letter, and then led a life of

supplication to Him who alone giveth wisdom. I might have said with the Psalmist, "I wait on the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in His word is my hope."

Several circumstances conspired to lengthen this period of suspense. And then came the letter from my blessed father and mother, cordially consenting to the proposed change of condition, and adding that, after the first surprise had subsided, their minds felt relief at the thought that, when death should take them from me, my brotherless and sisterless heart might rest on such a protector as he was represented to be by our most faithful friends and benefactors.

During this probationary interval of somewhat more than three weeks, I had declined an interview. After the reception of the parental sanction, I find in my journal, with the date of January 27th, 1819, the following notice:

"I feel almost astonished as I write the words. I am no more mine own, but another's. Last evening I promised to do all in my power to advance the happiness of a man of the purest integrity, sensibility, and piety. I surely anticipate improvement from intercourse with his elegant and scientific mind, but cannot avoid shuddering at my unfitness to fill the station his generosity has designated."

But whither had fled that settled purpose of celibacy, which with almost the sanctity of a vow had so

long ruled my life? Where was even the compunction that was wont to attend any parley with temptation to forsake the watch and ward of parental welfare? Where that impersonation of filial gratitude and duty, to which I had bound myself, as a willing servant, forever? Ay, *where?*

I gave scope to the new affection, so long repressed or chastised, and its sway was pervading and delightful. Every task was achieved with new vigor, every obstacle surmounted as with double strength. Indeed, it seemed as if nothing remained worthy the name of task or obstacle, so perfectly did *couleur de rose* over spread all things. The refrain of an ancient sacred melody echoed in my secret thought a perpetual melody:

“O God of grace!
Henceforth to Thee
A hymn of praise
My life must be.”

I was as one wrapped in the tissued drapery of a pleasant dream. What came the nearest to awakening me as a stern reality, was the necessary dissolution of my cherished school. It was in a highly prosperous state. The studies had never been more agreeably or earnestly prosecuted. We had recently commenced an interesting course of Modern History, and I was pursuing a system of experiment on the extent of the

capacities of memory in the young unpreoccupied mind, which I was persuaded had not been fully ascertained.

Not long after my engagement, and while I supposed its knowledge confined to particular friends, I met, on approaching our school-room, several knots of its occupants on the stairs and in the halls, with heads in close propinquity, which parted and flitted away as I drew near. Some exciting intelligence seemed circulating with telegraphic speed. Not a whisper was heard; but I fancied I could divine their subject. During the exercises of the morning, eyes were fixed on me with a varying expression of wondering curiosity or incipient regret. One or two of the youngest made errands to come to me, and linger as long as possible, watching my every movement as if they expected me to spread two great wings of an eagle, and vanish from their sight. It became fashionable among them, for a while, to asperse him to whose agency they ascribed the anticipated loss. But these childish ebullitions soon evaporated, and, in pleasant harmony with him and with me, we prepared for separation at the close of the existing term. It approached with unexampled rapidity; and again I have recourse to my journal:

“The trial of parting with those blessed young creatures whom I love, and whose affection for me cannot be mistaken, has this afternoon been accomplished. In dispensing parting gifts, it gave me great satisfac-

tion that so exemplary had been their deportment; that there was not a single one unrewarded, either by a book-premium, or a certificate of merit in my best handwriting. Surely their intercourse has been one of improvement. Wherever their future course, or my own, shall lead, I must cherish the memory of the years God permitted us thus to pass together, while 'His banner over us was love.' Tears and irrepressible anguish marked our final leave-taking. They parted, and returned, prolonging the painful scene till the dimness of twilight drew over us. Their unaffected grief cut my heart in fragments. And every fragment found a voice, saying: 'Oh, most selfish! thus for your own ease and aggrandizement to trample out this Heaven-enkindled love.' "

Sweet, sweet band of sisters! Ah, how could I sever
The bright, golden chain that encircling has charm'd?
How shall I write the words, *Parted forever!*
On the casket our friendship so long has embalm'd?

Here, where your groups would so joyously meet me,
Gay as the birds through pure ether that soar;
Here, where your eyes with fond dialect greet me,
The step of Affection returneth no more.

Knowledge you've sought with a warm emulation,
Quickened to ardor, yet softened by love;
Wisdom invoked with profound veneration—
That wisdom whose mansion and crown are above.

And now, empty Vase, by thy flow'rets deserted,
Full oft round thy borders, though cheerless and lone,
Fond Memory shall linger, averse to be parted
From fragrance thy blossoms around thee have strown.

Farewell, dear companions ! Heaven's blessing attend you ;
And when those bright locks shall be frosted and gray,
When Age the faint light of his taper shall lend you,
Come, stand by my mouldering pillow, and say :

We remember the friend by whose side we were seated,
While knowledge allured us with lessons of love,
And whose prayer of the Father of Mercies entreated
That we all might unite in His kingdom above.

It had been arranged that, after the termination of my school, I should make a valedictory visit to my beloved Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, before returning home to prepare for my marriage. In their blessed, sympathetic society, I found solace for the dejection of my recent farewell, and counsel for the new and important duties that awaited me. I was constantly by her side, who seemed to me more like an angel than a partaker of our own infirm humanity. The wise, encouraging voice of him who had been to me both as a patron and father, gave me increased confidence in good men, and in a God of goodness.

During the six weeks that thus glided away, I had unrestrained opportunities of becoming more intimately acquainted with Mr. Sigourney, whose residence was in

the neighborhood, and who had been courteously invited by my kind benefactors to visit their house freely at all times. This unrestricted intercourse revealed some new and interesting points of his history, calculated still more to rivet my affections. He was a native of Boston, and of a family of the highest respectability. To me it was a source both of gratulation and pride, that he should have descended from that pious race of Huguenots, who left their fair clime of birth for conscience' sake, and emigrated to this New World soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Boston, was the third in descent from Mr. Andrew Sigourney, who, with his son Andrew, came to this country from France in 1686. His mother, whose name was Frazer, was of Scottish ancestry, and dying while he was yet a child, his father took him to England, and placed him at an excellent school at Hampstead. Here, under a strictness of discipline that would not be tolerated in Young America, he was inured to habits of obedience, order, and application. His acquaintance with the studies that he pursued was eminently thorough and accurate. Particularly was the grammatical construction of the Latin and French so well acquired, that, though he left school at a very early age, their knowledge remained with him unimpaired to the close of life.

At thirteen he returned to Boston, and entered the store of his father as a clerk, where he evinced the

same patient devotedness to mercantile employment that he had formerly displayed in the requisitions of scholastic lore. In the first year of the present century, having attained his majority, he removed to Hartford and commenced the hardware business, which he pursued with unintermitting diligence and ability to the close of life. In his profession he was distinguished by accuracy, integrity, and knowledge of mankind; and in every department of action his public and private virtues had won the respect of the community. He married, at the age of twenty-three, a young lady from his native city, of uncommon loveliness and beauty, to whom he had been attached from early youth, receiving and imparting, for fifteen years, as pure conjugal happiness as appertains to our changeful humanity. She fell a victim to consumption, leaving three fair and interesting children to solace his mourning heart. A few years after his marriage he commenced attending the Episcopal Church, where he became a communicant, and ever continued to evince his devoted attachment by faithful and important services.

His native taste for literature and the fine arts was carefully cherished. He was a critical judge of pictures, and drew architecturally with precision and elegance. He was fond of history and the standard authors, but objected to the floating miscellanies of the day, as furnishing no nutritive aliment to the mind, and enervating its appetite for solidity. So elevated was

his theory, that he decried the use of newspapers for the young, as tending to debase the style by bad models of composition, and to weaken the retentive powers by reading what they did not intend to remember, and what was not worthy of being remembered. He was watchful against new-coined words, and innovations of the language, constantly referring to the large edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary for etymology and shades of signification.

Possibly a fondness for the study of geometry in boyhood might have contributed to develop the perception of symmetry, and the features of order and exactness that characterized his mind. His style of conversation was refined, and he never hesitated to introduce intellectual and elevated subjects, from which some might be deterred by the imputation of pedantry. His manners, marked by the courtesy of the old school, had a mixture of dignity which would be sure to repel all undue familiarity. Cheered by intercourse with him, and the beloved ones whose beautiful mansion was as a home, the fair spring had reached its meridian, when, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to my benefactors, and prayers that Heaven would repay them fourfold, he accompanied me to my parents. Having a noble horse that he was fond of driving, and an easy chaise, he preferred on this occasion that primitive form of conveyance to a more ostentatious equipage. Thus we had liberty to enjoy the varied landscape, beautified

by the soft green and opening buds of April, and vivified by the song of many birds. To me it was a significant fact, that our first journey together should have been made on the anniversary of my parents' birth; which I have before mentioned occurred on the same day of the month, with an interval of thirteen years.

Deeply anxious was I that the introduction and subsequent acquaintance of the three beings who were now my all in the world, should produce a mutually favorable impression; and proportionably grateful that so it seemed to be. I could not but feel how momentous might prove the import of even slight circumstances at such a crisis, both on this life and the next. Viewing him as the life-protector of their dearest one, when they should be taken away, they were at once disposed to the exercise of trusting affection. The sterling and unobtrusive qualities of my excellent father required intimate acquaintance for their full development; but I could perceive that my loved friend was struck at first sight with the youthful aspect and animated manner of my beautiful mother, who, though past fifty, seemed scarcely older than myself, and vastly more impulsive and enthusiastic. I was also much gratified that from the many friends who were prompt in paying him attentions, he invariably won the high suffrage of a perfect gentleman.

He admired the variegated landscapes and sur-

roundings of my native city, to which might be applied what the eloquent author of the recent "Personal History of Lord Bacon" has said of Twickenham: "Every plant that thrives, every flower that blows, is in love with its soil." Its rural walks, also, were faithfully explored, much to our enjoyment. At his departure, he left with me "Wakefield's Treatise on Botany," and a small microscope, for the examination of plants; also the eight volumes of Sir Charles Grandison, commending both works to my perusal. With regard to the first, I was obediently compliant. Miss F. M. Caulkins, afterwards well known as the meritorious historian of Norwich and of New London, was staying with me, as an agreeable companion and kind assistant. Together, we pursued strenuous dissections of the vegetable races, from mouse-ear to cactus. I felt almost as a pirate and murderer in Flora's realm. Not having been accustomed to such researches, my conscience reproached me, that, for the sake of technicalities of class and order, we should thus ravage the calyx, and despoil the corolla, to which Nature had given life and brilliance.

Richardson's novel did not fare as well as the scientific treatise. It was so diffuse; the elegant manners which it portrayed were, to our republican notions, so ceremonious and formal, that it was impossible to keep up a sustained interest. Therefore, though I deemed myself in fault for dissenting from so culti-

vated a taste as that of its owner, I was ever ready to lay down the books, in which I made progress by skipping formidable intervals. Sir Walter Scott's earlier works had appeared, and already effected a revolution in the region of romance. By making the passion of love subsidiary to historic lore, his powerful genius was able to throw into the shade that class of works which had so long made it their basis and integral element, while at the same time they emasculated it by minute and puerile delineations.

Among my occupations, at this period, were visits to my pensioners, which assumed somewhat of a valedictory character. These were not numerous, for habits of industry, and the circumstance of having no foreigners among us, forbade the growth of absolute penury. Those who needed aid were principally such as age or sickness had impaired, and for whom a well-conducted alms-house furnished a comfortable asylum. Still there were a few, to whom the proud memory of better days rendered this retreat an object of disgust, and who preferred to suffer privation rather than enter it. One of these was an antiquated spinster, known by the familiar sobriquet of Aunt Renie, her original name being the poetical one of Irene. She seemed to have fallen much within my own province, a prejudice being in prevalence that she felt vastly above her condition. She kept a single chamber at a low rent, in which was some old-fashioned furniture; and contributions to her

fire-place and larder were acceptable, though usually received without thanks, as she seemed to hold the theory that the world owed her a living. She had, in her prime, been a nurse and a common needle-woman, but I believe never a servant of all work. She was of huge proportions, and such an immense adipose substance that it was impossible to connect with her the idea of pining poverty. Her heavy footstep was literally a "threshing of the floors." I have seldom seen womanhood attain such a bulk. She was garrulous, and, as is natural to threescore and ten, dwelt much on the past. She imagined that she had once been the possessor of beauty, and the rallying point of several admirers. This required the strength of an implicit faith, overcoming all evidence of the things that were seen. But the vanity was harmless, and seemed to entertain her. She also wished to convey an opinion of the dignity of her family. The effort centred principally in her mother, whose name, she never omitted to add, was Miss Remembrance Carrier, abridged for domestic convenience to the monosyllable *Mem.* An acrostic, inspired by this parent, she was fond of repeating. Its concluding lines I chance to recollect, the last syllable of her conjugal nomenclature being *land*:

"Let Satan fly with fiery dart—
Arise, commune with thy own heart,—
Now, learn to choose the better part,—
Deliverance find from sin's desert."

Among the disturbing forces that conflicted with this somewhat dreamy period of my existence, was the thought that I could no longer, by my own earnings, add to the comfort of my parents. It had been the purest, most unmixed pleasure, that I had ever tasted. How could I possibly resign it? Imagination was active in searching if there were not some form of productive employment consistent with my new position. The liberality of my future husband was unquestioned. But I desired to retain the privilege of working for my parents. Selfishly, I was unwilling that any should intermeddle with this sacred joy. Yet how could it be retained? Might I not write some small work for children—some school-book, and get money? I had heard of a society in New York, which accorded good prices for nice needle-work, with the intention of encouraging that form of female industry. I was expert and delicate in the uses of the needle. Might I not sew, and earn something for them?

These unsolved anxieties were deepened by the consciousness that I was soon to leave their roof forever. Still this was imperfectly realized until the time of separation came. They were so thoughtful of my feelings, as never to allude to that event with any expression of regret. Often was I saying in my heart, the Lord bless them for their forbearance and self-control. The reserve which we thus practised toward each other,

led me to the journal, my confidante from childhood, and it records a few such effusions as the following :

Dear native earth, sweet spot of rest,
In summer's fair attractions drest ;
Wild springing flowers, romantic shores,
Gray cliffs, where light-wing'd Fancy soars ;
Green valleys where my childhood rov'd,
Deep groves, in musing youth beloved,
Loved scenes where social virtues dwell
In sweetest harmony—*farewell !*

Dear parents' home of happiness,
Which hovering angels deign to bless ;
Where every pain my heart could know,
And every care, and every woe,
Were ruled by soft affection's sway,
And banish'd from their haunts away—
Still lingering in this sacred cell,
The gushing tear-drops say—*farewell !*

Thou too, my harp ! and can it be,
That I must bid adieu to thee ?
Thou, who hast cheered me day and night,
Turn'd every gathering shade to light,
And made a lot the world might scorn,
Bright as the rose-ray of the morn ;
Oh ! dearer far than words can tell,
My wild, my mountain-harp—*farewell !*

Yet all perturbations were allayed, and for a season dispersed, when the long, journalizing letters of my

life's companion arrived, rich in description and philosophical remark, and redolent of the love-spell. I think I have before mentioned, that one element of their attraction was the beauty of their chirography. In later years, while puzzled with deciphering the involutions of fashionable writing, I have earnestly remembered the clearness and symmetry of every separate word and letter, the finished elegance of page after page, even through whole volumes of mercantile accounts, and the decided contrast of the downward and upward marks, which the rigidity of the modern, metallic pen precludes.

Among the pleasant grouping in which imagination indulged, and prominent in all my castle-building, were the three children of my husband. Mrs. Grant, in her "Letters from the Mountains," says, rather flippantly, that "she is partial to ready-made families." The eldest of those to whom I contemplated assuming so important a relation, was a boy of eight years, and the two youngest were daughters. I anticipated much pleasure in promoting their improvement, the habit of teaching having become almost an essential part of my nature, while it was an object of my supplications that I might be permitted to share their affections, and enabled in some measure to supply the unspeakable loss of a departed mother.

After the last visit of my affianced lover, which was to precede our nuptial ceremony, I seemed to attain a

more abiding sense of the responsibilities that awaited me, and a more intense desire that I might so discharge them as to enhance his comfort. I also became fatigued, almost disgusted, with the preparation of a wardrobe, which, in comparison with my previous simplicity and frugality, seemed unduly elaborate.

“Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?” asked one of the prophets of Israel. I should have been thankful to have been allowed to forget mine. Such purchasing, devising, driving of needle and shears, dealing with mantuamakers, milliners, and sempstresses, had never before entered into my history. I was humbled by it. I analyzed it as an inherent selfishness, a weak compliance with the tyranny of Fashion. It struck me that an event so sacred, so entwined with eternal destinies, should be less marked by trifles and trappings. Nor could I witness without regret the consequent and almost entire absorption of a moderate sum laid aside from my school-earnings, and mentally devoted to my dear, deserted parents.

One of the brightest of June mornings shone upon our nuptials. Every leaf and flower was redolent of dew and sunshine, as the bridal procession set forth. The Episcopal church in Chelsea was two miles distant, and, notwithstanding the early hour of eight, densely thronged. The ceremony, most touching of all save that which renders us back to dust, was feelingly performed by the venerable Mr. Tyler, rector for fifty-

four years of Christ Church, Norwich, assisted by the Rev. Mr., afterwards Bishop Wainwright, then rector of Christ Church, Hartford, who, with his lady, and other friends from that city, had kindly come on to be present at the marriage.

It had been my resolution to utter audibly the responses required of me. Yet I was not aware, until hearing the clear, impressive enunciation of him who stood by my side, that my lips gave no sound. The power of articulation fled. The presence of the throng had no influence. It did not enter my mind. I seemed wrapped in a dream, and to have no personal identity with surrounding things. The congratulations that succeeded the ceremony, the world of flowers that were pressed upon me and showered around, seemed cheering and beautiful; but I could not think them mine. It seemed an illusion, though without the loss of self-command. What first restored full consciousness, was the blessing of an old lady of ninety—Madam Lathrop, a connection of my earliest benefactress—and the fervent glance of her still lustrous black eye. Her voice touched the sealed fountains of other years, and I was again myself.

The country through which we journeyed was interspersed with thriving villages, and gorgeous in its summer drapery. Here and there early haymakers loaded the air with fragrance. Rocks robed themselves in laurel, and the wild strawberry blushed as it ran to

hide among the matted grass. In the bridal coach which led the way were my husband and myself, our little son who had accompanied him on this occasion, and a servant-girl devoted to the care of the children. Several carriages followed with the returning guests, with whom we held pleasant converse when any peculiarly fine prospect attracted admiration. Our dinner had been previously bespoken by the bridegroom at Andover, a rural township which equally divided the distance of somewhat more than forty miles. The whole party partook of it with glee, and, as it was a banquet of some pretension, it seemed to have made an impression in the surrounding region, as, several years after, a substantial-looking, elderly woman called, introducing herself as one who had assisted in cooking my wedding dinner.

The sun drew near the golden verge of his cloudless rest as we approached our home. Our blessed friends, the Wadsworths, gave us cheering welcome from door and window as we passed. Our travelling companions and a few other friends took tea, and spent the evening with us, cheering me with their cordial good wishes. Novel yet sweet to me was the appellation of "Mother" from the dear little ones; while the kind induction into a new abode by him who held supreme authority there, assured my heart and inspired the desire to be faithful in every duty.

Loved friend, whose urgency has called forth these

reminiscences, I transcribe for you a few aspirations, bearing date with the earliest light of my wedding morning—June 16th—and written on the little white deal table in the front chamber of my father's house in Norwich, where from childhood the intercourse of thought and pen had been pursued.

“Almighty God! deign to look down and strengthen me on this the most fearfully important era of my life. Divine Saviour! touched with the feeling of our infirmities—Lamb of God! who takest away the sins of the world—I beseech Thee to hear me. Holy Spirit! sustain, cheer, animate me; breathe into my soul the calmness of self-possession, the same mind that was in Christ Jesus.

“Blessed Trinity! endue me with such virtues and graces as my lot may require. May I move in the untried sphere that awaits me with the humility of a Christian and the benevolence of an angel. Heavenly Father! remember my forsaken parents. Known unto Thee is the loneliness of their hearts. Thou alone hast the power to comfort them. Bless him whom Thy providence has appointed as my guide, companion, and counsellor until death. Bless our children, and prepare them early to walk in Thy truth. Thou hast called their mother unto the perfect rest of heaven. Fill my heart with her love toward them, and grant me suc-

cess in the duties and affections that their tender age requires.

“Art Thou not the God of Hope to all who put their trust in Thee? the God of Consolation to the desolate? the God of Wisdom to those who falter by reason of darkness? Oh! for the sake of Him whose last sigh on Calvary was peace to the sinner, suffer no error or evil to overtake me. Let the solemn vows of this day be registered in heaven. May I go forth to my new lot in Thy holy fear. And when Thou shalt summon me from earth’s duties, may I be ready joyfully to pass where all tears are wiped from the eyes for evermore.”

LETTER XI.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

HYMEN is wont to strew with roses the entrance into his domain. This is well; for where the most onerous duties of this life are assumed, all the aids derived from agreeable excitement and cheering anticipation should be enlisted.

The introduction to a new abode was signalized by many kind, social attentions in the form of calls, entertainments, and parties. Such marked regard from the aristocracy, as well as other classes, might have humbled me with the feeling that I had no just claim to it, had I not considered it as a demonstration of respect to my husband. He, though a devoted and successful merchant, often found time, toward the close of day, to take little excursions, always choosing to drive himself, through the beautifully varied scenery which the suburbs of the city presented. A promise had been made, at taking me from my parents, that, whenever it was possible, he would bring me to visit them every month.

This pleasant journey of forty miles was performed in the same style, with a single horse, taking one of the children in rotation, to share in our happiness.

Our household, besides our three lovely children, comprised a maiden sister of the first Mrs. Sigourney, a lady of most amiable manners, and of the same age with my husband, two clerks, who, being from good families, were generally included in our own circle, two men employed about the grounds, store, or stables, and three female servants. Finding the arrangements of a family that had been in existence sixteen years systematically established, I was careful not to disturb or interfere with its routine unnecessarily. Still it was my desire to bear a part in its operations, and to prove that the years devoted to different pursuits had created neither indifference nor disqualification for domestic duty. In this new sphere I could scarcely hope to equal my predecessor—who was a model of elegance—but was assiduous that our hospitalities, especially the dinner parties, which were occasionally large, should show no diminution of liberality and order.

Habitual industry did not forsake me, but was ready to enter untried departments. Perceiving my husband to be pleased with efforts of the needle and knitting-needles, mine were seldom idle. Not content with stockings of all sizes, I constructed gloves of various sorts, adjusting their fingers to the tiniest hands, and surprised at my own success. A still bolder em-

prise kindled my ambition—the cutting and making a pair of pantaloons for our son. Ripping a cast-off garment of that sort, and sedulously measuring and adjusting every part by the pattern, I produced an article of mazarine blue bombazine, which, trimmed with white pearl buttons, was well-fitted and becoming. It was sufficient for me that the father was pleased, and praised it. For I was often saying in my heart, I hope he may sustain no loss, at least in financial matters, from having married a schoolmistress and a literary woman.

It was particularly pleasant to me to keep up in some measure the habitudes of teaching with our very bright and attractive children. I simplified for them portions of geography, history, and Scripture, illustrated by stories, and by degrees formed sets of written questions, by whose aid they might review and rivet their little gatherings in memory. Highly gratified were they when father chanced to be an auditor. They were joined in these exercises by the youngest clerk, who requested it as a favor, having been well instructed at the primary schools of a neighboring State. This addition to their class served to encourage them, and was to him a source of satisfaction. Possessing a thirst for knowledge, and a fair, distinct chirography, he advanced to the construction of historical and chronological charts, which were in all respects creditable, and worthy of preservation.

The custom which prevailed among merchants in the olden time, of drawing within their circle of home-charities those whom they received as pupils in their profession, was both kind and wise. The benevolence of sheltering from temptation the young who are thus severed from parental supervision, and whose hearts often pine for the tones of lost affection, is often recompensed by a more perfect identification of interests, and sometimes by a lifelong friendship.

The year after our marriage we removed to a habitation which Mr. Sigourney had erected after his own plan, in a commanding and beautiful situation. It combined convenience with elegance in a remarkable degree. Facing the east, its stately columns caught the first rays of the rising sun, as they unveiled, like a picture, the city stretching at its feet. The interior, with its lofty ceilings, marble mantel-pieces, folding-doors, and windows reaching to the floor, had a patrician aspect, more noticeable half a century since than now, when such appendages are common. It was environed by an extensive lawn, whose curving gravel-walks were adorned with shrubbery; and spacious gardens, one of which stretched downward to the fair river that girdled the domain, from which it was protected by a mural parapet. One of the most unique features of the scenery was a grove sloping rather precipitously to the borders of the same graceful stream, traversed by winding paths, and shaded by lofty trees

never disturbed by the axe, save to prune their luxuriance. On its margin, and partially sustained by the trunk of a strong oak that bent over the water, a rustic recess with two or three seats, called the Hermitage, had been constructed. It was approached by a kind of wilderness path through the lower grounds, and, so far from vindicating the propriety of its name, was said to be the spot where many of the courtships of the city were negotiated, under the auspices of Luna. An adjoining eminence was crowned by a summer house, on whose vane, which was in the form of an arm and hand, with a pointing finger, was the classic inscription, "*Ut ventus vita*"—our life is as the wind. Garden-seats were placed in different positions, so as admirably to reveal the charms of nature and art which were here combined—the velvet lawn, the turrets of the neighboring college, the stream that at one point exhibited a slight cascade, and at another seemed to have a lake-like termination, neither of which gave the slightest indication of the torrent-fury of which it was once in a year capable, when, swollen and disturbed by the attrition of the dissolving spring-ices, it rushed onward like a maniac. The trees which were scattered here and there seemed instinct with the spirit of grace; and methought I had never beheld such enchanting moonlights as fell through their chequering branches.

The iron horse has since tramped over those prem-

ises, annihilated the grove, with its love-consecrated cloister, demolished the rich eastern garden, and with his fiery breath consumed a pair of ancient elms that guarded its entrance, full of vitality and glory. But I still keep the unchanged picture in my heart.

Our domain was beloved by the flowers. Roses of every hue and variety cast their perfume upon the air; the clematis threw over the piazzas its rich masses of cerulean blue; brilliant woodbines and trumpet honeysuckles spanned the arching gateways, or clung to the trellises of the summer-house; the alternate white and purple lilacs bowed their heads over the avenue allotted to them, as if in close consultation; the neighboring lilies bent back their listening petals, like the ears of the white rabbit; on the borders of the gravel walks the gorgeous coxcomb flaunted, the peony and lupine advanced their pretensions, the pansy lifted its deep eye of intelligence, and the arbor-Judea waved its pendulous banner when the slightest zephyr claimed homage.

Life in its varied forms, biped and quadrupedal, leaped and luxuriated among us. Birds, fearing no shaft of the fowler, peopled the boughs, and made a paradise of song. Among the lofty walnuts in the grove a race of exceedingly pretty gray squirrels might now and then be seen flitting from spray to spray, or gracefully grasping in their paws the nuts that they nibbled and amassed in their hoards. Snowy turkeys strutted amid the green turf, those of the masculine genus spreading

their broad plumage with a peacock's vanity. Hens, of the same tint, protruded their heads from the gratings of their sharp roofed summer-houses, calling back their brooding little ones from among the compeers with whom they wandered upon the allotted area. Their similarity of color arose from the preference of my husband, who, in his drives among our suburban farmers, if he saw a fair, white member of the poultry tribe, purchased it; their eggs, being used in incubation, produced flocks of the same garniture, or if, by chance, a youngling of different hue made its appearance, its date was short. Among our other retainers was a favorite horse, of large proportions, who, from the contrasted color of his legs half way to the knees on an even line, was known by the sobriquet of "White Stockings." When led out to water, he might be seen lifting his feet high and carefully, lest he should tread upon some kittens, whose mother had chosen her abode in a corner of his manger, or inserting his long, honest face, through the open window of an adjacent pantry, to receive a slice of bread, perhaps, with a sprinkling of salt. Two fair cows, with coats brushed to a satin sleekness, ruminated at will, and filled large pails with creamy nectar.

A long line of buildings stretched in the rear of the mansion, unmarked by ornament, yet of pleasing architectural proportion, the classic taste of my husband being obvious in the slightest details, every part of this establishment, from the basement to the capitals of the

columns, having been executed after a model drawn by himself. Having been so thoughtful of comfort as to wish the coolness of an abode in summer not invaded by the fumes and odors of culinary preparation, this additional erection contained a large, secondary kitchen, which having also every convenience for a laundry, was constantly used for that purpose. There was also a fine room for a dairy, and a chamber for the shelter of any wayfaring man who might wish to tarry for a night. The remainder of the building was divided between a receptacle for fuel, carriage-house, and accommodations for animals, with the stores of their requisite food.

It was accordant with the rural element in the character of us both, that a portion of the family subsistence should be drawn from our own cultivated soil. This we considered both congenial to health and that consciousness of independence which is one of the pleasantest parts of a life of agriculture. Fifteen acres were connected with the domicile, which Mr. Sigourney promised himself much pleasure in supervising. Like many of the gentlemen-farmers of England, he preferred that his principal gardener should be a Scotchman, the thrift and close observation of that people being happily shown in exciting the highest fruitfulness of the earth, without exhausting its powers.

Our gardens supplied a profusion of the richest vegetables, which gave variety and a healthful aliment to our repasts. Currants pruned into the form of small

trees, showered their fruitage both white and red, raspberries luxuriated upon their espaliers, and a large expanse was allotted to the luscious strawberry. We had at a little distance a field where the tasselled maize grew lovingly with the potato, and a pasture where our cows took their clover meals, repaying us in a barter-traffic of cream and golden butter. Our poultry peopled their territory with a prolific zeal, and munificently gave us their eggs, their offspring, and themselves.

Our trees, of the peach, pear and apple, apricot and cherry genus, were so exuberant in their gifts, that neither by usufruct, or donation, could they be always expended. The resource was in casting them to a class of retainers whose name, for some reason or other, perhaps for none at all, is scarcely admissible to ears polite. Nevertheless, having very comfortable quarters, with a fortified area, where they might enjoy the air and sun, and being kept scrupulously neat, they were not disagreeable objects, especially when the before-named dessert was distributed. They exhibited unmingled delight in partaking of it, cracking the peach-stones to extract the aromatic kernels, and looking up at their benefactors with some degree of intelligence. We did not scorn the comfort of this subsidiary part of our establishment, who in return added condiments to our board, and their hams were thought to have derived flavor from the peaches that had nourished

them. Soon after our removal to this delightful abode, my husband confided to me that, from some obstructions in the course of mercantile prosperity, added to the expenses of building, which are wont to exceed their original estimate, a system of retrenchment would be expedient, perhaps imperative. Concurring with his proposition, I sought how it might best be put in force without involving palpable inconsistency in the habitants of so costly a dwelling; and having seen some examples of a successful union of economy with hospitality, determined to become a learner and disciple. I steadfastly set myself against waste in every domestic department, and also to prolong the existence of all garments, by repair or transmigration. Wishing to take my part in privation, should any be deemed necessary, my wardrobe was for years supplied at a surprisingly small expenditure. I also undertook that the labors of our large household should be performed by a single adult female servant, aided by a young girl to be retained until the age of eighteen, whose remuneration was to consist of her clothing, board, and instruction. This arrangement I was enabled to persevere in for somewhat more than eight years, until the birth of little ones rendered the assistance of a nurse indispensable. To the description of help given by servants under eighteen, I became much attached, as calling forth some modification of the maternal principle, and giving scope for more of grateful regard than usually enters into the

history of hirelings. One of mine, thus trained, became a respected teacher, and habitant of our fair, growing West; and another, who was a model of fidelity and piety, became the wife of an honored Mayor of our city.

For the household accounts, which were entrusted to me, an early training had given fitness and facility. Having acquired a fair handwriting, and some knowledge of arithmetical computation, at the age of eight my father accepted my assistance in keeping his books, a weakness of the eye, caused by the measles, making any continued use of the pen painful. As he held for some time the office of Town Surveyor, I was initiated into the mysteries of debt and credit, and gratified by being installed as a species of deputy book-keeper. He required a very clear chirography, and tolerated no blots or erasures; and the attention to accuracy thus inculcated in childhood, has been an advantage throughout life. By him I was also induced to commence, at eleven, in a manuscript book for that purpose, a statement of all my own expenditure, however small, a habit which I have continued without interruption to the present day.

I was happy that my husband should have the benefit of these financial proclivities, at a time when they were apposite and serviceable. Indeed, I have often wondered how so many of my own sex, especially housekeepers, should so often neglect, and even testify

contempt for a regular account of their expenses. It not only seems necessary to prevent forgetfulness of where their money goes, but acts as guide in the science of its correct use. It is a sort of chart, by which a safe course may be steered, and the quicksand of debt avoided. My own countrywomen are vastly more negligent in this matter than the ladies of England, where I have observed even those of high rank keep their household-book near at hand, where it can be systematically consulted. I have also noticed in London, among the elegant gifts of a bridal trousseau, a beautifully bound blank book, for household expenses.

Dear friend, whose practice in such results is so exemplary, I am sure you will forgive this financial episode, for you believe with me that there is more pleasure in a just economy, even when not compelled by pecuniary need, than in the most lavish expenditure; the conscience of one who realizes a Christian stewardship, being better satisfied.

Among the pleasures of our mode of life I was permitted to put in practice what had been my ambition for years, ever since a short visit to the Hon. Governor John Jay, that venerable patriot, scholar, and saint. His daughter, Miss Ann Jay, a most refined and lovely person, who had charge of his establishment, gave employment to the poor women of that vicinity and the neighboring villages, in spinning and weaving, providing the materials, and paying them for their labor. The

fabrics thus produced were sometimes retained, but generally disposed of at very low prices to those who made them, being of such a substantial nature as to be useful in their households. Thus she encouraged their industry, and also gained such an acquaintance with the structure of their families, as enabled her to send acceptable gifts to the sick and aged, or useful books to the young. To prevent a too frequent invasion of time, she appointed one day in each month for the transaction of this business, when groups of earnest, hard-working women might be seen, wending their way on side-saddle and pillion, bringing the fruits of their diligence, and flattered to be received at the great house as coadjutors and friends. Thus, this estimable lady, who, like her father, was the personification of benevolence, illustrated, in her own ingenious way, the principle that the best mode of helping the working-classes is to sustain their self-respect by prompting them to help themselves.

My plan of operations was of course on a more limited scale, but kept its original steadily in view. It was ripened into action by information from my husband that an establishment for the sale of dry goods in which he was concerned, had been unfortunately managed, and that the articles belonging to him which remained unsold would be brought to the house, and I might have liberty to dispose of them in payment for the work of spinning-women, if such personages could

be found. Most grateful was I to him for this permission, and delighted to see a small apartment in the attic overflowing with calicos, plaids, and a multitude of other articles adapted to home consumption.

Forthwith I opened negotiations with the flax merchants, and busied myself in searching the suburbs for those who were skilled to transmute the raw material into yarn, thread, etc., receiving remuneration in whatever they might select from my store, at marvellously reduced prices. Here was a commercial intercourse, and a barter-trade opened, without any manner of doubt. The traffic proved a source of mutual satisfaction.

It was principally among the old-fashioned people whom I dealt, the younger not having been initiated into the policies of spindle and distaff. At length, discovering a female weaver, I had my purchased yarn transmuted into various forms of what the Scotch call napery, of a serviceable and durable quality. A correlative species of industry, which I had not anticipated, sprang up from this pleasant traffic. My own maidens, who were moved with a desire of imitating, or surpassing what was exhibited by their suburban friends, betook themselves, at their intervals of leisure, to the same employment, and the music of the large spinning-wheel was extant among us. This was interesting both to Mr. Sigourney and myself, as conforming still more to those habits of rural life which we respected. We procured wool for them, which, after

being manipulated by carding machines into four long rolls, they manufactured into nice flannel sheets, some of which are in existence at the present day.

Amid our interesting domestic avocations, the claims of society were not forgotten. Pleasant parties of friends were not unfrequently invited, for whom it was our rule to make our ice-cream, and other varieties of refreshment, within our own premises.

It was our desire in these entertainments to avoid display, and unite simplicity with social and intellectual pleasures. We did not wish to make the animal appetites the chief attraction to those whose company we solicited, but taking it for granted, in the words of the Apostle to those of Corinth, that they had "houses of their own, to eat and drink in," would not tempt them to unseasonable indulgence, perhaps at the expense of physical welfare.

The pleasantest months of the year gave us the enjoyment of a more protracted hospitality. Our rural residence was delightful in summer to our city friends, and my husband's relatives from Boston, and the visitants of our daughters, often made the family circle large and cheerful.

Yes, and in process of time guests appeared, not for a season only—two little ones, who, having first opened their eyes amid that delightful scenery, claimed it as a home. My first infant, who came to us just before leaving our former habitation, fainted at the gate of

life, and was laid by the pale angel on a turf pillow. It was a daughter of fair countenance and unusually large size, for whose crushed life my own was placed in imminent peril, and my health, for months afterwards, seriously suffered. Then followed the premature birth of two sons, and I gradually resigned the hope of ever becoming the mother of a living babe.

But somewhat more than eight years after our marriage, one of the smallest representatives of the human race was laid in my bosom by the All Bountiful. Scarcely four pounds in weight was this miniature of humanity; and to see it breathing, moving, stretching its tiny hands, unclosing its bright, blue eyes, was a sleepless source of wonder—a new demonstration of creative power and infinite goodness. Like a vision was the little Mary, and a blessing has she since been to all who have known her. I could not believe she was mine. I could not feel that I had a right to her, though she so freely drew her subsistence from me. Her loving babyhood was as a dream of enchantment to the heart which had so long schooled itself to resign anticipations of this nature.

Scarcely two years after her advent, a brother, of larger proportions, and vigorous frame, gladdened her nursery. Swiftly fled the months in their sweet companionship, and early and proudly was she seen guiding his footsteps as they traversed the velvet lawn. His father honored him with the name of Andrew, which

was borne by the Huguenot ancestor who first emigrated to this land for "freedom to worship God."

The cares of maternity, added to those of house-keeping, had interfered with the regular routine of visits to my parents. This was a source of anxiety, as the health of my mother had become delicate, and her elastic spirits gradually subsided into sadness after my ultimate departure. They had been induced occasionally to pass a winter with us, and at the close of one of those visits Mr. Sigourney proposed that they should dispose of their property in Norwich and dwell constantly with us, as the trouble and expense of a separate establishment might thus be spared, while the presence of their baby grandchildren offered a new motive in favor of the arrangement.

His arguments prevailed, and my father, journeying alone to his deserted abode, promptly effected a successful sale of his real estate, movables, etc., and returned at the age of eighty with the vigor of a young man, bringing with him a copious selection of articles, which I prized as memorials of former days. Most grateful was I for this kind permission to dedicate a portion of time and attention to those who had for years suffered from their deprivation. I doubt whether the full responsibility of an only child is often correctly estimated. Their indebtedness for a concentrated and exclusive love of a lifetime, cannot be computed in the arithmetic of language. If a daughter, her for-

saking father and mother when the wheels of life begin to drive heavily, the blotting out of the one bright face, and young voice, the falling back upon hirelings when the worn heart yearns for loving looks and words, is a loss and a sorrow surpassing speech.

While the home-circle was enlarged on one side, it was temporarily diminished on the other. Our oldest son had become the student of a college in a distant State, under the presidency of Right Rev. Bishop Philander Chase, the particular friend, and formerly the pastor of his father. The eldest daughter, the most beautiful one of our family, was at the celebrated French boarding-school of Madame Chegaray, in New York, while the youngest remained with us, a daily attendant of the Hartford Female Seminary, then under the charge of the distinguished Miss Catharine E. Beecher.

As my husband, soon after taking up his residence in Hartford, had become a member of the Episcopal Church, I considered it my duty to adopt his form of worship. Though attached to that in which I had been educated, it was not long ere I accounted this change a privilege, so impressive was the solemnity of its liturgy, the hallowed beauty of its ordinances, and its systematic commemoration of events in the life and death of our divine Redeemer. Especially did the pathos of its burial-service thrill through my soul. It soothed me to think that the tearful request might probably be granted made to my mother, when, a young child, I first heard

it at the grave of a companion: "Let that same be read over me when I am dead."

There was but one place of worship for the Episcopal Church in this city, at the time of our marriage in 1819, a plain structure of wood, with a small congregation. This was sold to the Catholics in 1827, removed, and eventually destroyed by fire. The original site is occupied by the present spacious and substantial specimen of Gothic architecture; besides which, there are five edifices of stone, counting the chapel of Trinity College, consecrated to the Episcopal form of worship.

When I commenced attending it, the Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright was for a short time our rector, a young clergyman of high classical attainments, noble elocution, and dignified manners. He was afterwards widely known as Bishop of New York, and author of several beautiful volumes of tasteful literature and piety.

His successor was the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel S. Wheaton, respected for undeviating integrity, practical philanthropy, and universal knowledge. His earnest promptings stimulated to the erection of the present edifice of Christ Church, which had throughout its progress the aid of his architectural taste. With persevering industry he drew the original design, marked out the ground-plan, and superintended the details of the work from buttress to tower with somewhat of the attachment of the ancient Jews for their sacred temple. After ten years of faithful service, he resigned our

pulpit for the presidency of Trinity College, and his place was supplied by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Smith, who came to us from the South. He was a man of genial temperament, and distinguished by the tenderness of his ministrations at the couch of sickness and death. I found both pleasure and edification from attending a weekly Bible-class instituted for the ladies of his congregation, where the Scriptures were happily illustrated by knowledge drawn from various commentaries, as well as by his own feeling and impressive enforcements.

Neither of these three sacred teachers are now denizens of earth. They have passed to that blessed reward for which they labored to prepare others. May their flock be permitted to meet them at the feet of the one Great Shepherd!

The Rev. George Burgess came to us in 1833, while yet a young man, recently returned from travelling in Europe, and a residence of some length in Germany. His character combined exalted and tender sympathies, profound learning, and poetical genius, all of which were humbly laid at the foot of the cross of Christ. For thirteen years we enjoyed his faithful instructions, and example of the meekness of wisdom. Then he consented to accept the Episcopate of Maine, where his self-denying labors have been unremitting and intense. The Muse but inadequately expresses the sorrow of his people at the separation :

I.

Pastor and friend, whose voice from year to year
With lore of heaven, the listening ear hath mov'd ;
Whose pure example, brightening still, and clear,
Gave beauty to the path thy words approv'd :
Alike by youth, and reverend age belov'd,
In vain, alas !—thy fostering smile we seek ;
To distant fields of sacred toil remov'd,
We miss thy guiding hand and o'er the cheek
Steal the heart's living pearls, as of thy loss we speak.

II.

For thou wert with us, when our souls were tried
By the sore ills that throng this pilgrim way ;
And like a brother bow'd thee at our side
When pain and sickness mark'd us for their prey,
Or dearest hopes sank down in dark decay ;
How rose thy tones, as if an angel pray'd,
When forth the spirit pass'd from failing clay ;
Or with the mourner-train, in funeral shade,
Where sadly, dust to dust, the holy dead were laid !

III.

The sheep of other folds thy kindness knew,—
The wandering lambs that own'd no shepherd's care,
The erring outcast, shrinking from the view,
The poor, in cell all desolate and bare,
The homeless stranger, in his deep despair ;
No cold pretension, oft from learning bred,
No pharisaic pride constrain'd thy prayer ;

And ever didst thou strive with patient tread
To seek and save the lost, for whom thy Saviour bled.

IV.

Say, hadst thou known, all lowly as thou art,
Prone of thyself such slight account to make,
How strong the ties that from so many a heart
Twin'd round thy spirit for thy Master's sake—
Childhood's blanched lip, that trembled as it spake,
And white-haired age, that shunned the parting look,
While from dark hut, and courtly hall did break
Such sound of weeping that thy manhood shook,
Couldst thou have known it all, and yet our love forsook?

V.

Hence, selfish thought, and hide thee in the dust!
Shall our own separate good absorb our care?
And ne'er another's gain, or joyful trust,
Give ardor to our gratulating prayer?
Christ's family alike His favor share,
And ill should we within His blessed fold
Deserve a place, if haughtily we dare
To gloat exulting o'er our garner'd gold,
Nor heed a sister-flock, that roam the mountains cold.

VI.

Yet ah, forget us not! though far away
'Neath happier skies, thy hallow'd course be run,
Think of our vales, where sleeps the autumnal ray,
Our placid river, sparkling in the sun,
Haunts, where thy laurels from the muse were won,

Hearths, where fond memories of thy friendship twine,
Hearts, whose best hopes, beneath thy care begun,
Shall hoard thine image, even till life's decline,
Still let thy prayers be ours, our grateful blessings thine.

We have, since his departure, been favored for periods of different length, with the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Peter S. Chauncey, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Clark, who left us to become the Bishop of Rhode Island, the Rev. Richard S. Abererombie, and the Rev. Dr. George H. Clark, who is at present our esteemed rector. I hope I may not have failed to derive lasting benefit from the teaching of these spiritual guides.

During all these mutations, the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of the First Congregational Church in Hartford, continued to discharge his sacred duties with unimpaired physical and mental energies. He exhibits the rare example of constancy to one flock for almost half a century, and, in the words of Goldsmith, "ne'er hath changed, or wished to change his place." Having been a communicant there when in this city, until emerging from school-mistress into matron, I have been in the habit of occasionally going to hear one of his earnest discourses—which are still delivered with the same strength and volume of voice, and emphasis of manner, that distinguished his early years. Respected by all for his long life of undeviating integrity and consistent piety, he may be seen traversing our streets with an alert step

and healthful complexion, intent on errands of goodness, at past the age of threescore years and ten.

The Right Rev. Thomas Church Brownell, senior bishop of the United States, has presided over the Episcopal Church in Connecticut between forty and fifty years, and for almost the whole of that period been a resident of Hartford. Possessed of a clear intellect, and of the advantages of high education and foreign travel, his discourses and published writings ever maintained a distinguished character. He was the first president of Trinity College, and filled that post of honor with success, and a delightful blending of dignity with affability. This position he resigned, that he might more exclusively devote himself to the duties of his diocese. There, his success in increasing its numbers, and preserving that spirit of peace which has ever marked his own life and spirit, has been eminent. He has repressed the disposition to controversy, and studiously enforced that unity and love which the Gospel of Christ requires.

Now,* in his eighty-fifth year, the saintly beauty of his countenance, seated happily with the loved companion of his youth, and usually attended by some one of their affectionate children, is what no artist's pencil may hope to equal. Compelled by advancing infirmi-

* The honored prelate entered into the blessed rest of the saints on the 13th of January, A. D. 1865.

ties to devolve the cares of his sacred office on the excellent Assistant Bishop, the Rev. Dr. John Williams, residing in Middletown, he exhibits an example of venerable and pious age which all love and revere,

Thrice blessed is the crown of days
Around his temples wove,—
Who ever in his hallow'd sphere,
Firm in the Gospel's faith and fear,
Hath kept our Master's spirit dear,
And ruled with peace and love.

Believing that Christian sympathies may be quickened by sometimes joining in the worship of other denominations, and that exclusiveness obviated which is prone to adhere even to the most conscientious, I occasionally listened with pleasure to the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, whose strikingly suggestive and original mind is portrayed in his published works; to the Rev. Mr. Beadle, who, both as a foreign missionary and pastor in his native land, has evinced the devoted and loving spirit of his Master; and to the Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of the First Baptist Church, whose warm Scottish heart gives life and energy to the religious labors, social intercourse, and literary efforts, which for nearly twenty years he has pursued among us.

I have been also pleasantly acquainted with several interesting and fervent preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and with the late Dr. Brady of the Romish Church, under whose auspices the noble build-

ing known as St. Patrick's Cathedral was erected, and who, with all his devotedness to his own immediate people, had the interests of the whole community steadfastly at heart.

The longer I live, the more inclined I am deeply to regret that those differences of doctrine and form which must always exist, should be permitted to disturb their Christian charity who embrace the precepts of the same Gospel, and pray to dwell at last lovingly in the presence of one Redeemer, in purer light, and perfect unity.

LETTER XII.

LAPSE OF YEARS.

AFTER a residence of eighteen years amid the fairest rural scenery, we removed to another habitation, somewhat nearer the central part of the city. To leave the trees we had planted, and the flowers whose growth we had watched, was like parting with living friends. Associations also were entwined with the walls of the mansion, with the different apartments, the windows where the rising sun had so long greeted us, and the piazzas where we had sat under the rich, soft moonlight. To sever these ties, was like breaking the flexible tendrils of the vine.

But what I permitted myself for a time to make a trial and a sorrow, gradually faded away. In a few years I passed those premises without a thought of self-appropriation or a thrill of regret. This philosophy was doubtless strengthened by the agency of the railroad in ravaging recesses where Memory might have too fondly lingered.

Our new abode, being of much smaller dimensions, required dexterous arrangement in transferring our goods and chattels. The large dining-tables, massy side-board, and other similar furniture, with the alabaster ornaments of the broad mantel-pieces, could not obtain admission. The carved, high-post bedsteads were sawed down to accommodate the lower ceilings, and readily resumed their functions. If, at first, any one might fancy that respiration during warm summer nights might be impeded in those comparatively confined chambers, it was a mistake. We have breathed very well here for years; and after a little judicious management of allotted space, and acclimation of the feelings, it became entirely comfortable.

Yet not all who had composed our household on the hill accompanied us hither. Four years before we left, Death had summoned the first being who had ever passed from its halls to his narrow house. My mother, at the age of sixty-seven, fell the victim of an acute dysentery; and she, who from birth had nurtured me with an exclusive, almost idolatrous love, was a cold form of clay.

“Farewell! farewell! Such thoughts as breathe
The thrilling, grateful sigh,
Still with thy name my lips enwreath;
God will not let them die.”

Our circle was also ere long to be diminished by the

departure of our two eldest daughters, who made judicious and happy marriages—Mrs. Elizabeth Knox taking up her residence in Troy, and Mrs. Jane C. Burnham in the city of New York. There they became the mothers of interesting and promising families, beloved by their many friends, and discharging the duties of their position with gracefulness, fidelity, and piety.

All these changes served to make me the more susceptible of gratitude for the attentions of friendship, to which throughout life I have been so deeply indebted. One more instance of its singular disinterestedness I should love to relate to you.

Among the neighbors of our hill-residence were Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Colt, who inhabited the spacious and pleasant mansion opposite our own, now the abode of my friend Mrs. John A. Taintor. He was a native of Massachusetts, a gentleman of fine form and countenance, and amiable manners; and his wife, who was a daughter of the late Major Caldwell, one of our most distinguished citizens in early times, was a model of dignified beauty. At the social visits which that immediate neighborhood strove systematically to maintain, they were accounted our handsomest couple. Their family consisted of two daughters and four sons, the former of whom having been among my pupils when I was so happy as to be employed in the work of education.

Samuel, the second son, was a beautiful boy, uniting sprightliness with a thoughtful temperament. He often attracted my attention among the group of playmates who came to visit Charles, our eldest son, and pursue their sports upon the grounds.

Having once received from some person the rather questionable gift of a pistol, he seated himself in a contemplative manner under a tree, and, taking it entirely to pieces, and laying each part in order by his side, restored and reunited them all perfectly again. Was not this a shadowing forth of the machinery he was to construct, and the armories he should build?

His mechanical genius, which was early developed, did not gain immediate appreciation. Foreign climes made the first true estimate of his extraordinary inventive powers. England, France, Russia, Turkey, and other realms of the older world, discovered, under an exterior wholly devoid of ostentation, and revealed to his birth-land, his scientific skill and indomitable energy. Though a Wisdom that never errs has pointed out the tendency of the human mind to undervalue that which is ever within its reach, yet our country, which, more visibly than any other on the globe, has been uplifted by her self-made men, and is not obtuse to the principles of loss and gain, is unwise to overlook those talents which reflect distinction upon herself. Yet the obstacles which, in early life, Colonel Colt encountered and overcame, deepened his sympathies

for every form of hardship, and his liberality in aiding and upholding the laboring classes.

Returning to his native city with the meed of fame and the materials of wealth, he consecrated them to her benefit with a filial warmth, which she had taken little pains to win, and was slow to acknowledge. By the bold design and successful completion of his dike or embankment, he seems to have created a new expanse of land, which he defended against the attacks of the Connecticut, from whose depths it was drawn and consolidated.

When swollen by the reënforcement of melting snows, the proud river returns in spring to the inundated play-places where it had revelled from the beginning, and finds itself excluded, foaming with rage it essays a faint imitation of the waves of the sea, vainly dashing against and battling the immovable parapet.

An immense stone armory, including buildings more than twelve hundred feet in length, and several stories high, filled with his own invented or improved machinery, gave employment to more than a thousand working-men. To these he punctually accorded the wages on which the subsistence of their families depended, erecting for them substantial tenements of brick, and in a range of Swiss cottages kindly consulting the home associations of one class of his immigrants.

A manufacture, whose extent had not been antici-

pated, sprang from the ozier willow which had been planted on the outer edge of the embankment, that the interlacing of its fibrous roots might aid in communicating permanence. From this, a multitude of exquisite articles for use and adornment came forth as if by magic, revealing both the ingenuity and the Midas-touch that he possessed, and employing throngs of laborers. For the households of all thus under his care, comprising thousands of different ages, from infancy to decrepitude, he testified an interest, wishing to elevate them mentally, providing a large hall where they might have lectures and music, sustaining mission schools, and devising future plans for a more extensive and thorough education.

Yet, amid the magnitude of his pursuits and responsibilities, the honors from foreign climes, and gifts of crowned heads that were showered upon him, the most minute promptings of friendship were never disregarded. Beautiful books and pictures he sent me from abroad; the malachites and porphyries of Russia, and an inlaid writing-desk of the costly buhl-work of Vienna. It would be almost impossible to record the various forms in which his benevolent regard for me was indicated. Yet I would not willingly forget one of them.

Knowing my fondness for flowers, twelve pots of the richest ones would be sent me in winter from his green-house, filling my windows with fragrance, and

exciting the wonder of passers-by that a dwelling so lowly should thus be irradiated by tulips and carnations, hyacinths, geraniums, and the *soleil d'or*. Every ten days or a fortnight he thoughtfully commissioned his gardener to remove these, and replace them by an equal number of fresh ones. Fruits and vegetables from his garden enriched my table; cordials found their way to me if I were but slightly indisposed; and pleasant rides in the fine equipage, driven on those occasions by his own hand, were cheering to my widowed and sonless heart. He was not willing to accept even the offering of thanks, but had implied to some of my friends that he considered himself a debtor for pleasant words spoken to his boyhood, while playing upon our grounds—of which I have no remembrance; and for kindness to his sisters while they were my pupils—which was a pleasure to myself, instead of an obligation to them. Yet it is delightful to find, in these venal times, an example of generosity thus springing wholly from a sense of gratitude, however mistaken. Some philosopher has sagely said, that only generous natures are capable of the grateful sentiment.

Recollecting my interest in our early local histories, and the bi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of Hadley, Mass., the place of his paternal ancestry, being appointed, he invited me to join his family party at that celebration. During this excursion of several

days I received unremitted attentions from himself and his wife, formerly Miss Elizabeth Jarvis, a lady of a lovely spirit, accomplished education, and eminent piety, with whom his marriage in 1856 had given the climax to his earthly happiness.

But he, my disinterested, untiring friend, at the age of forty-four, laid down his noble head in the last slumber, on his own fair domain. Surrounded by his three little ones, their white monuments gleam out amid the evergreens he had reared, strewn with votive offerings of fresh flowers.

One of the scenes at his thronged funeral will not soon be effaced. Fifteen hundred or more of the laboring men, who had received from his hand bread for themselves and their families, reverently approached, two and two, to take the last farewell of their benefactor. Sadly they gazed upon the expressive countenance on its coffin-pillow, and, the tears coursing down their rugged cheeks, said : " We shall never look on his like again."

Still his palatial mansion exhibits its charms ; the green-houses and graperies overflow with tropical wealth ; the broad expanse of velvet turf, interspersed with statuary, delights the eye ; the deer gambol in their park, upon the clear lakelet which he formed ; the swans, so often fed by his hand, lead forth their young cygnets ; but he, the master of all this beauty, for whom the heart of affection grieves, returns no more.

One little son alone survives him. Carefully nurtured by his excellent mother, he already, at the age of four, reveals elements of that courtesy and perseverance which characterized him whose name he bears. May God spare him, and grant him, through a life of usefulness, to evince the same capacity, energy, and generosity !

I think I have not spoken much of those important personages in every New England household, the domestic assistants. I early discerned that the term *servant* was unpopular and inadmissible among them, and that they must be styled *help*, whether they were in reality helps or hindrances. In our state of society, where equality so evidently prevails, to continue an intercourse that implies subordination without frequent changes, is not often feasible. Yet in this respect I consider myself to have been favored by Providence, having an aversion to fluctuating helpers, unless necessity requires. I commenced housekeeping with the creed of endeavoring to make friends of all who should serve us. Though warned by adepts that this would prove a delusion, I have not yet materially varied in my theory, still believing that, where there is any generosity of nature, kindness and sympathy are not thrown away. It seems to me but just, that those who have in their keeping our home-comforts, and almost the breath of our nostrils, should be treated with respect ; and, as their lot is one of toil and hard-

ship, that it be lightened by kindness, and, as far as possible, an assimilation of interests.

Out of the number of our assistants, I have found some whom it was highly desirable to retain, and been fortunate in their continuance for long periods of time. Their distinctive lineaments of person and mind it is still pleasant to recall. Shall I describe to you two or three of these my friends? for friends I consider them, whose faithful hands conferred benefits upon us both day and night.

Anna Brown, the first of these, who remained with us as long as eight years, possessed uncommon capacity for all manner of household labor, untiring industry, and a firmly-knit frame capable of great endurance. While working for us, it seemed as if she were working for herself; and this repelled both complaint and weariness. It seems almost even to myself that I utter fables, when I say that, with the aid of only a young girl under eighteen, she performed the whole work of a family that, during the finer months of the year, often comprised sixteen or eighteen persons, and that the semi-annual ablutions of our large mansion were conducted by her. Our partially agricultural establishment enlarged the sphere of woman's operations, by the care of milk, the making of butter, of soap, and of candles, both mould and dipped—lamp-oil being little used, and gas and kerosene unknown. Not content with these exploits, she occasionally kept the large

spinning-wheel in action; also increasing her perquisites by needle-work for the serving-men, producing shirts, jackets, and pantaloons with equal facility. She was liable to some exacerbations of temper, but usually subject to the control of those whom she respected. She was an earnest adherent of the Methodist Church; and I won very much upon her by once attending, in her company, their Watch-Night, or the service with which they bid farewell to the old year, and welcome the new. She zealously prized the public recital of religious experiences, and was tenacious of the privilege of exclamation during sacred worship. Her presence at evening meetings was not affected by distance, darkness, or storm. On one occasion, having surmounted these obstacles without the aid of any companion, she said, rather exultingly, "The Lord went with her, and the Lord brought her back."

"Then I think He leaves you at the door," replied Charles, our eldest son, then a boy, who inherited the vein of humor belonging to his paternal ancestors, and was not particularly her admirer. Her uses of language were quaint, and her phrases often decidedly Yankee in structure. Chancing to hear her say that she had once a twin brother, and being a profound admirer of twins, ever hoping, while building up our family, to possess a pair, I asked, "Did you not love him very much?" "No, me! I hated him worse than any on 'em," was the reply. From this it must

not be inferred that her household were brought up as foes—for her sisterly affection always manifested itself by deeds—but that conflicts for coveted things between two little ones of equal age created more protracted struggles, and some approach to a belligerent condition.

This remarkable personage, after a service of eight years in our family, married a very respectable physician, much older than herself, the owner of a small freehold in a neighboring township. Here her efforts were as unceasing as they were characteristic. There being often difficulty in hiring men to aid upon the farm, and her husband's health far from vigorous, she might be seen harnessing their horse with marvellous expedition, or, mounted on a wagon, pitching hay, or making the hoe and spade fly in the garden, or cultivating a field of tobacco, which more readily than better agricultural products was convertible into the circulating medium. She has seemed to me one of the most striking developments of fearless, tireless Yankee activity that I have ever beheld in my own sex.

Another assistant—Miss S. Albro—I was so fortunate as to secure, of a higher grade of intellect and character. She was of a respectable family, well educated in the common branches, and decidedly religious. She came to me at the birth of my last child, and chanced to conceive for my baby-boy so devoted an attachment as to release herself from some previous

engagements, that she might longer attend upon him. Indeed, her fondness for him seemed less like a sentiment than a passion, and was at first the ruling motive of retaining her in my house for a period that proved longer than the love-term which Jacob served for Rachel. His attachment for his foster-mother was early and touchingly evident. Her attention to the physical welfare of both the little ones never knew declension; and her influence over them for word and deed proved an important aid in their incipient training. When they grew older, and her labor for them was diminished, it was found to be invaluable to the family. In cases of indisposition, her experience enabled her to save much resort to the physician, by applying at their earliest development some judicious domestic remedy, and adding—what was still more important—her watchful nursing-care. As she wrote a remarkably clear, distinct hand, she sometimes aided me as a copyist, and was much gratified to be thus employed. Her skill and diligence in the uses of the needle, whether in constructing or repairing, were proverbial in the household, monuments of which remain with me to this day. Soon after becoming a resident among us, she took my advice to lay aside her surplus wages; and such an example of prudence did she become, that sometimes, when her quarterly payments were made, she deposited the whole in the Savings Bank, reserving nothing for contingent expenses. There, by the punctual addition

of interest to principal during the seventeen years of her continuance with me, she accumulated an amount of more than two thousand dollars, and was enabled to take up her abode with a widowed sister, who owned a dwelling in their pleasant native township. There she still resides, in that comfort and respectability which flow from a life of industry, frugality, and piety.*

Have patience with me while I trace the image of one more earnest helper, who, notwithstanding her sable brow, is fair and dear to memory.

She was a person of small size, but great activity and strength. Her hands seemed always ready for action, and, by a spirit of order and systematic arrangement, she accomplished what was required in our large family without confusion or neglect. She had no idea of working a certain portion of the time, and taking the remainder for herself, but only of working faithfully as long as there was any thing to do. With her, neither the name nor condition of servitude were accounted dishonorable. She respected those who employed and provided for her; and, having been brought up a slave until the age of eighteen, would gladly have given me the title of "Mistress," had I not refused it.

Perceiving, though a regular attendant on the Epis-

* This faithful helper and friend outlived the one who thus chronicled her virtues only a few weeks.—M. R.

copal Church, that she had never partaken of its ordinances, I conversed with her, and found she was desirous of receiving both baptism and confirmation. After interviews of examination with our clergyman, she was accepted, and I stood her sponsor in the baptismal rite; after which she was duly confirmed, and partook of the communion with great reverence and solemnity. Afterwards I found that she considered my agency in this cause as a personal obligation; and sometimes, when I expressed sympathy if she had sustained some unusually arduous labor, would say, in her animated manner: "Oh! that's nothing, ma'am. Did not you stand for me when I was baptized?" Poor, dear Ann Prince! Her gratitude seemed unbounded.

Her style of cooking and operations in the laundry were unexceptionable; and she was an excellent adjunct on any short journey, taking excellent care of baggage in the cars, and packing and unpacking with great address and rapidity. In her own costume she was plain and old-fashioned, and of scrupulous neatness, delighting in clean checked aprons, the more because she saw they were pleasing to me. She hailed the coming of our guests as the friends of her friends, not regarding any additional toil that might ensue. She was a close observer of the manners of our visitors, and had remarkable powers of setting things in a ludicrous light. Some faults she had, arising from an

active imagination, sometimes overstepping the reality of circumstances; while the desire of making her stories or statements worth hearing tempted her to wander from matters of fact, or mingle them with inventions. Religious admonition she received with an affecting humility, and those purposes of amendment that heightened the friendly regard of the reprover.

Our interests as a family she identified with her own. In our happiness she rejoiced, at our bereavements she wept, and clothed herself in the habiliments of mourning. She sympathized with me in my widowhood, and strove to lighten its cares. She had always by economy endeavored to diminish our expenses; and now, conceiving some new anxieties for me, proposed in the most affectionate manner to work without wages, saying she wished to do so, and appearing grieved that her heart-prompted offer was not accepted. Yet not until the final departure of my daughter by marriage did I fully realize the worth of this devoted creature. She exerted herself to supply the desolation of all kindred blood, and tried to cover the whole vacated ground, and guard it at every point. She assumed the charge of my wardrobe, and desired me to dispense with a second assistant, that she might do every thing for me herself. If she fancied that a shade of sadness stole over my brow, she immediately made it her business to dispel it. She possessed uncommon powers of imitation, and some degree of histrionic talent. She

could speak in the voices of different people; and, as her strong memory enabled her to repeat their language, I would sometimes seem to hear from the next room the conversation of friends or acquaintances on some amusing subject. If she elicited laughter from me, she was fully repaid. Her watchfulness over my health was incessant. By regarding my countenance, she sometimes discerned symptoms of indisposition before I suspected it myself, and was assiduous in applying some judicious domestic remedy. Thus was I favored with this heart-service for a period of twenty-five years—as long as age and disease permitted her to make any effort. The sharp and short ministry of a cancer dismissed her from earth. Her image is still vivid before me, and I cherish it with tenderness. Her color was no obstacle to my grateful attachment. She was to me as my own flesh and blood.

Her life helped to establish my favorite theory of cultivating the friendship of household assistants; her example illustrated how labor may be lightened by love, and how the heart enlarges through the exercise of its affections.

The services of these three remarkable personages covered half a century—a longer period than that after my marriage; the two last-named having been dwellers under my roof at the same time during seventeen years. I have sometimes thought that their agency might be compared to that of the hands, the intellect,

and the heart, personifying the threefold cord that metaphysicians ascribe to our mixed nature of body, mind, and soul.

A friend of a still higher order it was my privilege to retain as a companion at different periods during several consecutive years. I must indulge myself in here inscribing the name of Miss Anna Freeman. She possessed a rare combination of excellences, refinement with practical efficiency, and tact without its frequent concomitant of worldliness. She was one of the most disinterested beings I have ever known. Long care of an enfeebled mother had given her a nursing knowledge and a sweet patience that were invaluable. The bright smile that lighted up her face when she spoke communicated its spirit to those around, and seemed to inspire with vitality, until a stroke of paralysis took her from us.

The world seems poorer when the good depart—
The just, the truthful, such as never made
Self their chief aim, nor strove with glozing words
To counterfeit a warmth they never felt;
But, steadfast and serene, to friendship gave
Its sacred force, and ne'er from duty shrank
Because stern care or toil environ'd it.
They, loving others better than themselves,
Maintain the Gospel rule, and taste a bliss
Unknown to selfish souls. These, when they die,
Must find a realm of truth, as kindred streams
Turn to the absorbing ocean.

Such was she
Who left us yesterday. Her speaking smile,
Her earnest footstep, speeding to give aid
Or sympathy, her ready hand well skill'd
In all that appertains to woman's sphere,
Her large heart pouring life o'er every deed,
And her glad interchange of social joy,
Dwell with us as a picture.

There the heart
Shall muse, and contemplate each lineament
With lingering tenderness, through dropping tears
That tell our loss, and her eternal gain.

You have asked me, dear friend, for some sketch of my journeyings. During the earlier stages of matrimonial life we visited Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, where, having friends, we had opportunity of examining the principal institutions and distinctive attractions of those noble cities. Our longest excursion was to Virginia, where we were greatly interested in seeing the remains of the ancient church at Jamestown, and the university then newly established at Charlottesville; also in the privilege of meeting, at their own homes, ex-Presidents Jefferson and Madison, and, in Pennsylvania, the venerable Charles West Thompson, the secretary of the first Congress of the United States.

After the birth of our two little ones I was station-

ary, except for brief excursions to our neighboring seashore during the heat of summer, until they were large enough to be left, without anxiety, in charge of their attentive and efficient nurse. Then I accepted an invitation from my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, of New York, to accompany them and their daughter on a journey whose most prominent points were Niagara and the Valley of Wyoming. We visited Saratoga, the Falls of Trenton, the wheat-covered vales of the Mohawk, several of the lakes of Western New York, the beautiful Seneca, the glorious Niagara, the Canadian possessions of her Majesty of Great Britain, and, turning southward to the fair State of the good William Penn, where his just and calm spirit still seems to linger, explored the region of Wyoming, famed both in history and song, and also the then newly-opened mines of anthracite, whose sable sceptre has since held such domination over the commerce of the civilized world. There being no railroads to expedite our course, we enjoyed the advantage of a leisurely survey of the peculiarities and attractions of the regions we traversed. Instead of the tramp and shriek of the fiery-nostrilled steed that now propels the traveller, it was the habit of my friends to hire a large, easy carriage, with either two or four horses, and, when their freshness became impaired, send back the conveyance to its owner, and take a new one. This they considered more independent for a long journey than to depend on

their own equipage, and run the risk of exhausting their favorite horses, being able to proceed either slowly or rapidly as they chose, having opportunity to examine the beauties of nature or curiosities of art, and lingering as long as they desired in any interesting locality. Much varied scenery we saw, to furnish vivid pictures for memory.

But the crown of all was Niagara. Who can describe it? If he should attempt, he will be either smothered with emotion or silenced by shame. It is as the voice of Him who "poured it from His hollow hand." Its perpetual warning is, "Hence, ye profane!"

In the album of our hotel, where we were requested to write our names, I left the following lines, extemporaneous and inadequate, yet irresistibly prompted:

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty.

Yea, flow on,
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak His name
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Through the kindness of these disinterested friends,
to whom I was indebted for this delightful excursion,

I had subsequently an opportunity, during a visit at their country seat on Staten Island, to become acquainted with the charming scenery of that region, which occasionally exhibits the wildness and grandeur that mark the cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and then, with sudden contrast, softens into the luxuriance of the vale of Tempe. We also explored the watering-places of Long Island, from Brooklyn to Montauk, from the quiet shades of Greenport to the rock-bound coast of Southampton, battling with unsubdued though not unscathed heroism the terrific surges of the southern Atlantic.

I have been always a devotee of Ocean. In my earliest days I was a stranger to it, but from the time I first looked upon its face its sublimity enchanted and subdued me. I had been introduced by my husband to the wonderfully excavated rocks of Nahant, where the storm-wrought billows sport and reverberate; and the luxuriant scenery of Newport, whose beautiful beaches carpet themselves with the softest, whitest sand for the foot of aristocracy.

We followed the custom of many of the inland dwellers, to resort, during warm weather, to the sea for invigoration. There was a rocky peninsula on the shore of Connecticut, bearing the name of Sachem's Head, from a tragedy once enacted there of decapitating, upon one of its stony scaffolds, a chieftain of our poor forest tribes. This retreat we claimed almost

by right of discovery, when there was but a single farm-house where boarders were received, and only one chamber capable of accommodating them. Mr. Sigourney used to write, and engage this apartment in advance; and at early autumn, when the completed elections at the bank of which he was president gave him release, drove thither his own faithful horse, to enjoy a quiet vacation unimpeded by the restraints of fashionable society. Here, in long rambles, sometimes with his hammer to examine minerals, collecting crystals, and endless varieties of felspar, in the favorite luxury of sea-bathing, or the perusal of books which we carried with us, he tasted a happiness known only by those who, amid the cares and conflicts of business, preserve unalloyed the love of nature and the pleasures of intellect. Mental progress he was conspicuous for keeping in view; and after surpassing the age of fifty, having received into his house a young native of Samos, who was desirous of obtaining a collegiate education in this country, he decided to commence with him the study of modern Greek, often rising earlier in the morning to obtain more uninterrupted leisure.

To witness his satisfaction at this occasional recess from employment, and free intercourse with the bounding billows, was a privilege; and I have never received so much physical benefit from the presence of the great, solemn sea, as when we were its guests in this rude, solitary spot. I identified myself as far as possible

with his pursuits—became a tireless walker, a fearless climber, a searcher in caverns for sea-weed, and a rather expert swimmer; occupying intervals with needle-work, of which I brought great store for stormy days. It seems difficult to realize that this secluded retreat, approached by almost precipitous roads, should now exhibit a spacious edifice, with bathing-houses, bowling-alleys, carriages in waiting, and a range of barns and stables, where erst our single animal was not very largely accommodated or thoroughly groomed. Methinks I see his exulting step, as he was led to his daily sea-bath, his great delight, arching his noble neck above the crested wave, and striking out boldly as if to sweep across the Sound. Now, the Sachem's Head House, with its three long piazzas, and colonnades of white pillars reaching to the roof, from whence floats a brilliant flag, is a striking object to the passing voyager. Its numerous dormitories, spacious apartment for music, dining-room capable of accommodating hundreds, parterres of flowers, graperies, and pleasure-boats, offer attractions to thronging guests. I frequently make a brief stay there, and admire its improvements, yet find ancient cherished memories more vivid than surrounding pageantry.

Not long after removing to our present abode I was earnestly invited to attend an annual exhibition of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and went to South Hadley, Mass., taking with me my little daughter of

ten years. Miss Mary Lyon, the truly remarkable originator of this institution, having overcome many obstacles by an indomitable energy, had now the pleasure of seeing it in successful operation. Her plan was to receive pupils of fifteen or sixteen, and conduct them through a thorough course of study for four years, to a regular graduation. Desirous also of repelling the indolence and frivolity often springing from boarding-school culture, she decided that the housekeeping department should be committed to them. Though I had long wished that practical utility, and a respect for home duties, should be carefully intermingled with the scholastic nurture of my own sex, I was skeptical with regard to the feasibility of this part of her plan, or rather whether it could be rendered agreeable to her disciples, and was therefore a critical observer. After a public recitation in Mathematics, Metaphysics, and other elevated sciences, that would have been creditable to graduating classes in any of our colleges, those white-robed young ladies resorted to the refectory of the Seminary, and, slipping on white aprons with long sleeves, shelled six bushels of peas, and made thirty pies, with the utmost alacrity and pleasant emulation. To do the honors of Mount Holyoke to their assembled guests, and see to the minutiae of their comfortable accommodation, seemed an additional source of pride and pleasure. The spacious edifice was a model of neatness and order, and every department so arranged as to fa-

cilitate the processes on which domestic comfort depend. To remove the contempt in which these are too often held by those whose sphere of action is eventually to comprehend them, and to prove that they are not inconsistent with advanced knowledge and refinement, were among the essential principles of the system of Miss Lyon. I said to her :

“ You have convinced me of the practicability of what I viewed with doubt. But you have the power of inspiring the young with your own convictions and zeal, and I doubt whether the system can be thus carried out by another person.”

“ It can be equally well sustained by my teachers when I am no longer here,” was her confident reply. The prediction seems to have been fulfilled.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution has been recently celebrated by a joyous reunion. The published account of the festival states that more than three thousand have received instruction within its walls, under a band of one hundred and twenty-seven teachers, and that its existence is still vigorous and full of hope. As the piety inculcated both by word and deed by its founder, Miss Lyon, was of a zealous and self-denying character, a large proportion of its students have devoted themselves as teachers in our new Western States, and missionaries to benighted lands. Nearly one hundred have labored or fallen at their post of duty, either among our forest tribes, amid the snows of Lab-

radar, under the shadow of the mountains of Persia, on the plains of Syria, in the wilds of Africa, under the Turkish crescent, amid the coral-reefs of the Sandwich Islands, the idol-worshipping Chinese, or the cannibals of Borneo.

In my list of short journeys, this to Mount Holyoke has ever been pleasantly remembered.

Finding, as do most of our inland dwellers, the influences of a saline atmosphere subsidiary to health, I have sometimes during summer paid short visits to the various localities on our own coast and that of our neighbor, little Rhoda, to Watch Hill, Stonington, Guilford, and Madison; the last being endeared by the hospitalities of the lady of Wildwood, Mrs. Washburn, as also is Newport by those of Mr. and Mrs. Pond, and New London by Miss F. M. Calkins, the historian of Connecticut, and the family of her brother, the Hon. H. P. Havens.

My longest excursion was to Europe. An incipient, yet apparently adhesive bronchial affection, induced our skilful physician, Dr. A. Brigham, to recommend a sea voyage. A visit to the older world had been a favorite dream in my childhood, but dispelled and dismissed by the realities of mature years. The opportunity of joining a party who would afford both protection and agreeable intercourse, an accomplished clergyman, now the Assistant Bishop of Connecticut, and his excellent mother, with the young son of an esteemed friend, was

a concurrence of circumstances of which it was deemed expedient for me to avail myself. My children having reached the ages of ten and twelve, could be safely left, the daughter under the charge of a governess, and the son at a boarding-school in an adjacent township, where the wife of the Principal with whom he was to reside having been an early acquaintance of mine, would extend to him some degree of maternal attention.

So I went. Yet scarcely did I realize either the decision or the separation until I found myself out on the deep, dark waters, like a waif or a spray of sea-weed. The absence of nearly a year gave time and facility for exploration of the more interesting parts of England, Scotland, and France. Then I was much urged to proceed to Italy by my attached friends Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, who showed me filial attentions in foreign climes, and would have taken the kindest care of me. But an aversion to be so far from my children, lest they might be taken sick, and a desire to rejoin them prevailed, and caused a refusal of the privilege. Did I do wrong? So some said, who were not mothers. But I have never regretted it.

We found very much to interest us in those ancient regions, with whose history we had been long familiar. Yet more than ruinous castle, where romance lingered, or royal palace, where pomp abode, or tower, obelisk, or cathedral, or galleries where congregated the world's artistic power, were the sight of the face and sound

of the voice of those whose writings had instructed or charmed me, and before whose ideal images I had bowed as in a sacred shrine. Too late was I, alas! for Miss Hannah More, and Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Hemans, and Coleridge. Over Southey had settled that rayless cloud, which lifted not till the pall enveloped him for his burial. Yet I was indulged in the privilege of the society of Wordsworth, and Maria Edgeworth, and Joanna Baillie—a rich payment for crossing the storm-tossed Atlantic. I was also favored with the acquaintance of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Austin, the Countess of Blessington, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, the venerable poet, Samuel Rogers, the philanthropic Mrs. Fry, and her distinguished brother, John Joseph Gurney, with others whose classic pens had delighted me when life was new. In Scotland I was so fortunate as to meet John Foster, the essayist, and Allan Cunningham; and in Paris to share for several weeks the hospitalities of the elegant Marchioness Lavalette, whom we proudly claim as a native of New England, by whom I was introduced, among other memorable personages of that courteous clime, to Count Roy, one of the most high-bred of the ancient noblesse, to De la Vigne, the lyrist, and the white-haired philosopher, Arago. Yet, as the descriptions of my European tour are embodied in a volume entitled “Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands,” I will not indulge myself here in recapitulation.

But I must tell you of the jewels that, since remov-

ing to our present abode, have been transferred from my heart's casket to sparkle in the Redeemer's crown. One year and two months had scarcely passed away since our residence here, when my father, who retained an active step, a florid complexion, and bright hair unmingled with a thread of silver, died at the age of eighty-seven. He had never known sickness, save that single day and night when cholera-morbus laid him by her side, whom for five years he had mourned.

Next, my only son, my faded hope—apparently of an excellent constitution—fell, like a rootless flower, the victim of a quick consumption, while a student in college, in the bloom of nineteen.

Four years and a half after his death, my husband, being in comfortable health, though not entirely free from infirmities, was prostrated by a sudden stroke of apoplexy at the age of seventy-six. No previous confinement had precluded his attention to his professional business. Morning and noon of his last day on earth found him as usual at his store, from whence he walked home, but at the setting of the sun entered on that glorious life which hath no end.

Two years and a half had elapsed after his departure, when the oldest and only remaining son yielded, at the age of forty-five, to a consumption with which he had for some years contended, and probably inherited from his beautiful mother. Do not these glorified ones,

from the other side of Jordan, warn us to be ready to join their blissful company ?

Other changes, besides those made by death, have also swept over me. Eight months after the decease of her father, my only child left my desolated hearthstone, having given her heart and hand to the Rev. F. T. Russell, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, possessing amiable sympathies and attractive manners, and calling forth the strong attachment of an affectionate people during the nine years that he was rector of St. Mark's, in New Britain, a pleasant and flourishing town in our vicinity. He is at present Professor of Elocution in Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.—a department for which he is eminently qualified, not only by the training of his accomplished father, but by having been himself a successful teacher of that science in various localities, for several years of his early life.

The happiness that my daughter enjoys and imparts in the conjugal sphere, by a faithful, unselfish discharge of every duty, should reconcile or lead me to rejoice in the transfer, which at first seemed like the extinction of the last lamp at my altar.

Rapidly have I sketched for you, dear friend, some of the bereavements that have cost my heart so much. It is not my purpose to murmur, but rather to thank Him who so long indulged me in the use of His loans, and had a full right to resume them.

My home, which might strike you as desolate, be-

comes dearer every year. The habit of staying much there grows strong, so that the thought of leaving it, even for a short season, is repulsive. Does not this indicate that the home draws near from whence there is neither return nor removal?

Even so, Father! if so it seemeth good in Thy sight.

LETTER XIII.

LITERATURE.

My literary course has been a happy one. It commenced in impulse, and was continued from habit. Two principles it has ever kept in view—not to interfere with the discharge of womanly duty, and to aim at being an instrument of good.

My journals, which I have already mentioned were begun at an early age, were usually made the repositories of my poems, in the order in which they were composed. Those systematic records became a sort of necessity of my existence. They seemed an adjunct in religious progress, and to justify the adjuration with which one of them is consecrated :

“Give me Thine aid calmly to look upon the changes that are appointed me, and to love the little streams fed hourly from the fountain of Divine Mercy ; and to hope that, when I fade, as I soon shall, like the grass, I may be renewed in the image of a glorious immortality.”

After my establishment in a school at Hartford, through the influence of Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., he and his lady, my lovely friend, requested a sight of my journals, which had been usually kept in sequestration. He made selections from their contents which he persuaded me were adapted to the public eye; and I adventured, under his guardianship; on what was in those times, and in our part of the country, a novel enterprise for a female.

1815.

1. "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was the modest title of my first volume, which comprised two hundred and sixty-seven pages. My kind patron, the first who ever gave encouragement to my literary tastes, and whose name I cannot utter without a thrill of gratitude, took upon himself the whole responsibility of contracting with publishers, gathering subscriptions, and even correcting the proof-sheets; and was delighted to present me, at last, a larger pecuniary amount than had been anticipated. Much favor was shown to this rather juvenile production; partly, perhaps, from courtesy to the sex, but principally that, though its literary pretensions might be slender, its moral and religious tone was accepted as a redeeming quality. Every agreeable concomitant seemed to add to the happiness of its disinterested prompter, Mr. Wadsworth, who delighted in drawing a solitary mind

from obscurity into a freer atmosphere and brighter sunbeam.

1816.

2. "Life and Writings of Nancy Maria Hyde."

This was a loving tribute to the memory of her who from school-days had been to me as a sister. In the spring of 1816 she had taken her departure from earth; and a vacation of three weeks spent with my parents, the following June, was devoted, except such intervals as were imperatively necessary for exercise, to the arrangement and correction of some of her manuscripts for the press. These, connected by a biographical sketch, were published in Norwich, our native place, in a volume of two hundred and forty-one pages. The labor of preparation, though arduous for the short time I was able to command, was a solace to my feelings, and a source of profit to the bereaved mother.

1819.

3. "The Square Table" was the first literary production after my marriage, written by snatches while I was becoming initiated into the science of housekeeping, with the shell of the school-mistress still on my head. It was miscellaneous, and in reply to "Arthur's Round Table," a somewhat satirical work which had recently appeared. So strict was its incognita, that I had great amusement in hearing its merits discussed

and its authorship inquired after in the circles where I visited. It was issued in pamphlet form, but not long continued, as I found the mystery on which its existence depended in danger of being unravelled.

1822.

4. "Traits of the Aborigines of America."

A poem in five cantos, comprising two hundred and eighty-four pages. This was composed two years before my marriage, but its publication delayed for some time, when it was issued from the University Press at Cambridge, Mass. An early acquaintance with the Mohegan tribe of Indians, who resided a few miles from Norwich, and a taste for searching out the historic legends of our forest-people, deepened my interest in their native lineaments of character, and my sympathy for their degraded condition. In the notes of the volume much information is concentrated respecting them, derived from various sources, in the revision of which I gratefully received the aid of the acute and discriminating mind of my husband. The work was singularly unpopular, there existing in the community no reciprocity with the subject.

Indeed, our injustice and hard-hearted policy with regard to the original owners of the soil has ever seemed to me one of our greatest national sins. The eloquent prelate of Minnesota, Bishop Whipple, whose

residence among them and labors for their salvation entitle his opinions to respect, says :

“In their attachments to home, kindred, and country, in their natural endowments and virtues, and in their belief in One Great Spirit, they compare favorably with any heathen race on earth. Our early intercourse was marked by warm friendships, and white men lived in peace and tranquillity, when their only protection was the good faith of the Indian.

“But our first dealing with them as a government was based upon falsehood. Instead of encouraging them to live by honest labor, they made payments for their lands in beads, trinkets, and scalping-knives, giving the weight of official influence on the side of savage life. The sale of fire-water among them has been unblushing, and the office of Indian Agent sought, not because it was one of the noblest trusts that could be committed to man, but because, through corruption, a fortune might be realized in a few years.

“Because, as a nation, we fear God, let us fear to cover up these iniquities ; because we hope in His mercy, let us reform a system which has proved so pernicious.”

1824.

5. “Sketch of Connecticut, Forty Years Since.”

A descriptive prose work of two hundred and eighty pages, tracing primitive habits and traditions,

with some intermingling of fiction. The scene is among the wild and beautiful regions of my native place; and the object of its construction was to embalm the memory and virtues of an ancient lady, my first and most loved benefactress. Its contents, though comparatively diffuse, were intended to be subsidiary to this prompting theme. It was meant to be an offering of gratitude to her whose influence, like a golden thread, had run through the whole woof of my life. Her relatives, as if by a heritable affection, continued to brighten its course and coloring; and, through their deeds of kindness, she, being dead, yet spake. Truly and devoutly would I apostrophize her, whose hallowed hand wrought among the elements of my being:

“If some faint love of goodness glow in me,
Pure spirit! I first caught that flame from thee.”

1827.

6. “Poems.” This volume of two hundred and twenty-eight pages, without other distinctive title, was published in Boston, in a very neat style, by Mr. Samuel G. Goodrich, an early friend, who afterwards, under the sobriquet of Peter Parley, was to earn so extensive a literary fame, first from young readers, and eventually from all the people. The book was a collection of miscellaneous poems, many of which had already appeared in various periodicals. It was re-

ceived with courtesy, and with more of praise from reviewers than its merits appeared to me to deserve.

1829.

7. "Female Biography."

I had been led to attach increasing importance to biographical sketches of the good and distinguished as examples of conduct. A large number of these had accumulated in manuscript, which I had been in the habit of reading and commenting upon to the pupils of my school. This was a selection from them of the lives of twelve American women remarkable for their piety. The copyright was purchased by the Sunday School Union in Philadelphia, with the object of introducing it into the libraries connected with their establishment. It was issued in a small-sized volume of one hundred and twelve pages; and, though I never heard the objection adduced, I should think the style deficient in simplicity for juvenile readers, not having been prepared with reference to such a destination.

1832.

8. "Biography of Pious Persons."

In two volumes, comprising three hundred and thirty-eight pages, the remainder of the delineations mentioned in the preceding article, with some additional ones, were published by the Messrs. Merriams,

of Springfield, Mass. Interesting reminiscences are entwined with them. At the close of each week, when the fair creatures whom it was my privilege to instruct were about to separate for the Sunday, I read, as a parting exercise, one of these brief abridgments to my attentive auditory. I seem still to see their bright eyes fixed upon me, some of which now turn lovingly to their own descendants, and some are darkened in the tomb. To my inquiry, "Will you sometimes think of this lovely character, until we meet again?" I hear the united answer, "*We will.*" "And you will try to transplant the same virtues into your own young lives?" The response was, "*We will.*" And so they have.

1833.

9. "Evening Readings in History."

A love of Ancient History, and the habit of teaching it, had frequently suggested the desire of rendering less diffuse portions of that of Assyria, Egypt, Tyre, Syria, and Palestine, and of so dividing and arranging these extensive themes as to bring them within the compass of brief readings, or lessons. This plan, however, was not attempted until my attention was turned to domestic instruction, when I felt the utter need of something adapted to the mind in its early stages of development. This work was written at the close of the first winter after my marriage, and proved a solace

for intervals of ill health, which sometimes induced a retreat to my chamber. The ancient classic injunction, "Keep your piece nine years," was transcended, as this slumbered some thirteen in manuscript ere it was intrusted to the care of my Springfield publishers; who, wishing to make it acceptable to the young, embellished it with pictorial illustrations.

1833.

10. "Memoir of Phebe P. Hammond."

She was a young pupil in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford—that noble and benevolent institution, which has done so much for the relief and elevation of suffering humanity. I was induced to undertake this transcript of the early-summoned by the urgency of its principal, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet; though reluctantly, from a great pressure of employment that then absorbed my time. He argued that the depressed circumstances of the family of the departed, and the means of education for the surviving sister, might be materially affected by the pecuniary aid thus derived. As I proceeded, I repented of my hesitation, being more than repaid for the labor by the simplicity, beauty, and piety of the character thus unfolded before me; furnishing delightful evidence that not only from the lips "of babes and sucklings," but from the tongue of the silent, God had perfected praise.

1833.

11. "How to be Happy."

Still keeping in view the nurture of children, I prepared a small work of one hundred and twenty-six pages, with the above title, pointing out a variety of ways in which they might find satisfaction by being good and obedient. Another motive animated me. The former scholars, whom I had so much loved, had many of them become mothers. The second generation was nearly as numerous as the first. For the nineteenth time they were about to assemble on the 1st of August—that day of the commencement of the school, which their constancy had continued to embalm. I knew they would appear under the same green trees where their youth had gathered, leading miniatures of themselves. I wished to place in those little hands some useful gift, which, if death should divide me from them before the twentieth anniversary, might be a memorial of affection. In ten days, and without previous preparation, I wrote this book, and gave it to a publisher—the late excellent Mr. D. F. Robinson. To my surprise, he proceeded to issue several thousand; according me the remuneration of ten per cent. on the retail price, with twenty-five copies of every new edition for my own gratuitous distribution.

1833.

12. "Report of the Hartford Female Beneficent Society."

This association was for orphan girls, or such as were deserted by parents, that they might be supported and trained in right and industrious habits until of sufficient age to be taken as assistants in families. It had been wisely and successfully managed, its funds having been fostered by the counsels of Chief-Justice Williams, whose lady devoted much time and sympathy to its internal details. Twenty years had elapsed since its establishment, and it was thought that a report of its proceedings might strengthen public confidence—perhaps increase the number of subscribers. Some of the more cautious managers apprehended that it would prove useless, and a source of debt. I offered to write it, and be held financially responsible. An edition of only five hundred was ventured, but widely circulated, and profitable beyond our most sanguine expectation.

This benevolent institution has now been half a century in prosperous operation. For the greater part of that period the onerous services of Chief Manager have been devotedly discharged by one lady, Mrs. Charles Hosmer, whose name has become identified with its welfare. Its plan has been not to mingle the sexes, or to cultivate in masses, but to receive only such a num-

ber as a single judicious matron might superintend with attention to individual health, habits, and manners. The result has been that they were often sought and prized, as inmates in distinguished families. Some of them married respectably, and became subscribers to the association by which they had been sheltered, and taught to lead lives of usefulness.

1833.

13. "The Farmer and Soldier."

A tale whose object was to impress on the young the excellence of a calm, peaceful spirit, and to show the false glory that sometimes surrounds those who, from ambition, have become shedders of blood. It was written at the instigation of Mr. William Watson, a friend who had accepted an agency in what was then known as the "American Peace Society." It was presented to him as a gift, and he printed a few thousand, in pamphlet form, for gratuitous distribution.

1833.

14. "Letters to Young Ladies."

Communion with those of my own sex in life's blossoming season has always been to me delightful. This volume was a selection of themes that I deemed of vital importance. At first it contained eight letters, but was eventually enlarged to eighteen, comprehend-

ing about three hundred pages. I felt a peculiar degree of diffidence about this publication, and offer it in my journal "as an oblation at His footstool who alone giveth guiding wisdom and sustaining strength, and who is able to grant that it may implant in the young mind some seeds of pure motive and prevailing piety."

After its unexpected publication in England and Scotland, where it was very kindly received, I was embarrassed by the solicitations of publishers wishing to secure the copyright. It has appeared, for the last sixteen or eighteen years, under the auspices of Harper & Brothers, in New York, and still meets a steady sale, having passed through between twenty and thirty editions, including those on the other side of the Atlantic.

1834.

15. "Sketches."

Six tales and sketches are contained in this volume of two hundred and sixteen pages, several of which have a historical basis, with some sprinkling of invention. It was brought out by Philadelphia publishers, under the patronage of my late highly respected friend, George Griffin, of New York, whose legal knowledge guided me in those contracts which the business feature of my literary course demanded; while his intellectual tastes and kind encouragement prompted and aided its available industry. Feelingly do I pay this tribute of gratitude to his disinterested goodness. Agreeing with

me in opinion that the fine exterior of a book has the same bearing on its contents that graceful manners have upon character, this one was uncommonly well executed for the times. A second and third edition were called for, and another simultaneously appeared in London.

1834.

16. "Poetry for Children."

This little book of one hundred and two pages, whose title reveals its object, was prepared with the belief that truths wrapped in rhyme may be made a powerful adjunct in early training, wakening the intellect, softening the heart, and imprinting lessons on the memory which time fails to efface. "Mother Goose's Melodies" have, however, so long held priority in the nursery, that it might be scarcely possible to make aught of a sentimental or serious character their competitor.

1834.

17. "Select Poems."

A collection of the more popular poems which had appeared during several years in various periodicals, with an admixture of new ones, was brought out in a neat volume of three hundred and thirty-eight pages, by publishers in the City of Brotherly Love. My consecrating prayer to Him who is able to make even weak things efficacious, was that it "might be sanc-

tified to the comfort of the sorrowful, and in some measure to the good of all who shall read it." Public favor has been extended to it now for almost thirty years; and among the many kind notices that greeted it, was a valued review from the pen of the honored Maria Edgeworth.

1834.

18. "Tales and Essays for Children."

I have an idea that my zeal to come in contact with the mind in its earliest stages, outruns my ability. This little book of one hundred and twenty-eight pages helps to reveal how persistently I wrought in that field; but every succeeding year has more fully convinced me that the power of indwelling with childish thought, and so harmonizing with its simplicity as to cheer and elevate it, such as Mrs. Barbauld and a few others have exhibited, is a rare and not readily attainable excellence.

1835.

19. "Zinzendorff, and other Poems."

A visit to the Moravian establishments at Bethlehem and Nazareth, during a tour in Pennsylvania, so impressed me with their moderated desires, systematic industry, and quiet, consistent piety, as to turn my attention to the life of the founder, and prompt me to

cull its poetical elements. This attempt supplied the title for a book of three hundred pages, the greater part of whose contents were miscellaneous, and which passed only through two or three editions.

1835.

20. "Margaret and Henrietta."

Two lovely sisters, the only children of their parents, beautiful in person, highly educated, and early summonéd, gave a subject to this small volume of about one hundred pages. Sympathy with the mourning mother, and a desire to console her, was the motive for its composition; yet it has been widely circulated far beyond my expectation, and amid many Sunday-school libraries incites to imitation of these models of goodness and piety.

1835.

21. "Marcus Aurelius."

I had long been solicitous of selecting some era which might serve to imbue the young mind with a love for historical knowledge, yet leave it undazzled by the pomp of military achievement. This induced the choice of one of the most faultless of the Roman emperors, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. To possess myself of any fact that might add interest to the analysis, I studied some of the more ancient authors both in Latin

and French, and so arranged my plan as to present collaterally parallel events, with resemblances or contrasts among the distinguished of other nations. To reduce the style of these gatherings to the simplicity of unfolding capacities, cost me almost the toil of translation. Indeed, I felt some degree of compunction that two months, with the exception of claims of correspondence and contributions to periodicals, should have been expended on a work of such trifling extent as one hundred and twenty-two pages. Yet I eventually reaped both pleasure and benefit from its use, in the home-education of my own two little ones, who were five and seven years old at the time of its first appearance.

1836.

22. "Olive Buds."

This, as the name imports, has affinity with those peaceful dispositions which are the germ of national tranquillity and prosperity. It owes its existence to the instigation of a friend, Mr. William Watson, who was interested in the promulgation of such principles, and had commenced on a small scale the business of publishing. Having been a boarder in his family during the last year that I had charge of my school, and treated with great kindness, I made this work of one hundred and thirty-six pages, with another small publication, an offering of gratitude to him, taking pleasure

in knowing that a portion of whatever profit might thus accrue was to assist in the education of a promising son, destined to the ministry by his parents, but removed by the All-Wise Disposer in the bloom of youth.

1837.

23. "The Religious Souvenir."

Those beautiful annuals which had reached us from over the water, so exquisite in typography and pictorial embellishment, had begun to excite among us a spirit of emulation. At this I rejoiced, having long felt that there was much room for improvement in the costume as well as the material of our literature. The aristocratic "Forget-Me-Not" of London had been regularly sent me by its editor; and admiration of it, as well as other considerations, induced me to accept the charge of a similar publication, originally commenced in Philadelphia by my revered and eloquent friend, the late Rev. Dr. Gregory Bedell. The labor of editing was more onerous than I had anticipated, demanding correspondence not only with the *literati*, but with artists and engravers. Yet, at the sight of a rich volume in white Turkey morocco and gold, of two hundred and eighty-eight pages, from our eminent writers, I felt more than remunerated.

1838.

24. "Letters to Mothers."

This is a communication on matters that seemed to me of high import with those to whom Heaven has committed the moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation. It was written more *con amore* than most of my previous works. The importance of early training was continually unfolded and enforced by conducting at home the education of my own two children; and its voice often arose from my very heart of hearts. The first edition I printed myself, that I might have the privilege of distributing a larger number gratuitously. It was afterwards stereotyped, in three hundred and ninety-seven pages, by the Brothers Harper, and has been in successful circulation for a quarter of a century. One of its reviewers has pronounced it "a mass of excellence, with as little alloy as any book extant;" though, to chastise the vanity, if any should spring from such high praise, I have felt that it has never excited, in the class whom it addresses, the warm enthusiasm with which it was written. Some of its precepts may probably be deemed out of fashion by the mothers of the present generation.

1838.

25. "The Girl's Reading Book."

I was persuaded by a gentleman who was engaged in elevating the condition of Common Schools in the

State of New York, the late Mr. J. Orville Taylor, to prepare a work of didactic instruction—narrative and poetry—adapted to the use of the young of my own sex during their progress in scholastic education. The design was pleasant, but having only a month that I could devote to it, labored both night and day. I half feared that it would be written in my heart's blood, so many interruptions occurred, and so determined was I, if possible, to keep my promise of having it ready at a certain time. Severe application enabled me to redeem my pledge, and seventy sheets of manuscript were ready at the appointed period, to save the publisher from disappointment. His energy brought out seven editions during the first nine months; and I remembered no more my weariness, for the cheering hope that it might impress some good lesson, or hallowed precept, on the hearts of the daughters of my people.

1839.

26. "The Boy's Reading Book."

A counterpart to its feminine companion, naturally and more leisurely followed. It was written with care, aiming to enforce such principles as seemed to me vitally important to the young sons of a republic. Again I seem to hear the melody of a treasured voice, and my sole boy-pupil, my "faded hope," stands by my side, reading from its pages in his clear, deliberate enunciation, or pausing to ask some question, or listen to some

collateral remark. Wiser art thou now than we, young student in the lore of heaven !

Not satisfied with the style in which school-books were usually printed in those times, I decided to adventure an edition of each of the two last-named works, with a fair, large typography, in substantial binding. I therefore made my contracts with paper manufacturers, pressmen, etc., and brought out four thousand volumes, of three hundred pages, which might be perused without injuring the eyesight, or, as some writer has said, "not being secretly in league with the craft of spectacle-makers." The enterprise was financially a loss, yet I never regretted it. Even now, some of its remnants mingle with gifts for schools in our new western settlements. Compends for reading, being easily selected from the writings of others, grew numerous, and the ground became preoccupied. By these competitors a work consisting of original articles was not greeted, possibly was undervalued. Still, these two works, in a smaller form, and with the condensed sobriquets of "Boy's Book," and "Girl's Book," are published by Carter & Brothers, of New York, adorned with some unartistic plates, and meeting a moderate sale.

1839.

27. "The Religious Souvenir."

This Annual, as well as its predecessor, from their tone of literature and style of embellishment, found favor with the public. Contributions had been widely solicited both in Europe and the United States, though I was sometimes disappointed where I had reason to place reliance. I had the gratification of receiving articles from over the water from Mrs. Opie, Bernard Barton, R. Shelton Mackenzie, and Dr. Stamatiades, of Constantinople—as well as from our own distinguished writers, Bishop Burgess, Bishop Chase, Bishop Williams, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Rev. C. W. Everest, and Colonel John Trumbull; also from Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Embury, and Mrs. Stowe, whose pen has since made itself known in both hemispheres. I was ambitious that these volumes should exhibit as great a variety of talent as possible; and therefore, although I had at first added more than one hundred pages myself, deemed it courteous as an editor rather to withdraw, and bring forward my friends, or, to borrow the expression of my Lord Bacon, "ring a bell for other wits." But the toil of exchanging hundreds of letters, not only with the literati, but with artists, all the sixteen illustrations requiring to be original, absorbed too much time, and was too slavish in its character; so, discovering that the department of editorship

was not congenial to my taste, I gladly declined giving it a third trial.

1840.

28. "Memoir of Mrs. Mary Ann Hooker."

Would that my pen had been adequate to the perfect transcript of one of the most lovely and intellectual of beings. This attempt, with some selections from her correspondence, an affectionate tribute to the memory of an early and valued friend, was left for publication under the superintendence of her husband, the Rev. Horace Hooker, at my departure for Europe.

1841.

29. "Religious Poetry."

This volume, of three hundred and forty-seven pages, with another one of poems of correspondent size, and an enlarged edition of "Letters to Young Ladies," were issued, according to articles of agreement, by publishers in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, during my residence in London. Their beautiful style of execution rendered them appropriate keepsakes, as testimonials of gratitude to the friends from whom I had received attentions and hospitalities while a sojourner in foreign climes.

1841.

30. "Pocahontas, and Other Poems."

I had great pleasure in searching out materials for the principal poem in this volume of two hundred and eighty-three pages. It was heightened from having once visited the ruins of the church at Jamestown, where the Princess Pocahontas, the first convert from the heathen tribes, received the rite of baptism in the first temple consecrated to God in the Western wilderness. This event gave a worthy subject to the spirited pencil of Chapman, among the great national paintings in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

It was the touching custom of the colonists who landed here in the spring of 1607, to adorn their place of worship with wild flowers, and to mingle a prayer for the "dear Mother-country" with their Sabbath services, which were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, called, by historians of the times, "the morning-star of the Church." By him, and in the same edifice, the nuptials of Pocahontas with the cavalier, John Rolfe, were solemnized. A world of early vernal flowers enwreathed the rough pine columns, and strewn the floor, loading the air with fragrance. The white and red-browed people, mingling, rejoiced together. Powhatan, the powerful king of thirty nations, smiled propitiously on his daughters bridal; while his brother, the lofty

warrior, his head towering above all around, came forward at the appointed time to give the maiden to her husband. Accompanying him to London, she made a most favorable impression, and received the regard of royalty.

Sir Thomas Dale, the wise and stately Governor of Virginia, in his despatches to England dated June 18th, 1614, thus alludes to the young forest-princess :

“The daughter of Powhatan I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made good progress therein, publicly renounced the idolatry of her country, openly confessed the true faith, and was at her own desire baptized. She is since married to an English gentleman of good standing—another knot to bind our peace the stronger. She liveth civilly and lovingly with him, and will, I trust, grow in goodness as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. Were it but for the gaining of this one soul, I should count my time, toil, and present stay here well spent.”

1842.

31. “Poems.”

This book, of two hundred and fifty-six pages, is composed principally of short effusions of a decidedly religious character. Being published by Mr. John Locken, of Philadelphia, it was sometimes designated, in the absence of a more specific title, as “Locken’s Poems.” Its exterior was in good taste, and from its

portable size, as well as the nature of its contents, it proved an acceptable present to friends going forth on missions, of whom I had quite a number, both in heathen and civilized climes.

1842.

32. "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands."

Descriptions, in prose and verse, of scenery and characters that most interested me during nearly a year in foreign lands, are here embodied. It contained about four hundred pages; and the publishers, Monroe & Co., of Boston, satisfied my rather fastidious taste in its general costume, adorning it with a frontispiece of Sir Walter Scott's mansion at Abbotsford, and a vignette of the obelisk of Luxor, in the Place la Concorde, at Paris. Its several editions were kindly received, and favorably noticed by reviewers.

1844.

33. "The Child's Book."

Still at my old habits of writing for children, in which I am inclined to think I display more pertinacity than genius. This work, containing between thirty and forty very brief articles, in one hundred and forty-four pages, commences with great simplicity, gradually ascending both in subject and style. My plan was to have it read by mothers to their little ones who were

too young to read for themselves, taking a single chapter, or perhaps part of one at a time, and showing only the pictures appertaining to the portion read, until the whole series should be completed ; thus avoiding to tax the infant intellect, yet keeping its appetite of curiosity in exercise for the next set of pictures. By mothers and intelligent nurses, who have observed these directions, its use has been commended.

The New York publishers, in stereotyping it, gave it a square form, as agreeable to the little ones, and liberally endowed it with more than a hundred cuts, some of them very small, but generally appropriate. It bore the title of "The Pictorial Reader," and I was exulting over it as one who findeth great spoil, when I received through the post-office the following fulminating letter:

"SIR:—You have unwarrantably taken the title of my book for yours, and are liable to prosecution."

Knowing as little of the irascible author as he of my sex, I made haste to relinquish what he characterized as a purloined possession, and adopted the nomenclature of "Child's Book," by which it still holds its course among the lambs of the flock.

1844.

34. "Scenes in my Native Land."

A transcript in prose and poetry, in somewhat more than three hundred pages, of some interesting spots

which I had visited in my own birth-land. To me it has always appeared in a measure *jejune*; yet abroad, where it was repeatedly republished, it was more of a favorite than the "Pleasant Memories," because to the European mind it revealed new localities, while the other portrayed those which were familiar. Both were issued by the same house in Boston, and rather than disappoint them in sending this manuscript at the stipulated time, I wrought painfully to complete it during a period of convalescence, and was aided in the labor of copying by the pen of my sweet daughter.

1845.

35. "The Sea and the Sailor."

My voyages had given me an interest in that class of persons who buffet the ocean-billows, and through whose hardships the commerce of the world is sustained. I wished to testify sympathy and friendship by a little book of poetry, which might go with them in their chests, a prompter of salutary thought when they should leave the charities of home. The first edition, of one thousand, entitled "Poetry for Seamen," was purchased by my liberal friend, the late Martin Brimmer, of Boston, and entirely distributed to the sons of the sea, through the agency of their devoted chaplain, the Rev. J. C. Robertson. The work, in its present enlarged form of one hundred and fifty-two pages, is

illustrated by the pencil of the late William Roderick Lawrence, the school-associate of my departed son. Should I speak of it with that frankness of criticism by which we lady writers have too seldom an opportunity of profiting, I should say that some of its poems are not simple enough for sailors, and others too simple for those in command, so that it falls short of both classes. Still, as a parting gift for the sea, it has been often welcomed, lighting the dim forecastle with a ray from the hearthstone, and a thought of the heavenly shore.

1845.

36. "The Voice of Flowers."

Fragrance and melody have native affinities, like the plumage and the song of birds. Having a variety of effusions called forth by the floral creation, I was persuaded by a publisher in Hartford, the late Mr. Henry S. Parsons, to gather them into a volume of one hundred and twenty-three pages, to which he gave the miniature form, as being at that time peculiarly popular. It contains forty-five articles, most of them brief, and all aiming to extract an enduring essence from beauties that fade.

1846.

37. "Myrtis, with other Etchings and Sketchings."

This book comprises, in two hundred and twenty-two pages, thirteen tales in prose. The scene of the one

which furnishes the title is laid in ancient Athens, during the period that Rome was under the sway of the Antonines. That of another is in Poland, during her struggle against Russian domination. The others are located in our own land, while in its colonial existence, or more recent position among the nations of the earth. All not being equally elaborate, a kind of deprecating modesty moved me to denominate them as "Etchings and Sketchings," though several are, perhaps, superior in interest to what are deemed the more finished delineations.

1846.

38. "The Weeping Willow."

Another tastefully executed miniature work, of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, uniform, and a counterpart with the "Voice of Flowers." It is a collection of poems founded on the frailty of human life, and the sorrows that spring from the sundering of its affections. Some were called forth by specific cases of bereavement, at the request of the bereaved. Yet while its last lines still lingered in the press, I had myself need of the solace which it aimed to bestow on others. They lingered to receive my sad heart's tribute to the memory of that true, dear, unselfish friend, Mrs. Faith Trumbull Wadsworth, whose love, from my early years, through all changes, changed not. Suddenly, with scarce a warning that awoke apprehension, she

ascended to those angelic natures with whom, for almost fourscore years, she had communion and growing congeniality.

1847.

39. "Water-Drops."

The cause of Temperance, and the reformation of those who have swerved from its principles, had long and often enlisted my sympathies. This volume contains, in two hundred and seventy-five pages, whatever I had written on these subjects, either in prose or poetry. It was arranged at the suggestion of the "Scottish Temperance League," in Edinburgh, but published in New York by Carter & Brothers, the first of a series of eight different works which they have since issued for me, with that punctuality and friendliness which are such desirable concomitants in the intercourse of publisher and author. This work is particularly addressed to females, to propitiate their influence in the structure of domestic life, against a foe that lays waste their dearest hopes, and to quicken them in impressing upon the tender minds committed to their charge the subjugation of the appetites, and the wisdom and beauty of self-control.

1848.

40. "Illustrated Poems."

From a liberal publishing house in Philadelphia, Messrs. Carey & Hart, I received proposals to make

selections from such of my poems as had been deemed most popular, mingling with them new ones if I chose, and permit them to be issued in an illustrated octavo edition, uniform with those beautiful ones of Bryant, Longfellow, and Willis, and forming the fourth of the series. I was not insensible to so high a compliment, and acceded to their wishes. The book contained more than four hundred pages, with fourteen fine engravings from original designs, by Darley, and was the first of mine that in all respects of paper, typography, and binding, was quite accordant with my taste. Its sale at five dollars per copy, and seven dollars in turkey morocco, was also satisfactory to those who had so freely expended upon its execution. After the dissolution of that firm it appeared in a plainer form, and with fewer embellishments, several of the plates having been destroyed in a conflagration. It was dedicated to the late Samuel Rogers, then the oldest poet in Europe, to whom I was indebted for many marks of friendship when in his native clime, and who warmly appreciated the attention. He, to whom the grateful offering would have been more naturally paid, my first literary patron, Mr. Wadsworth, who permitted me to consecrate with his name my "Weeping Willow," had, a few months before the appearance of the above-named volume, laid his head in an honored grave, just before reaching his seventy-seventh birthday. Other tender reminiscences also cluster around it—of an eye, that,

like the rich, deep violet, hung over its manuscript pages—of a hand and pen that zealously aided in copying them—of a soul-speaking face in the bloom of nineteen, soon to be covered on its turf-pillow from the mourning mother's view.

1849.

41. "Whisper to a Bride."

This book has gathered some of those sentiments which both in poetry and prose had been suggested by the most important era in the life of woman. From the absorption of time and thought incidental to such an event, I thought it fitting that the words uttered should be few. Robed in white silk, this slight gift has sought the hand of many a fair young creature, as she left the paternal hearthstone to make for herself a new home, amid duties whose full import eternity alone can unfold.

1850.

42. "The Coronal."

A beautiful volume of prose and poetry, thus entitled, was sent me from London, where it had been selected and published without reference to me. As you have probably never seen it, my dear friend, none having been sent to this country save a few gift copies to myself, I will transcribe for you the courteous words with which they introduce it to the British public :

“A wreath of song, and old romantic lay,
And pleasant tale, wherewith to cheer the hearth
Around the winter's cheerful blaze, when day
Dies in the west, and evening with its mirth
And social interchange of love has birth.”

“The authoress of this work has long been designated as the American Hemans; and if feminine sweetness and delicacy of thought, and the tenderest sympathy with all the most sacred affections of the heart, merit such a title, it could have been nowhere more appropriately applied. As a prose writer, however, Mrs. Sigourney lays claim to even a higher standing than the gifted authoress of the ‘Records of Woman,’ as the following pages will bear ample testimony.

“In presenting these beauties of American literature nearly all hitherto unknown to the English reader, the editor feels assured that the refined taste and beauty of thought which they display, combined with the high moral principles they are designed to inculcate, will unite to render this *Coronal* one of the most acceptable and permanent additions to this class of English literature.

“LONDON, *November 1st*, 1848.”

Though this date defines the time of its first publication in England, yet, as I received no announcement, or copies of it, until the editions of 1850, I have placed it under that year in this present catalogue.

1851.

43. "Letters to my Pupils."

It has been heretofore mentioned that it was my custom, while engaged in the work of instruction, to address and read to those under my care, once in three weeks, a letter on some subject of mutual interest, or desired improvement. The present volume, of three hundred and forty-one pages, has this basis, and closes with brief biographical tributes to such of our loved associates as had been early summoned to "begin the travel of eternity."

1851.

44. "Olive Leaves."

A book for the young, containing, in three hundred and eight pages, Narrative, Biography, and History, in prose and poetry, imbued, as the name imports, with that spirit of peace which it seems should form an integral part of Christian education. Both this and the preceding work were published by the brothers Carter, of New York.

1851.

45. "Examples of Life and Death."

This volume, of three hundred and forty-eight pages, issued by Mr. Charles Scribner, of New York, comprises twenty-four biographical sketches, selected

with care from different climes, sexes, and conditions in life, extending over a period of thirteen centuries, and varying in scenery and position from the wilderness to the throne, yet all tending to confirm the unity and efficacy of that sustaining principle which imparts vigor amid the vicissitudes of time, and tranquillity under the dread and mystery with which it recedes into eternity.

1852.

46. "The Faded Hope."

A sketch of my beloved and only son. "God touched him, and he slept."

1852.

47. "Memoir of Mrs. Harriette Newell Cook."

The subject of this volume, a lady of talents and piety, and the wife of a clergyman, was remarkable for living, as it were, with a pen in her hand, noting down the passage of daily occurrences from which good might be gathered. This habit, with a diligently conducted correspondence, supplied ample materials for these two hundred and fifty-two pages, connected by a thread of biography, which I was induced by the urgency of her husband to supply, though my time was burdened with a multitude of occupations.

1854.

48. "Western Home, and other Poems."

Admiration of our "great, green, growing West," called into existence the poem which gave name to this otherwise miscellaneous volume of three hundred and fifty-nine pages, originally published by Parry & MacMillan, of Philadelphia, and, after the dissolution of their house, by others in New York.

1854.

49. "Sayings of the Little Ones, and Poems for their Mothers."

I have long been an admirer of the words of young children, as in their simplicity combining wit with originality. Perceiving how apt they are to be forgotten, even by the fond maternal heart, I had been persevering in collecting them, and this book of two hundred and fifty-two pages is the result. Following out my fancy for the West, I intrusted the copyright to Buffalo publishers; and that it has not been overlooked by the public, I perceive by occasional extracts from its choicest *morceaux* in passing periodicals, though without acknowledgment or reference to the source from whence they were derived.

1854.

50. "Past Meridian."

A conviction that the period of advanced life is seldom correctly appreciated either by those who reach or those who regard it, moved me to adduce arguments to enforce its value, and examples of its happy combination with usefulness and honor. The plan was brought to a crisis, by chancing to look over, as an exercise in Latin, "*Cicero de Senectute*," written when he was between sixty and seventy, and thinking that, if a heathen could discover so much beauty in age, Christian philosophy should be able more perfectly to illustrate how the latest drop of existence might exhale in a song of praise to the Giver. This work was written carefully and with pleasure, and is stereotyped in three hundred and forty-four pages by Brown & Gross, Hartford, with that large, clear typography which accommodates spectacled eyes.

"The North American Review," our highest umpire in the realm of intellect, deigns thus to characterize it: "This is one of the comparatively few books in our day which will be read with glistening eyes and glowing heart, when all who now read shall have gone to their graves. It is written by Mrs. Sigourney, in the character of one who has herself past the meridian of life, and addresses itself to sensations and experiences which all whose faces are turned westward can feel and

understand with her. It is, much more than '*De Senectute*,' Christianized. It is devotion, philosophy, and poetry so intertwined, that each is enriched and adorned by the association. It describes, indeed, the straitnesses and sadnesses of growing years, but sets off against them their more than preponderant immunities and felicities. It treats of the duties of the aged, and their rights and dues at the hands of the younger. It gives biographical sketches and anecdotes of good and happy old men and women. Above all, it blends with the serene sunset of a well-spent life the young morning beams of a never-setting day. It will carry solace to many a fireside, and rekindle hope and gladness in many a soul that scarcely dares to look into its earthly future."

1857.

51. "Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries."

Still keeping in view that the lives of the great and good, like grand pictures, give present pleasure and lasting remembrance, and that what we thus contemplate may become not only a cheering sympathy but a controlling pattern, I constructed another biographical work. It was printed in three hundred and forty-nine pages by the same publisher who brought out its predecessor, which extends over a space of thirteen hundred years; and though this was limited to a single

century, I was embarrassed by the amplitude of materials, and the difficulty of selection, like a gleaner, who regrets to leave ungarnished so many rich sheaves of ripened gold.

1857.

52. "Lucy Howard's Journal."

The narrative of a young life, given in the form of a diary. Its object was to sketch the inner habitudes of the last half century, as they were connected with the nurture of my own sex, and which, if not altogether obsolete, are rapidly becoming matters of tradition. The work appeared under the auspices of the brothers Harper, in three hundred and forty-three pages; and though some of its elementary details, from their simplicity and minuteness, might seem to need excuse, yet they involve principles or affections which have given to New England homes stability and comfort, with that affluence of strength and virtue which has enabled them to distribute freely to the young West seeds and germs that cause her wilderness to blossom as the rose.

1859.

53. "The Daily Counsellor."

This book of four hundred and two pages, published by Brown & Gross, of Hartford, was so well received that a second large edition was called for within a fort-

night after its first appearance. It consists of a poem for every day in the year, founded on a text of Scripture. It is not adapted to consecutive perusal, but to systematic and devotional use. In my own communion with it every morning, it is pleasant to gather around me in spirit those who, by its solitary perusal, or in the family circle, are thinking the same thoughts, or perhaps committing to memory the same passage of Divine truth, which its lyrical echoes repeat. "A single verse," said Luther, "is sufficient for the meditation of a day; and whoever finds, at the close of that day, that he has possessed himself fully of its sense and spirit, may consider the day well spent."

1860 and 1862.

54. "Gleanings." Two hundred and sixty-four pages.

55. "The Man of Uz, and other Poems." Two hundred and seventy-six pages.

I class these two poetical works together, for I am exceedingly tired of the list. I think you are also, and will rejoice that I have come to a stand.

1863.

56. "Selections from Various Sources."

Patience, sweet friend! for you will see I have set out anew like the guest who, after taking leave, comes

back again. This book of two hundred and forty pages I was induced to print at my own expense, principally that I might have it for gifts to friends at Christmas and New Year. Three hundred copies were thus expended on those occasions, and during a few consecutive months. It consists of extracts on all sorts of subjects, made during a series of years, in obedience to the ancient injunction of reading with a pen or pencil in the hand. A mass of manuscripts thus collected, without the most distant idea of publication; but suddenly it came into my mind, that what had given pleasure or edification to myself, might perform a similar office for others. Whereupon I made a decimation of these hoarded sentiments, among which some of my own had anonymously intruded. The work has been well received, though not offered for sale, and, having been printed at a distance, is somewhat defaced by typographical errors.

There was a long period, after I became a writer for the public, when periodical literature flourished abundantly. The monthly magazines in particular became almost a legion. Every position, occupation, and age of human life seemed to have its own exponent. This, after a series of years, regulated itself, and such as were essentially ephemeral disappeared. Some, whose embellishments were original and tasteful, continued to stimulate the fine arts, and a few established Reviews to hold high guardianship over the interests of literature.

On this sea of miscellany I was allured to embark, and, having set sail, there was no return. I think now with amazement, and almost incredulity, of the number of articles I was induced by the urgency of editors to furnish. Before I ceased to keep a regular catalogue, they had amounted to more than two thousand. Some of these were afterwards comprehended in selections, though enough for several volumes must still be floating about, like sea-weed among the noteless billows. They were divided among nearly three hundred different publications, from the aristocratic "Keepsake" of the Countess of Blessington, and the classic "Athenæum" and "Forget-Me-Not" of London, to the "Coachmakers' Magazine," the "Herald of the Upper Mississippi," the "Buckeye Blossom" of the West, and the "Rose-Bud" of the factory girls at Lowell. Promptitude was the life-blood of these contributions. Hungering presses must be fed, and not wait. How to obtain time to appease editorial appetites, and not neglect my housekeeping tactics, was a study. I found the employment of knitting congenial to the contemplation and treatment of the slight themes that were desired, and, while completing fifteen or sometimes twenty pairs of stockings yearly for our large family, or for the poor, stopped the needles to arrest the wings of a flying thought or a flowing stanza. Still, I always corrected, and rewrote more than once, these extempora-

neous effusions, not considering it decorous to throw crude matter at the head of the public.

This habit of writing *currente calamo* is fatal to literary ambition. It prevents that labor of thought by which intellectual eminence is acquired. Miss Edgeworth, however, thinks fit thus to commend it: "Few persons of genius have possessed what Mrs. Sigourney appears to have—the power of writing extempore on passing subjects, and at the moment they chance to be called for. She must have great command over her own mind, or what a celebrated physician used to call 'voluntary attention,' in which most people are so lamentably deficient, that they can never write any thing well when called upon for it, or when the subject is suggested and the effort bespoken. Those powers are twice as valuable that can well accomplish their purpose on demand. Certainly, as it respects poetic gifts, those who give promptly give twice. How few, even of professed and eminent poets, have been able to produce any effusion worthy of their reputation, or even worth reading on what the French call '*des sujets de commande*,' or what we English describe as on the 'spur of the moment!' Gray could not—Addison could not. Mrs. Sigourney's friends will doubtless be ready to bear testimony that she can."

With the establishment of a poetic name came a host of novel requisitions. Fame gathered from abroad cut out work at home. The number and na-

ture of consequent applications were alike remarkable. Churches requested hymns, to be sung at consecrations, ordinations, and installations; charitable societies, for anniversaries; academies and schools, for exhibitions. Odes were desired for the festivities of New Year and the Fourth of July, for silver and golden weddings, for the voyager wherewith to express his leave-taking, and the lover to propitiate his mistress. Epistles from strangers often solicited elegies and epitaphs; and though the voice of bereavement was to me a sacred thing, yet I felt the inefficacy of balm thus offered to a heart that bled. Sometimes I consoled myself that the multitude of these solicitations bespoke an increasing taste for poetry among the people. But to gratify all was an impossibility. They would not only have covered the surface of one life, but of as many as ancient fable attributed to the feline race. I undertook at one time to keep a statement of the solicitations that showered upon me. A good-sized manuscript book was thus soon filled. It was commenced during what dear Mrs. Hemans used to call the "album persecution." It was then the fashion for school-girls, other youthful personages, and indeed people of every age, to possess themselves of a neatly-bound blank book, which was sent indiscriminately to any one whom they chose, with the request, or exaction, of a page or more in their own handwriting.

Of those who were so unfortunate as to be known

as rhymers, it was expressly stipulated that it must be original. Sometimes there would be a mass of these cormorant tax-gatherers in the house at the same time. To refuse compliance was accounted an offence, or an insult. I commuted the matter with my imperative engagements as well as I could, by setting aside a peculiar portion of time for these enforced subsidies. Happily this custom is now obsolete, having been merged in the slighter impost of autographs.

I feel an inclination to give you a few extracts from the manuscript catalogue before alluded to, which was not long continued. Perhaps they may amuse you, my sweetly patient friend.

Some of them, you will observe, are not strictly poetical requisitions, but sprang from a position among poets.

Requested to write dedication poems for three nicely-bound albums, brought by strangers.

To ascertain and send an account of the comparative reputation, and terms of tuition and state of health of the female seminaries in this city, for a gentleman in a distant State who was thinking of sending a daughter to some boarding-school.

To write an ode for the wedding of people in Maine, of whom I had never heard; the only fact mentioned by the expectant bridegroom, author of the letter, being that his chosen one was the youngest of ten brothers and sisters.

To read critically, in one day, a manuscript of two hundred and sixty closely-written pages, and write a commendatory notice of it for some popular periodical.

To obtain an accomplished female teacher for the children of a member of Congress, at the far South.

A poem requested on the dog-star, Sirius.

Desired to assist a servant-man not very well able to read, in getting his Sunday-school lessons, and to "write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time."

A person feels inclined to offer a premium for some original piece of music, and would consider it "a favor if I would write six stanzas, each of eight lines, for it;" adding, that "the subject is to be Temperance," and he "does not know of any one that it possesses so much influence with as myself."

A lady, whose husband expects to be absent on a journey for a month or two, wishes I would write a poem to testify her joy at his return.

An almost illegible letter, requesting an elegy on a young man who was one of the nine children of a judge of probate, and "quite the Benjamin of the family," the member of a musical society, and who, had he lived, "would likely have been married in about one year." It is added, that his funeral was attended by a large number of people; and "if I let them have a production on his death," I am desired to dedicate and have it published for the benefit of a society whose name I cannot decipher.

To prepare the memoir of a colored preacher, of whose character and existence I was ignorant. The document stated that the plan was to raise two thousand dollars by the publication of his biography and sermons, to present to his wife and nine children ; who, it would seem, were all free, in health, and able to support themselves.

A hymn to be sung at the anniversary of a charitable society, for which I had recently furnished one ; the argument adduced being that "a new one every year was interesting and advisable."

Epitaphs for a man and two children, with warning that only two hundred and fifty letters must be allowed in the whole, as the monument was not large enough to contain more.

A minister in Virginia encloses an urn, drawn with a pen, and colored by his son, a boy of fourteen, to be dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Judson. An acrostic is requested on the name of this son, whom he considers a genius, yet desires not to have it made "so personal" that it may not with propriety be published in one of their newspapers.

An ode, to be set to music, which must be finished early to-morrow morning, that copies may be struck off in season for the choir.

To write a publishing house in one of our large cities a laudatory notice of a volume I have never seen, by whose profits the author hopes to be able to travel in Europe.

A list of the female poets who have written in all languages, a statement of their births and deaths, with information of the best editions of their works, and where they may be obtained, for a gentleman resident in a distant State, who thinks of undertaking a compilation of feminine literature.

A piece to copy in the album of a lady of whom I had never heard, requested by a gentleman "to be sent as soon as Saturday afternoon, because then he is more at leisure to attend to it."

To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on a "pain in the back of the neck."

A poem, intended as a school premium for a young lady "not yet remarkable for neatness, but who might be encouraged to persevere if its beauties were set forth before her in attractive verse."

A letter from utter strangers, at a distance, stating that a person who had been in their employ had come to settle in this city, and they wished some pious individual to have charge over him, and warn him against evil company. That they should not thus have selected me, had they known of any other religious person in Hartford. They express apprehensions that he is going to set up the "rum-selling business," and propose, in a postscript, that when I obtain an interview, I should "wait and see whether he will own Christ unsolicited."

An album from a clerk in a store, given him by another clerk in another store, to be written in for a young lady, of whose name he was not quite certain, and the "most he knew about her was, that she was a very rich girl."

A new periodical desires a "touching tale, a bit of poetry, and an address to its readers," to be sent in the course of the week, and the printing will be stayed for the contributions.

The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses.

A stranger, whose son died at the age of nine months, "weighing just thirteen pounds, would be glad of some poetry to be framed, glazed, and hung over the chimney-piece, to keep the other children from forgetting him."

Solicitation from the far West, that I would "write out lengthy" a sketch of the loves of two personages, of whom no suggestive circumstances were related, one of whom was a journeyman tailor, and the name of the other, "Sister Babcock," as far as the chirography could be translated.

A poem proposed on the feather of a blue-bird picked up by the road-side.

A father requests elegiac lines on a young child, supplying, as the only suggestion for the tuneful Muse, the fact that he was unfortunately "drowned in a barrel of swine's food."

To draft a constitution for a society in a distant State, whose object is to diminish the reluctance of young people to the writing of compositions.

A poem requested, to accompany a piece of worsted embroidery, intended as a present to a friend at the North.

To be umpire of a baby-show in the city of New York.

A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he being now well, and preaching as usual.

To correct poetry, transmitted in a large envelope, send it to some paying periodical with such recommendations as may secure its insertion, and forward the gains to one who prefers to remain anonymous, giving only three fictitious letters for an address, with the number of a box at a distant post-office.

A monody for the loss of a second wife, fortified by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first.

A poem, with which to take leave of a district-school "in a thriving village," where the teacher had officiated for the greater part of a winter.

Epistle from a stranger, saying his wife was likely to die, and had a young babe, and wishing some poetry to be written in such a way that it would answer for mother and child, should both be taken by death.

To turn a love-story into verse, "as lengthy as I could," though to read the obscure chirography in

which the descriptions were wrapped, was a herculean task which I failed to accomplish.

A woman, whose husband had posted her in the newspapers, with the accustomed threat of paying no debts in future of her contracting, came in person, with an earnest supplication for an article which should set forth his shortcomings, I being wholly ignorant of the facts, and unacquainted with the parties. She said she supposed I did all sorts of writing, and she had got so nervous she could not execute this quite as well as myself; and so great was her perseverance, that it was difficult to make any of the common forms of refusal available.

Applications of a somewhat similar nature still occasionally occur, though I have ceased to take the trouble of recording them.

A short time since, a letter from a stranger announced the death of a young man in the war, who, from her expressions of sorrow, I supposed to be a brother, and desiring a tribute to his memory. Believing that I might thus comfort a bereaved mourner, I complied, though at some inconvenience, studying the verses after I had retired to bed. Thanks were returned, with the information that she was not his bereaved sister, but an aunt—that she was much obliged for my doing the work with so much promptness, and his mother was quite pleased with my having written so *prettily* about her son.

A man was employed in shingling a neighboring house, belonging to a colored family. From the top of the roof deservying a servant of mine, he called to her that he should be glad to have me write some verses for him. A relation of his had died, and he wanted to have the death printed in the newspaper, but thought "some poetry to put with it would be nice, and that likely I could write it as easy as anybody."

But I spare you any further inflictions of these peculiar requirements. You may, perhaps, think that some of them testified a want of respect. I believe they were not thus intended, though their deficiency in the sense of propriety is frequently obvious. This selection is not a decimation of the requests in my record, though it comprises some of the most unique. The ruling fault was with myself, in occasional compliance, which encouraged exactions.

If there is any kitchen in Parnassus, my Muse has surely officiated there as a woman of all work, and an aproned waiter. Lacking firmness to say no, I consented so frequently, that the right of refusal began to be counted invidious. Those who requested but a few verses considered them, what they appeared to be, a trifle. Yet "trifles make up the sum of human things," and this trifle involved thought, labor, and time. This habit of yielding to persuasion occasionally led to the curtailment of sleep, and of meals, as the poems which were to be sung in public audiences must

be ready at a specified period, and frequently a very brief notice was accorded me. Sometimes I have been urged to send copies of long printed poems to strangers, that they might possess them in my own handwriting. Though there is always a degree of pleasure connected with obliging others, yet the extent of my own facility or folly in this respect might be rebuked by the common sense displayed in other occupations.

Do we go to a milliner, and say, "You have earned a good name in your line. Make me a bonnet and a dress. I should prize them as proofs of your skill?" Do we tell the carpet manufacturer, "You assort your colors better than others. Weave me a carpet for my study?" Do we address the professed cook with "You have a high reputation. I am to have a party. Come and make my jellies and confections?" Would those functionaries, think ye, devote time, toil, and material to such proposals, without compensation? I trow not. But a truce to this diffuse matter of custom-work.

My epistolary intercourse is extensive, and exceeds a yearly exchange of two thousand letters. It includes many from strangers, who are often disposed to be tenacious of replies, and to construe omission as rude neglect. I have no aid from amanuensis or copyist since the marriage of my loved daughter, or any listening friend to whom I may take the liberty of reading an unpublished production. Yet, if ever inclined to account so large a correspondence burdensome, I solace

myself with the priceless value of the epistles of long-tried friendship, with the warm vitality often breathing from young hearts, and the hope of disseminating through this quiet vehicle, some cheering thought or hallowed principle.

My literary course has been a happy one. Its encouragements have exceeded both my expectations and deserts. Originating in impulse, and those habits of writing that were deepened by the solitary lot of an only child, it gradually assumed a financial feature which gave it both perseverance and permanence.

This, which at first supplied only my indulgences, my journeyings, or my charities, became eventually a form of subsistence; and now, through the income of its accumulated savings, gives ease to the expenditure of my widowhood, and the means of mingling with the benevolent enterprises of the day. Pecuniary gain has flowed in upon me rather from abroad than at home. With the exception of the initiatory volume, sheltered under the patronage of my venerated friend, Mr. Wadsworth, scarcely any profit has accrued to my literary labors in this vicinity, or indeed in the whole of my own New England. On the contrary, some severe losses have occurred. To the States of New York and Pennsylvania I am mainly indebted for the remuneration of intellectual toil, and gratefully acknowledge them as benefactors.

Fame, as a ruling motive, has not stimulated me to

literary effort. It has ever seemed to have too flimsy a wing for sustained and satisfactory flight. Candid criticism, and the voice of friendship, have been coveted correctives and tonics. Still the only adequate payment are the hope and belief that, by enforcing some salutary precept, or prompting some hallowed practice, good may have been done to our race.

I ought to speak with more emphasis of the encouragement kindly addressed to me since first, as a timid waif, I ventured into regions then seldom traversed by the female foot. It has breathed upon me from highways and hedges, from boughs where nesting birds reared their young, from the crested billows, and the islands of the sea. Thanks be to Him who hath thus touched the hearts of my fellow-creatures with kindness toward me!

Letters of appreciation have reached me from crowned heads—from the King of Prussia, the Empress of Russia, and the late Queen of France; marks of favor from nobles of high degree; and what was to me still more animating, from monarchs in the realm of mind. I have felt humbled by such distinctions, as transcending my merits. Some degree of chastening counterpoise has arisen from the marked indifference of my native city, which I have loved almost with the fervor of the ancient Jews for Zion. Neither by word nor smile can I recollect that she has fostered the mental labors of the child who went out from her fair borders,

leaving her heart behind. Sweet hospitalities she extends to me, but in the point where I yearn for her sympathy, or would fain lay my honors at her feet, she keeps silence. I wrote, by request, a lyric to be sung at the anniversary of her favorite academy, which the chief musician scornfully declined to perform, and it was read among the prose exercises. I prepared poems with my whole heart, for her beautiful bi-centennial birthday, and they were refused admission into the fair volume that described the festivity.

I mention these trifling circumstances, not by way of complaint, for they are unworthy of it, but simply as facts to prove that I have no other claim to the title of prophet, save the absence of honor in my own country, and with some slight thrill of the sadness of a child, whose filial love has failed of reciprocity.

Yes, my literary course has indeed been a most happy one. At an age surpassing threescore and ten, I still pursue it with unimpaired delight and unspectacled eyes. Through its agency, and the Divine blessing, I feel no loneliness, though my household contains only servants, with the exception of occasional guests. Praise be unto Him who hath led me all my life long unto this day; and if any good fruit shall ever spring from the seed He hath enabled me to sow, to His name be all the glory.

LETTER XIV.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE. Don't you think it is time? I am sure I do. Ancient people are apt to be prolix, and young ones too, if you let them talk about themselves. Yet there's scarcely any thing more that I care to tell you about, even if you cared to hear.

So, *good-bye!* the hearty old Saxon word, less elegant than the French *adieu*, or the classic, mournfully euphonious word, *farewell*. But in this last letter I wish to say to you, my kind friend, how comfortably I am living. Far happier am I at seventy than at seventeen. Fashionable persons who should look at my lowly house, might not think so. That is no matter. I have lived long enough to know that showy mansions, and lofty staircases, and halls of gleaming marble, and castellated domes, do not necessarily include happiness. I have tried them all.

Here am I, in a plain wooden structure, without pretension to elegance, yet exactly adapted to my comfort,

and to the "plain intent of life." In summer, the vines that embower it give it somewhat of the aspect of a cottage orné; but in the nakedness of winter one might notice many defects, and that the whole would be improved by a coat of paint. Still, it satisfies me. I have three small parlors, so redolent with the love-tokens of friendship, that should the donors attempt to enter them at once, it would be by no means possible. There is also, on the northern side, a writing-room called *my den*, where I have intense enjoyment, and spend such time between early morning and the dining hour as housekeeping propensities, and many calls from acquaintances and strangers, allow. The edifice, though narrow in front, stretches out longitudinally, comprising more space than appears to a casual observer, so that I am the mistress of eighteen apartments from attic to cellar, besides some dozen closets of various capacities.

The financial cares of forecasting and purchasing supplies, in which my husband was so perfect as to require no aid, and leave me little chance for experience, seemed burdensome during the first years of widowhood; but now they are so systematized, and the improvements in some departments so visible, as to form an agreeable variety. My elementary principle is to keep out of debt, or, in the vernacular phrase, to "pay as I go." The surplus earnings of my pen, however small they might be, having been carefully laid aside from the beginning, the interest on those investments

assists me in the accomplishment of this purpose, and with economical management keeps me free from anxiety. More than this. I am enabled sometimes to realize the truth, how much greater is the blessing "to give than to receive," for which I heartily thank my Heavenly Father.

Should you like to look still further into my domestic establishment? My agricultural and quadrupedal possessions are diminished and meagre. Never, until residing in this habitation, had I been without the appendages of gardens and a cow. Of course, I had never before fully appreciated their value. For several years after our removal thither, we continued to keep poultry, but robbers decimated them, and the servants disliked their charge, so they gradually vanished away. The only animated beings over whom I at present hold dominion, are a large pussy, and two hives of bees. Those winged chemists are my perpetual admiration. Their early explorations, their tireless industry, the mathematical symmetry of their hexagonal cells, their internal order, the mystery with which they seek to veil their habitudes, with other strong peculiarities, are a curious and pleasant study.

A German bee-master comes at stated periods to claim their sweet rental. He boldly takes them in his hands if he wishes to transfer them from one abode to another. I asked him by what art he surmounted their belligerent propensities. He simply answered, "By not

being afraid of them." Whether this internal armor would be sufficient in all cases, I am not ready to aver. If their irascible properties were in action, I should choose to keep at a respectful distance. Equally skeptical am I with regard to the creed that they will not sting the members of the family where they abide. An old lady, distinguished for kindness to all the inferior creation, especially to her own retainers, used to say it was well to go out frequently and speak pleasantly to the bees. She thought them susceptible of pleasure from the attention, and cultivated by it. Acting upon her own suggestion, and regarding their marked characteristic of neatness, she arrayed herself in a clean cap and collar for the especial benefit of her apiary, and flattered herself that her visits were manifestly acceptable. How far this was an amiable illusion I do not pretend to say, but think the peculiar lineaments of this remarkable insect have never been fully and philosophically deduced.

I always participate in their resentment when their lawful property, the treasures of their labor, are reft away, and give continual charge that my portion be not made exorbitant. Yet there is always enough for us both; and the fragrant, streaming comb, is grateful to neighbors and invalids. Indulge me, kind friend, in reciting that fine passage from Shakspeare's *Henry V.*, which first inspired me with the desire to be an owner of bees. But the wonderful poet, who understood so

well the arcana of Nature and the phases of the human heart, erred in applying the masculine gender to the chief sovereignty of the hive, the Salique law not being in operation there :

“So work the honey-bees—
Creatures that by a ruling instinct teach
The arts of order to a peopled kingdom.
—They have a king, and officers of sort—
Where some like magistrates correct at home—
Others, like merchant-princes trade abroad—
Others, like soldiers armed in their stings
Make war upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor :—
Who busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing mason building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens heading up the honey,
The poor, mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to execution dire
The lazy, yawning drone.”

Snugly sheltered in a southern nook is a vigorous hop-vine, which, taking hold with its thousand hands, mantles the wall and a portion of the roof in its graceful drapery. Its beautiful clusters of a delicate green are gathered in autumn, and their odor always touches my reminiscences of the vast fields devoted to their

culture in Kent, the ancient Cantrum of England. Mine are carefully spread and dried, for they enter into the domestic pharmacopœia. A slight infusion of them warm, at retiring, propitiates the visits of Morpheus, as many a nervous person can testify; while taken cold, an hour before the principal meal, it exercises a strengthening influence on the digestive organs, being both a sedative and tonic.

By the side of this *Humulus Lupulus*, as the botanists call it, flourishes a less aspiring plant, the *Sambucus Nigra*, or common elder. Its large masses of white blossoms, which beautify so many wild and waste places in June, are saved for medicinal purposes, having purifying and alterative powers; while some sister housekeepers, more enterprising than myself, compound from its autumnal berries a kind of wine, which they pronounce both salubrious and palatable.

At the feet of these patronizing herbs, and in and out among the grass-blades, a few strawberries run, now and then hiding themselves, as if ashamed of their semi-barbarous state, and anon exultant, as though they heard the almost irreverent praise of Sidney Smith.

I have told you that I have no garden. Nevertheless, I plant a few rows of beans, which are the delight of my eyes; and in winter, sow tomato seeds in a box of rich earth, which, being early intrusted to my rather

insoluble, clay soil, produce a vegetable of greater freshness than can be procured of the grocers. Once I was inspired with the lofty ambition to be a producer of potatoes. A small plot of ground in the rear of my offices was properly prepared and stocked with the most approved kinds of the *pomme de terre*. I watched their green heads protruding through the mould, and their healthful efflorescence, as Diocletian did his cabbages. Suddenly the withering of the green tops seemed to betoken that the bulb was perfected, and I directed the test of the spade to be applied. Lo! every hill had been rifled, their surface dexterously smoothed, and the rootless vines set out again. Only a few luckless tubers remained, to show us the excellence of what we had lost. The busy personage who had toiled so acquisitively while we slept, was not even so obliging as his prototype, to sow tares.

You should see by what a world of grape-vines I am encompassed. They climb upon my piazzas, draw a cordon around the walls, besiege every loophole, look in at the chamber windows, and leap from my summer-house to the surrounding boughs, hanging their clusters in the air. I have striven to restrain the last-named class of explorers, and woven them perseveringly in with the lattice-work, but they have an irresistible pioneer spirit. Were the prolific impulses of my vines as strong as their emigrating ones, I might scarcely

know how to garner their fruits. As it is, my harvest of grapes is bountiful. Besides the claims of hospitality, and the pleasure of friendly gifts, the clusters may be so packed as to form an agreeable dessert during a part of the winter; and I mingle the expressed juice of others with sugar and water, producing by fermentation a wine which may be presented to the advocates of Temperance without reproof. My surplus currants and blackberries, in which some portion of the ground is fruitful, are also sometimes subjected to a similar vintage, for I have a natural desire to be a producer.

Of the flowers which spring up quite sparsely, I have no boast to make. There are a few roses, a flaunting piony, some lilies of the valley, flowering almonds, and a syringa bush. By their aid, with the evergreen from the hedge, I can fill mantel vases, or construct a homely bouquet. I have ceased to plant rare seeds, for they seldom come up; and if they do, the worms eat them. My principal show is from plants sheltered in the house through the winter, geraniums, orange trees, and varieties of the *Cactus Speciossimus*, which enjoy their vernal emancipation.

So that is my garden. You can laugh at the epithet if you choose. I fancy I hear you asking, Have you no trees? Trees, to be sure! Yes, and some of them notable ones. Look at that weeping-willow. It is not remarkable for grace, but has an aristocratic pedigree. It is a descendant from Pope's willow at Twick-

enham, and was sent me a slender slip in a tin box, which I set out and cherished. He received a basket of figs from the Levant, and observing among the twigs that enveloped it one that appeared to possess vitality, ordered his gardener to plant and watch it, and from that unsightly stock came the first weeping-willow that England ever saw. From such a classic root was my own derived. It has now a large trunk, but being the denizen of too dry a spot, does not throw out redundant branches, or droop as gracefully as it otherwise might.

I have an elm, also of noble ancestry, the child of a majestic one planted by the traveller Ledyard, who went round the world on foot. It was sent by an antiquarian friend, with compost adapted to its transmission. I ordered a large hole to be dug, into which I descended to receive my guest, arranging its roots and fibres in a becoming manner, sifting upon them the light, rich soil, and directing the man to trample and press the surface, leaving a slight cavity around the trunk, and finish by a plentiful ablution. I gave it good advice to be content with its new home, and to adorn it, which it seems to have taken, and uplifts its respectable head as the watch and ward of my southeastern boundary.

Another elm have I, without patrician pretensions. I placed it myself opposite my front door, on the outer edge of the sidewalk, and had the pleasure of hearing it flattered by some of my friends for its lilliputian pro-

clivities with the title of "Mrs. Sigourney's broomstick." Notwithstanding all their abuse, it is now a tree of goodly height and size, the centre of a line of some half dozen of the Hippocastanus tribe, remarkable for little else save their reluctance to put forth their flowers at the proper season.

We found a clan of maples on the outer border of our territory when we first took possession of it. There they still maintain a sort of sullen sovereignty, like aborigines who conceive themselves not sufficiently esteemed, but are doggedly determined to live and look as they please.

Among the original settlers was a bevy of sprawling apple trees. Coming from scenes where every growing thing had been trained to symmetry, and made as beautiful as its nature would admit, I was extremely disgusted at their aspect. But when their season of efflorescence came, I was mollified, for they surfeited us with fragrance. One of them, a delicately shaped crab, in its fleecy white tissue, like a bride, called forth unqualified admiration, while its bright red fruit supplied us with pure, delicious jellies.

So, sacrificing my prejudices, I caused the bodies of these despised retainers to be bathed autumnally with a dilution of soap, sulphur, and wood-ashes, enriched and loosened the earth about their roots, and removed some of their most odious excrescences. These friendly offices seemed to me no more than a fit offering, or atone

ment for my first injustice; but look you, how they have been repaid! Loads of the best fruitage their various capacities could command have been showered at our feet.

From the time that the early saccharines robe themselves in gold, to the frosty nights when the rough russet puts on its brown overcoat, and asks admission to the garner, is no stay or hindrance to their revenue. The last year more than fifty barrels have been produced. How to dispose of them, over and above all culinary expenditure, has been a study. Besides gifts to neighbors, and weekly baskets to pensioners, and Christmas barrels to the State Prison and two hundred inmates of the Reform School, I sent many bushels to a cider-mill, from whence they emerged a sparkling liquid, which, eventually assuming the more pungent form of vinegar, made itself useful in a variety of ways. As I am not ashamed of being a practical woman, let me mention that its exhalations, when poured on burning coals, diffuse a pleasant, healthful odor, if the house in rainy weather has not been fully ventilated, and that it is considered a powerful disinfecting agent in hospitals.

My commerce in apples has led to a unique kind of philanthropy. From the time of their first taking an orbicular shape, and when it might be supposed their hardness and acidity would repulse all, save elephantine tusks and ostrich stomachs, they were the prey of roam-

ing children. When they became heavy enough to fall, their enterprise was unbounded. They surmounted every enclosure, they darted in and disappeared with magical alertness; those who had achieved an entrance supplied, through gates or hedges, those who stood without. They came in the evening with baskets and barrows, and, discovering there was no man upon the premises, waxed bolder and bolder. The accustomed phrases of dismissal and dispersion failed to put them to flight. Rappings at the window, and commands to disappear, they met with a dogged defiance. I grieve to say that, in impudence of deportment, the girls were conspicuous. Since the usual forms of objurgation were powerless, I bethought me of another expedient. I said pleasantly: "Come in at the gate, to my south piazza, and I will give you apples." There I kept a large reservoir, and put some into every dirty hand, assuring them that all who would not help themselves should be thus supplied. They seemed content, and eventually their faces brightened at being called the children who would not take what did not belong to them. Encouraged by this proof of susceptibility, I proceeded, with the aid of an amiable and intelligent servant-girl, who was pleased to officiate as semi-almoner and usher, to teach the phrase "*I thank you,*" and by little and little, the feat of a bow or courtesy. The last was considered as a grotesque achievement, or an act of supererogation, and at first was regarded with

grins, or stifled laughter ; but eventually they ceased to be marvellous, and I fancied had a sort of refining influence, drawing them still more palpably within the pale of humanity. So a rude species of mission-school sprang out of this apple traffic.

Another form of prudential ministration of these same trees ought not to be omitted. Observing their tendency to expand and make wood, and ambitious to train them to some degree of proportion, I caused their excrescent branches to be removed every autumn. These, cut in equal lengths and dried, gave aliment to an old-fashioned fire-place in my writing-room, which, notwithstanding the house is warmed by a powerful furnace, I have still kept open. With the occasional aid of hickory, purchased of the wood merchants, they afford a cheering, genial warmth, of a more healthful character than the smouldering, underground machinery of Vulcan, which is capable of concocting gases of no very salubrious nature.

Oh ! those black, unsocial registers. Would that the unfortunate people who congregate around them in long winter evenings, might enjoy the cheerful blaze which now, while I am writing, irradiates my den ! This corner is sacred, because my blessed father sat in it, and his staff still stands by the cushioned chair that he brought from his own Norwich abode. Relics of the loved and lost always have power over the heart.

Great comfort have I beside my declining fire just

before the hour of retirement. Down go the parted sticks, thankful that their day's work is done, perhaps proud if it has been well performed. Up mounts the flickering flame, tracing pictures on the wall, unwilling to be dismissed, the spirit rising over the wreck of the body. Around the fading coals the white ashes gather, like legends of a buried dynasty, soon themselves to sink in oblivion. Such a good time is it for reverie that I linger until scarcely a brand remains to be covered, as seed for the following day. Often am I reminded of that sublime passage of Israel's poet-king :

“While I was musing the fire burned : then spake I with my tongue. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.”

These severed boughs from my own domain emit a pleasant odor from their funeral pyre, as if with Christian forgiveness they blessed me even in martyrdom. So much for the sprawling apple trees that I at first scorned and derided. Do they not enforce the lesson taught by the “great sheet, knit at the four corners, not to call any thing common or unclean”?

Since the departure of my daughter to her own abode, I have had the society of several young companions. They have been in different degrees lovely, intelligent, accomplished, or efficient. I was attached to each, and regard them all as friends. Two are presiding happily over homes of their own, and one has en

tered that angelic sphere with which her own unselfish nature was accordant. I think with gratitude of the many kind offices they rendered me; but often felt anxious lest a deficiency of excitement should be a damper to their free spirits. My chief error was in aiming to consider them as real daughters. I have never yet discovered any chemical compound for the manufacture of kindred blood.

Recently I have dispensed with a permanent companion, and think the arrangement judicious.

Though mine usually expressed themselves happy in my society, I often feared they were not. My intellectual engagements requiring comparative sequestration for a part of every morning, made me uneasy lest their time should hang heavily. This interrupted my trains of thought, and abridged the availability of my labors. Their conversation was agreeable at the seasons allotted to its enjoyment, yet I sometimes imagined that the monthly stipend which I insisted should be theirs, might not be an equivalent for the privation of dwelling with an ancient, sedentary personage. Now, I can seclude myself without the inward reproof of discourtesy, and my time, which must be necessarily short on earth, and is much curtailed by interruptions, is made to bear with greater precision on what I strive to accomplish. Still, loving the young as I do, their frequent visits are prized, and I gather vitality from their smile.

Solitude of the heart must, in some measure, ever adhere to those who outlive their relatives and early friends. Yet my daughter, who is the only being, with the exception of her little ones, in whose veins my blood flows, had for nine years after her marriage a residence so near, that we often met, and by daily sketches of journalizing letters I still keep her sympathies fresh in my heart, and lead a new, or double life in hers. Faithful in every duty, and self-forgetful almost to a fault, the light of her countenance, and the flitting of her robes when she enters my door, are like those of an angel. The taper of filial love still glows amid the gaslight of stronger loves, and she spares me those droppings from newer and more intense affections which my lone heart gratefully receives. If she cannot "take the children's bread, and cast it under the table," yet the crumbs that fall from her free hand give nutriment and joy. Recently she has become a resident of western New York, and I add the simple effusion that sprang forth at the

DEPARTURE OF THE ONLY CHILD.

Bid not farewell, love !
Pass from my door
As one whose returning
An hour may restore ;
Use no parting phrases,
But let the smile speak,

Bright from thy blue eye,
And fair o'er thy cheek.

Call thy young children
In from their play,
Cover their faces up,
Lead them away;
Methinks, my enfeebled heart
Wilder'd and lone,
Dreadeth the *going*
More than the *gone*.

From the first life-throb,
When on my breast,
One bright Sabbath morning
They laid thee to rest;
We have dwelt undivided,
Like sapling and spray,
But newer loves govern thee,
Hie thee away.

Throw the dark mountains
That nothing may sever,
Throw leagues of forest
Between us forever,
To a new mansion
With vision'd hopes gay,
Stronger loves beckon thee,
Hie thee away.

Mid lakelets of silver,
In caskets of green,

Forget not, despise not
Thy far native scene.
Lo! years leave their burdens
And Time draws his dart,
Think of me, pray for me,
Child of my heart.

Good angels attend thee,
Since forth thou must go,
Thou last of the loves
That is left me below ;
Where'er thou shalt rest thee,
Where'er thou may'st roam,
God's blessing be with thee
Till Heaven is thy home.

Friendship, that solace of the soul, has been most liberally accorded me. It has sprung up where I had no reason to expect, in the clefts of the rock, by the wayside, among strangers, and in foreign lands. I thank Him, who disposeth as He will all the hearts that He hath made, for this liberal infusion of its balm-drops in my cup of life.

Some of my former pupils have been to me as daughters. They have confided to me their concerns, and sought my counsel even when their fair locks were sprinkled with gray. Sometimes their children have partaken of this partiality. Though friendship is not necessarily hereditary, I have seen delightful instances of its transmission.

One of the advantages of age is the test it applies to the truth or falsehood of affectionate professions. Being considered a species of declension, it dividès the worshippers of the rising sun from those who patiently regard its setting.

I have known a few who, like the visitants of Job, were adroit in searching out the "dwelling of the prince," wherever their path might lead. Since my residence is no longer in an elegant mansion, and I have suffered myself somewhat to fade out of fashionable society, here and there one may have permitted an intimacy, of which they were formerly boastful, to subside into indifference or neglect. Such sycophancy, however, is usually as slightly deplored as it is easily detected.

Another of the advantages derived from seventy years, is the correct estimate it enables us to form of popular opinion. In our palmyest days that was a yoke of bondage. "*Mr. What-did-he-say,*" and "*Mrs. How-did-she-say,*" have now become less formidable personages. It is discovered that both praise and blame may be misapplied, and that neither are long remembered. From the slightest circumstances, as well as from inventions, grave accusations may be formed by the evil-disposed. Therefore the censure of good persons may rest on an erroneous basis, while that of the light-minded is nothing worth. Since none can perfectly sift evidence, save Him unto whom the night shineth as the day, all human verdicts may be fallible. Words of applause or

blame weigh little, inasmuch as both those who utter, and those who hear, so soon pass away, to return no more.

Most of us have reason to regret that the time and zeal spent in justifying ourselves, or deprecating harsh judgments, had not been devoted to useful knowledge, or benevolent enterprise. For myself, now that the romance of life has subsided into reality, and shadows cease to delude, I cannot view without gratitude the kind opinions that, beyond my deserts, have attended me, and that encouragement from the good which has often given new strength to my labors.

To my young friends, whose bright eyes are so eager in the pursuit of happiness, let me say that they will find it to depend less on combinations of circumstances, than on the temper of mind with which they meet the dealings of the All-Wise. A harmonizing spirit will extract sweetness where an unsubdued one only combats thorns. Byron, with all his misanthropic infidelity, shed tears, when told of a fair young creature who had expired, exclaiming, "*God's happiness! God's happiness!*"

"*Still at my lessons!*" said Michael Angelo, when, at past eighty, he was found in the solitary recesses of the Coliseum, studying the models and monuments of ancient art. "*Still at my lessons!*" I repeat, at past threescore years and ten.

So would I have it to be. It is one of the privileges

of age that we may ever be learning. A deeper sense of the value of time ought also to be among its acquisitions. For as the richness of every blessing is more fully revealed by the approach of its departure, our days become more precious when but few remain. Force is thus added to the injunction of good Bishop Taylor: "Lift up your heart at the striking of every clock, that the hour may be usefully spent, and help you heavenward." "*Still at my lessons?*" Yes. Still a beginner—a backward pupil at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth.

A beautiful life have I had. Not one more trial than was for my good. Countless blessings beyond expectation or desert. How infinite is the mercy that has so long sustained this frail house of the body, and nourished its undying tenant! Well may we say with the Psalmist, "Gracious is the Lord, and full of compassion." As I review all the way in which He hath led me, smiles of joy mingle with tears of gratitude. The Almighty Friend, who hath held my hand through all my wanderings here, I fear not to trust for the life hereafter. That it is to me unknown, gives vitality and beauty to the Christian's faith. Not claiming to know either of that life, or the time of entering it, I cling to Him, and am satisfied, and at rest.

Behind me stretch the green pastures and still waters, by which I have been led all my days. Around, is the lingering of hardy flowers, and fruits,

that bide the winter Before, stretches the shining shore. The shadowy valley between seems not worthy to come into remembrance. Past, present, and future, concur like three harmonies. May their grateful ascription never end!

“But oh! Eternity’s too short,
To utter all Thy praise.”

Sweet Friend! to whose prompting and continued urgency these letters of life owe their existence, if you shall have patience to read them, I bless you. If you have not, I bless you. Your affection has been a sunbeam and a song in the house of my pilgrimage. Our Father in Heaven repay you fourfold, and give you a mansion where these poor instrumentalities of pen and ink are no longer needed to express the love that never dies. GOOD-BYE! GOOD-BYE!

L. H. S

THE VALEDICTORY.*

HERE is my Valedictory. I bring
A basket of dried fruits—autumnal leaves,
And mosses, pressed from ocean's sunless tides.
I strew them votive at your feet, sweet friends,
Who've listened to me long—with grateful thanks
For favoring smiles, that have sustained and cheered
All weariness.

I never wrote for fame—
The payment seemed not to be worth the toil;
But wheresoe'er the kind affections sought
To mix themselves by music with the mind,
That was my inspiration and delight.

* This I suppose to be my mother's last completed poem, as it bears date of less than four weeks before her death. It was intended to form a part of a longer poem, entitled "The Septuagenarian," which she was preparing for publication in the coming autumn. The plan was all marked out, but it was not sufficiently far advanced for any use to be made of it. The little poem, as it stands, forms a peculiarly appropriate close to her "Letters of Life."

M. H. R.

And you, for many a lustrum, have not frowned
Upon my lingering strain. Patient you've been,
Even as the charity that never fails;
And pouring o'er my heart the gentlest tides
Of love and commendation. So I take
These tender memories to my pillowed turf,
Blessing you for them when I breathe no more.

Heaven's peace be with you all!

Farewell! Farewell!

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

May 12th, 1865.

And now remains only a short, sad task, for loving hands to gather up the last links in the chain of a pure and gentle life, and with filial reverence to trace the steps of the journey, as it led to that "better country, even an heavenly."

Since almost the latest event in my mother's history, as recorded by her own hand, was that of our departure to a more distant home, it may not, perhaps, be inappropriate to allude here to the pleasure, over which I would fain linger, of her visit to us in our new abode. Early in July she came, bringing her smiles and her benedictions; and we had the joy of seeing her, during her stay, gaining both in health and cheerfulness. She remained with us through the summer, enjoying the scenery of the lovely lake, and the congenial society by which she found us surrounded, and returned to her own home in September, with renewed strength, and with pleasant recollections of the kind hospitalities of those to whom she came as a stranger. During the succeeding autumn and winter these still lingered with her;

she seemed to have been reinvigorated, and to enter with new pleasure and animation into all her accustomed duties. We gain from her journal some of the items of her busy life :

September.—"The weather so fine that I am constrained to work out of doors, trimming a long row of beans, and watering and lifting tomato-vines to the sun—also helping in the kitchen with the flat-irons, any household work being preferred to the pen, though I wrote four letters, and exchanged eighteen calls. Thankful to 'live, move, and have a being,' in this beautiful world."

October.—"Left an offering of sympathy with a note, at the door of a neighbor. No character seems to me so desirable as the distinction mentioned in Scripture, of 'Him that comforteth the mourners.' "

On Sunday, the opening day of the new year, she thus writes :

"Beautiful New Year's morn! bearing the name of God upon thy forehead! Consecrated thus by His sabbatical blessing—I greet thee with joy.

"Giver of all that we have or hope for, wilt Thou peculiarly sanctify this opening year. Make it to me a season of health of body, vigor of mind, and cheerfulness of soul. May my infirmities be removed, my perceptions quickened, my memory strengthened, and my zeal in doing good unwearied. Open for me new ways of aiding improvement, and conferring happiness on my fellow-beings. Bless all that I may be enabled to write, or have already written, to the greatest amount of instruction, satisfaction, and comfort, that it is possible for it to produce.

Increase the disposition and the means of liberality, and grant me wisdom in its distribution. Confirm and extend the demonstrations of affection and love, in which my whole nature rejoices; and continue to bless my household establishment with fidelity and affectionate zeal. Enable me to make progress in right feelings, and in the enjoyment of that happiness which rises above a changeful world.

"If this year, now smiling upon me with a snowy face, is to be mine till its close, may it manifestly transcend all its predecessors in usefulness, happiness, and true wisdom; and to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, I yield myself in unswerving trust and allegiance, both now and forever."

A few days later, we find the entry: "Made very happy by making ninety little hearts beat lighter, having driven over to the Orphan Asylum, with nice little books, fruit, and cake, for each one. I thank my kind Father in Heaven for this blessing."

February.—"I never remember such perfect days as a few we have lately had. I drive out for an hour near the noon, to inhale the balmy atmosphere, and behold the bright sun."

March 3d.—"Enjoying great delight with a poem in blank verse. May it communicate the same to other hearts."

Thus cheerfully and hopefully passed the weeks, giving no token as yet that the end was near at hand. And now we begin to trace the commencement of her failing health. Just at the close of the winter she took a cold, apparently slight at first, but which became more serious, and marked by extreme physical prostration. Paroxysms of coughing ensued, almost like those in whooping-cough, which were followed by great exhaustion.

With her native energy she kept about as usual, riding out and walking in the brighter days, and spending every morning in her study, as had always been her custom. But her flesh wasted away, and her strength failed; and daily the effort became greater. Yet she still required of herself the same early rising, the same careful attention to the details of her house-keeping, and seemed to redouble her thoughtful kindness for the welfare of others.

On Sunday, March 26th, the fourth Sunday in Lent, she attended church for the last time. It was a bright and beautiful day, and she was cheered and comforted by the holy service, but returned home very much fatigued. On the last day of March she writes: "No variation in my employments, except such as extreme weakness admits. Very much to be thankful for."

For about three weeks her case appeared exceedingly critical, and we were very anxious about her. Then her strength of constitution seemed in a measure to rally, her appetite returned, her cough became less violent, and she was again able to ride out and to walk a little when the weather was fine. We trusted that she was to be given back to us; and though we looked forward with apprehension to another winter, we hoped that the mild air of spring might, with God's blessing, bring her a measure of strength and health again. Her voice remained very weak, and her physician considered it absolutely necessary that she should use it as little as possible. She was therefore able to see but very few of her friends. But their constant kindness was most grateful to her. She kept a daily record of the calls of inquiry that were made, and the many gifts of flowers and rare fruits and delicacies that were sent to her.

About the middle of May she was suddenly more completely prostrated, and on the 18th, for the first time, was unable to rise from her bed. There was a failure of the powers of Nature, without any acute disease, and, by gentle and painless steps, she drew near to the Land of Rest. At first she was disposed to be very quiet. "I am tired," she said, "I cannot talk much with you; but I am so comfortable." As she lay one morning in one of the sinking turns which she had every day or two, she opened her eyes with a smile, and said: "I love everybody,"—closing them again, to relapse into the partially unconscious state.

"Don't let any one look sad," she would often say—"there should be none but cheerful faces in a sick-room"—and lovingly we tried to follow her wishes. Remembering her own words in her "Daily Counsellor"—

"Smile on the dying friend,"

we strove to repress our tears, that no signs of our "selfish grief" should "chain the glad spirit" of the "ascending saint."

After this period of quiet came a season of restlessness—a longing to go "somewhere"—she could not tell where. Then we used to lift her from her bed, and placing her in a large rocking-chair, draw her gently through into an adjoining chamber, where she would sit by the open window, sometimes for two or three hours, looking out upon the grass and trees. Then, if she felt able, I used to read her letters to her, and tell her of the friends who had called to inquire for her. We used to make the room bright with pictures and flowers, and the change seemed always to refresh her. Once or twice each day she was thus taken from her sick-room, and she was able to sit up every day but the one immediately preceding her death.

How precious are the memories of those last sacred weeks to all those whose privilege it was to share them! I can never be thankful enough that I was able to be with her from the first of March until her death, with the exception of four weeks, when she seemed to be so much better. With the aid of her faithful colored servant, who rendered most affectionate service by night and by day, I had the great comfort of ministering to her throughout her last illness. Towards its close three dear friends shared with me, in turn, these offices of love. Bringing their cheerful smiles into the sick-chamber, and ever welcomed there with smiles, the intercourse seemed like that of those only a "little lower than the angels." For the last ten days of her life we had the aid of a most excellent and tender nurse, whose experience and untiring care made her a comfort to us all. Her kind physician and friend visited her twice each day, and my mother never failed to be cheered by his coming.

But while her bodily presence faded away from us, becoming daily more shadowy and spirit-like, her soul, as it drew nearer the world of love, seemed more than ever to overflow with love for others. The kind thoughtfulness which she had always shown to all who were sick or suffering, was returned fourfold into her own bosom. Almost hourly came from beloved friends messages and tokens of affection; the choicest flowers, the most delicious fruits, every thing that could delight the eye or tempt the palate. She was scarcely able to taste any of the many delicacies bestowed upon her, and it was her chief joy in those days of weakness to arrange for their distribution among such of her friends as were invalids.

"What is there to-day for me to send?" she would ask almost every morning—and then would often cause herself to be

bolstered up in bed, to write some little message to go with the gift, precious love tokens, which coming from her failing hand must be ever dear to those who received them. The last letter which she wrote, bearing date of May 25th, was addressed to her old and valued friend, the Rev. Charles Cleveland, of Boston, a few lines to enclose a sum of money for a person in need. The chirography, usually so fair, betrayed the feebleness of the hand that strove to guide the pen; but the heart was still strong in its love of doing good. "Always remember," she said more than once, "always remember there is no pleasure in this life so great as that of doing good."

And surely no one was ever better fitted to give such counsel. There is a little, old-fashioned account-book still in existence, commenced in 1811, when, from her engagement as a teacher, she first had an income of her own. There the plan was marked out, that one-tenth of all that she received should be given in charity—a plan from which she never deviated throughout her life, except to enlarge the measure of her gifts. She had proved what Goldsmith calls "the luxury of doing good;" and desired, with her last words, to commend it to others.

On Sunday, May 28th, the Sunday after Ascension, she received for the last time, greatly to her comfort, the Holy Communion from the hands of her rector, the Rev. Dr. George Clark. At the close of the day we knelt around her bed, knowing that on earth we should drink of that cup together no more. As we joined in the hymn "Trisagion," it seemed almost as if we could hear the voice of the heavenly host, with whom the beloved one was so soon to worship. Blessed communion of saints! which becomes more and more dear as those

whom we love are taken from our sight, bringing strength to stricken hearts in the thought of unending reunion in the Father's house above.

Reference has been made in the preceding pages to the pleasure which my mother found, many years since, in a short time spent in the study of Hebrew. She alluded to it during the last week of her life. She had been speaking of her translation of the book of Jonah, and said: "I liked my own translation, it seemed so vivid. I have been thinking of one verse in particular—'In the fainting away of my life, I will think upon Jehovah, and He shall send forth strength for me from His Holy Temple.'"

As she grew weaker she slept much of the time, but when aroused her mind was clear; and whenever she spoke, it was with her own peculiar smile, which all who knew her will recall. On the last Sunday of her life, June 4th, as she sat by the window, we read at her request the Psalter for the day, and the little poem in her "Daily Counsellor," and offered the beautiful prayer for the Church militant, all of which she was able to enjoy.

On Tuesday she wrote her last message of love. It was addressed to a friend who had been dangerously ill, but was then convalescent, and between whom and herself a peculiarly tender sympathy had sprung up during their hours of illness. She said: "I have had a text in my mind all day, and I wish you would give me a card that I may write it down." She took the card and the pencil, and wrote in her own characteristic hand, "An Apostle hath said, 'Death worketh in us, but life in you'"—affixing her own initials and the date, and desiring that it might be sent with some beautiful roses which she had been enjoying.

And now it seemed as if her work on earth was done, and with calmness and steadfast trust she awaited the will of the Lord. Patient and loving, she thought more of the comfort of those who watched over her than of her own. There was still no pain, no distress, except at times a shortness of breath and a weariness that nothing could relieve. "I am so tired, so tired," she would say; the soul, weary of its burden of the flesh, longed for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

It was at the midnight before the morning of Saturday, June 10th, that we knew by a change in her breathing that the angels were waiting for her. She still aroused once or twice, to take the few drops of wine that formed her only nourishment, adding her unfailing "Thank you." Hand in hand we went down with her into the valley of death's shadow. The birds sang gloriously as the day dawned, as if they knew it was for her their parting strain. The sun of the beautiful summer morning streamed in at the windows; the house was filled with the odor of the vine-blossoms, as fifteen years before it had been, when her "Faded Hope" departed; the holy words of prayer and the comforting promises of God's blessed Word arose from beloved lips; twice the pulse ceased, and the breath stopped, and we thought that she had entered into rest. But God had ordained that there must yet be a struggle for the weary body to pass through—a final conflict ere the pure spirit could be set free. Sudden and sharp it was; the suffering of the whole sickness seemed to have been compressed into its last hour. But then it ceased *forever*—no more forever the weary moaning, "so tired, so tired"—no more forever of pain or distress, but perfect unending rest and peace, "for the former things have passed away."

The struggle for breath ended, and she lay for about ten minutes in apparent unconsciousness. Then her eye lighted up with unearthly brightness, as if a glimpse had been given her into the world beyond. Something unseen by our mortal eyes was doubtless revealed to her. It was but for an instant, and then, just at ten o'clock, without a struggle, the glad spirit was released. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

For a time we could not mourn. We had gone with her so near the gates of Paradise that we seemed to have entered into her joy. We could not immediately realize that we were left behind. Then came the sense of bereavement settling slowly down with its dull, heavy weight, to be lifted no more, until in God's good time those parted on earth shall meet in the unchanging Home above.

"Her ministry was o'er;
To cheer earth's pilgrim to the sky,
To dry the tear-drop from his eye
Was hers—then to immortal joy
Resign her brief employ,
Break her sweet harp and die."

And yet, since she must go from us, how gently and mercifully was the summons sent! Taken only a little while from her accustomed employments, with her mind undimmed by the touch of Time, clear and active to the last, the later years of her life growing brighter to her as the sunbeams drew toward the west, loving all, and beloved by all, what was there more to desire? What more could have been added, save that which she has now received, eternal blessedness in the Paradise of God?

Every possible tribute of respect and affection was paid to

her memory. The bells of the city were tolled for an hour at sunset on the day of her death. Multitudes thronged the house, that they might look once more upon the beloved face.

On Tuesday, June 13th, she was borne for the last time to the church where she had worshipped so long. The officers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Retreat for the Insane, the Orphan Asylum, and the State Reform School, were there, to testify their respect for the memory of one who had been their benefactress and friend. A short funeral discourse was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Clark; the choir chanted the anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," and sang the hymn, "Who are these in bright array?" The sublime words of the burial service were said, and then the long procession wound slowly to the cemetery. With holy words of prayer the precious form was laid gently to its rest, "looking for the general resurrection at the last day, and the life of the world to come."

"Oh, saintly and beloved!

The pleasant home is darkened, where thy smile
Of self-forgetfulness and sweet regard
For others' happiness, and perfect peace
Returns no more.

"Yet hast thou left behind

The living beauty of that Christian faith
Which was thy strength, and now is thy reward.
So may we keep thy pattern in our hearts,
So walk like thee, in our Redeemer's ways,
As not to miss thy mansion in the skies
When our brief task is done!"

THE END.

HS







